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Addresses
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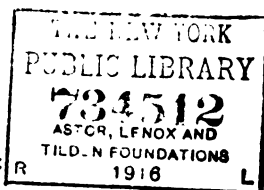
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JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY

Archbishop of New York

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE aim in publishing this collection of Addresses is, chiefly, to place at the disposal of Catholic readers valuable material for ascertaining the position of the Church in regard to momentous questions of modern times, and for the vindication of the claims and the policy of the Church against absurd and fallacious charges of her antagonists.

In times like the present, the honor and the defence of the Church are largely placed in the hands of her members, and they owe it to themselves and to their Church to equip themselves for their task. The Addresses will be found to contribute, in the words of men well qualified to speak for the Church, weapons destined to combat bigotry and hatred, as well as data for softening and allaying prejudice among those who mean well but who are influenced by prejudice, or who have been led astray by astute and deceptive critics, and who often need only a ray of light to bring them within the fold.

It is devoutly hoped, therefore, that the excellent matter gathered in these volumes may be put to extensive use for the honor and glory of God, and for the good of His Church.

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ADDRESSES AT PATRIOTIC AND CIVIC OCCASIONS

LINCOLN ¹

ADDRESS BY THE MOST REV. JOHN JOSEPH GLENNON, D.D.
ARCHBISHOP OF ST. LOUIS

BALMES, the Spanish writer, says: "The mysterious hand which governs the universe seems to hold for every crisis an extraordinary man. At the proper moment this man presents himself. He advances, himself ignorant whither he is going; but he advances with a firm step towards the accomplishment of the high mission for which Providence has destined him."

Fifty-five years ago our country was in the throes of a fiery agitation. North and South and the border land of the West were all aflame. The South claimed a right to manage its own affairs — home rule, state rights, the right of a free people to their altars and their homes, their traditions, usages, and laws. The North demanded that the Constitution which the Fathers fought for — the Union which the States contracted into the Government that stood for peace and progress and liberty — that it should remain. For years the pulpit and platform rang with the contending claims, with the conflicting factions; but now men no longer argued, reason had given way to passion. Everywhere portents appeared of the gathering storm,

¹ EDITOR'S NOTE. — The Addresses on Patriotic Days are arranged in the order of their occurrence in the course of the year. For the arrangement of other subjects the Table of Contents should be consulted.

denunciations and maledictions filled the air, alarms rang throughout the country, brave hearts trembled before the coming storm.

In the minds of many the end had come, not for the world, but for the world's most precious treasure, namely, this Government, founded on the free consent of a free people. It looked as if the Fathers had fought in vain, in vain their struggles and prayers and prophecies. Free government was a failure. Dreamed of, yearned for through all the ages, now, when put to the test, the experiment appeared to result in failure—a free people would put away from them the free government that was theirs so long.

There was joy in Europe. They saw in the downfall of freedom here an argument for their own governments, which were not free. The failure of democracy here strengthened their tyranny. Claiming that theology and philosophy were already on their side, they now could add that all our claims and pretensions and experiments but commenced in crime and ended in failure.

Many of the Southern States of the Union were already in open revolt. The arms and forts of the Union within their territories they seized, and defended the seizure under the pretext of State rights and State sovereignty. The property of the Government, they claimed, did not belong to the Union but to them. So seizing what they could, they sought in confederation the destruction of the Union to which they heretofore belonged.

In the foreground the conflict appeared to be as between the sovereign State and the sovereignty of the United States. Was the State which freely entered the Union equally free to leave? This, I say, was in the foreground; but back of it there was another, and the really efficient cause of all the tur-

moil, a deadly disease which, like all diseases, sought expansion. This disease became an obsession; its defence, because it involved property rights, became a passion. Slavery — human slavery — existed in the South; and, right or wrong, the South was going to maintain it.

The crisis had come at last. On the one side State rights and slavery, on the other the Union and liberty; and war, civil war, was apparently the only solution.

Many of us have been preaching, especially of late, that war among civilized men is never a necessity, is always, at least for one of the parties, a crime. We have abolished the duel, and compelled men to submit their differences, even their honor — sometimes a very intangible thing — to a tribunal for adjudication and vindication. And as with individuals, we have held and thought that the rights of nations, even national honor, do not grade higher than those of individuals and should consequently be submitted to a properly ordered court for settlement. And we were the more convinced that this is right and just since we, furthermore, know that war, as the duel, does not make decision according to the principles of justice, but that the stronger conquers, might becoming right, and justice being cast to the winds.

Yet, however reasonable, however humane be the ideas of the pacifist, it does appear — at least if we look to the fearful cataclysm that engulfs Europe — as if his ideas were too academic, or that the humanity of our day is not prepared for the broader, brighter vision of international peace.

And so, too, peace was at a discount here in 1860 and in the opening days of 1861. There was no common ground on which both parties could stand. There was no court of arbitration to which they could appeal. There was, indeed, no desire to seek a peaceful solution. Neither side would or could yield,

and the sad arbitrament of war was the only remaining solution.

And now, from out the West, there comes to the President's chair the one who will face this crisis and end it. Trained in no school of diplomacy, knowing little and caring less for the ways of courts or courtiers, Abraham Lincoln grew as grew this pioneer country of the West, where he was born and where he lived. The babbling brook, the forest primeval, the open prairie around him, and the open sky above his head — these constituted the university where he studied. Near to nature, listening to her voices, learning her lessons, he grew in physical strength, in mental grasp, in clarity of vision and independence of spirit.

Have you noticed, gentlemen, that of those, who by their strength of will or intellect have best ruled the nations and swayed humanity, nearly all came clad, not with the city's dissipations, but with the panoply and power of their home in the country?

Abraham Lincoln was not an angel, but he was a just man; tall and lank, gnarled as the oak tree of the forest, he had all its strength, its spirit of endurance, its power of resistance. Abraham Lincoln was a man with a heart as tender as a woman's, a heart that responded to human sorrow and vibrated with sympathy, the manifestation of which would be more apparent in his lifework were it not that his commanding will and splendid intellect, consecrated to the purposes and principles of justice and liberty, compelled these emotions of his heart to yield to the sterner duties of his life mission.

Abraham Lincoln took his oath of office as President of the United States on March 4, 1861. In that oath of office was a solemn asseveration that he would preserve the Union. In his inaugural address he pleads with those who would separate

from and disrupt the Union. He prays and hopes that even still they may return. He does not want the question of slavery to stand in the way. As President he does not feel that he has to stand opposed to slavery, but the Union must and shall remain. If all argument fails, and resort must be made to arms, the Union will at all costs be defended, the rebellion must at all costs be crushed.

The inaugural address was scarcely delivered when the Southern response thereto was given. It was one of open defiance. So the call to arms was given and the soldiers of the Union marched to its defence. Lincoln, the big-hearted, generous, and humane, was opposed to war. The shedding of blood was to him a tragedy. It was only the sacredness of the cause, it was only the oath of his office, it was only the will to do right as God had given him to see it, it was the necessity that the work of the Fathers for America and humanity should not be lost, that constrained and sustained him in those dark days. With strong men sorrow is not measured by tears, nor are its depths expressed by loudest declamation. We have no record that Lincoln shed a tear, but we know his heart bled as he saw the brave men go out at his command, to return no more. We know that the news from the battlefields of Gettysburg and Antietam and the Wilderness rose before him as a blood-red vision, which, if he had listened to his heart alone, would have completely overpowered him; he knew that it was, after all, a war of brother against brother.

We have little in writing as a record of these sorrows; but if we read between the lines of his great speech at Gettysburg, we find a threnody of tears, and regrets as profound and as feelingly expressed, as ever came from the pen of Jeremiah or the broken heart of Rachel.

The war was inaugurated to preserve the Union, it was com-

pleted by freeing the slave. At its beginning the President thought only of the Union and its defence; but Lincoln the man, long before he was President, dreamed of and struggled for the abolition of slavery. The difficult problem of construing State and national rights, the exigencies of politics and parties, all tended to keep in the background that which was in reality the dominant cause of the war. Hence in its progress, when the opportune time came, it was with a sacrosanct sense of obligation to humanity and God that President Lincoln proclaimed that none should henceforth wear the chains of slavery. And with this, his final purpose, the great war was pressed on to its conclusion. And at its conclusion two things, established largely by the genius of Lincoln, were achieved—the Union was preserved and slavery abolished; and to crown them both and to prove fidelity to his trust and to the humanity that he served and the country he loved, he gave his life as a last test of his devotion.

With Lincoln's death the war was practically ended. There remained for many years the bitterest feeling on the part of the conquered. They sat by the ashes of ruined homes and proclaimed themselves victims of the bloodiest and cruelest war that history records. They folded their conquered banner and vowed that, though they had to surrender, they would never forget.

Had Lincoln lived it would not have been so; at least the defeats would not have been so bitter, nor the memories so poignant. For Lincoln would have striven to take from the defeat its bitterness. He said at the close of his second inaugural address, a month before he died: "Let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and

cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

But whatever may have been the bitterness of these days, we are glad to feel now that the strife is over. We know now that it was not the Southern States, but slavery, that was conquered; that it was not the Northern States, but humanity, that was victorious; and hence to-day, wherever our sympathies may be, we can join in recounting again the triumph that Lincoln achieved, and the triple-crowned democracy that he proclaimed on that field of Gettysburg. He dedicated himself to the purpose that this nation should remain democratic in its origin, since it is "of the people"; democratic in its purpose, namely, "for the people"; democratic in its methods, namely, "by the people."

One would think that, the war being ended, all thought of slavery's perpetuation would be impossible, that equal rights to all citizens would become the gospel and the law to be preached and practised by all. I believe it is so; and yet there are some, few in number but noisy and perniciously active, who preach a different gospel, who play a different rôle from that of Lincoln. They are not willing to accord equal rights to their fellow-citizens. They differ from the slave owners of the South in that they would proscribe human beings and deny them the rights of citizenship, preaching proscription and disfranchisement, not because of color but because of the religious convictions of those they persecute. And there is this further difference between the slaveholders of the sixties and our modern oppressors — that these latter want to introduce bondage among a free people, while they of the South received it as an unfortunate heritage. As a case in point, I remember hearing once an impassioned attack on President Taft because he happens to be a Unitarian by faith — consequently,

as the orator declared, not a true Christian and therefore unfitted to be President of the nation. Well, gentlemen, I think you will agree with me that such an attack was as contemptible as it was un-American. I care little what our President's religious faith is. One thing I know is that his creed did not prevent Taft from being one of the truest and fairest minded men that ever occupied that august position.

As for us Catholics — and I think I can speak for many of them — we stand with you to-night with bowed heads by Lincoln's grave, but with brave hearts by Lincoln's side. We deplore his assassination as an unpardonable crime. We are prepared, every one of us, to struggle as he did, to uphold what he upheld, to condemn what he condemned, and to yield rather to death than for one moment to be enchained by the foul demon of slavery.

We commemorate to-day the birth of Abraham Lincoln; we recall his life and deeds; and we take from his lips the message that he proclaimed, and from his dead hands the standard that he defended. Solemn indeed is this assumption, sacred beyond measure these duties. To fit ourselves for this task, perhaps no better form of consecration could be pronounced than that made by Lincoln himself upon the battlefield where he spoke, the field of Gettysburg. After referring in precious words to those who had gathered there, to the men who fought and fell, but who now, in Lincoln's words, consecrated the ground where they rested, "They will not be forgotten," he said; "and by their deeds they have already consecrated that cemetery. It is for us," he said, "the living, to be dedicated to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on — for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us."

The task that Lincoln would be consecrated to is a task

that remains for us also unfinished. The war is over, but the struggle for human rights remains, and will remain. It is the burden still of our legislature, it is the ambition of the reformer, it is the great work for those who have the nation's welfare at heart. "This nation," said Lincoln, "shall have a new birth of freedom." Lately our esteemed President has proclaimed the gospel of the newer freedom; and while we may doubt whether in principle he has outgrown the freedom preached by Lincoln, yet in fact it is proper and meet that each succeeding government may still advance the bounds of freedom until all humanity shall be drawn within its boundaries.

To Abraham Lincoln, the man with a heart and a will and a purpose — to Lincoln the President, saviour of the Union, destroyer of slavery — we turn to-night in kindest memory, looking down to where his mortal remains rest in this, the state of his adoption, but looking up to that spirit who, with the immortal Father of our Country, shall remain for all time our people's pride, the preserver of our nation, the friend of humanity, and who, serving it, did also serve his God.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

ADDRESS BY HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL FARLEY

It gives me great pleasure to find myself with you at this celebration of the great American anniversary, the birthday of George Washington. The happiness I feel has its source in the knowledge I possess of the spirit of your society, which is one of loyalty to the teachings and the discipline of the Catholic Church, of which you are of necessity practical members and of which Christopher Columbus, whose name you bear, was a gallant knight without fear and without reproach. That the great discoverer's name should be perpetuated in this manner is a matter of right and justice to his memory. Columbus was inspired in his discovery of the western continent by a strong motive of faith. To be the means of bringing to the benighted people of the new world the blessings of Christianity was the strongest hope of his heart when he embarked on unknown seas under the banner of the Cross and of his country. We cannot, therefore, think of him without associating with his name the faith he loved so well. Hence I hold that in enrolling yourselves as Knights of Columbus you honor not only the great explorer, but your faith and the country of which you are such exemplary citizens.

That you should make choice for your leading festival of the natal day of the man who, among the millions that have been blessed by the finding of this new hemisphere, stands first and highest in the esteem of the civilized world, George Washington, is only following the logical order of things. I say that

he whom we honor to-day is the most honored of all Americans, is the Father of his Country, and the founder of the greatest Republic in the world. When the new American State took its place in the family of nations, not a few, both here at home and abroad, doubted the possibility of a democratic government on so large a scale. The representative system had been tried before, but never in such proportions, and reverses and revolutions without end were expected by many. That we escaped humiliating disaster was owing to the personality of Washington, a new and mighty force providentially saved for the first decades of the great new State, fraught with the hopes of humanity — hopes since realized in full by the entire world, thank God!

To sketch with a few bold strokes, as this occasion requires, Washington's noble character, a more skilful hand than mine would be required. But who can escape the spell of his integrity, his wide experience, his moderation, his pure motives and unselfish patriotism? It was these rare traits which won for him universal confidence, and so he took his place in the national life as a kind of living commentary of the great principles and ideal of the American Revolution. It was his influence, his urgings, his solid faith which secured the ratification of the Constitution, and it was almost entirely his work that the splendid new experiment in human government was made to work, and work successfully.

The way in which he accomplished this is fraught with lessons to the generations that have since come and to those of the future. It has been well and truly said that Washington exemplified in his character in a singular degree that basic feature of true greatness — humility. When named commander-in-chief of the armed forces of the united colonies, he protested his unfitness most vehemently, "asking every gentleman in the

room to remember his declaration that he did not believe himself to be equal to the command, and that he accepted it only as a duty made imperative by the unanimity of the call." This he repeated in private letters even to his wife, and there seems to be no doubt that to the day of his death he was the most determined sceptic as to his fitness for the positions to which he was successively called. This, I say, was the foundation of his greatness. The enemies he met among his own countrymen, their adverse criticism, the poverty of the colonies, the Triste Notte of Valley Forge, and not the least, the treason of Arnold, would have broken the spirit of a proud man. But these trials only schooled him and completed his training for the responsibility as head of the army, and in spite of his own low estimate of his abilities, he proved himself a great general.

As a statesman he was still greater. Effacing himself, he sought the best men for every important office, and his wide acquaintance and steady relations with public men were most helpful to him in this crucial trial of the new governmental forms, their application to the new order of political life, and the transformation of thirteen poor and insignificant colonies, separated by many lines of division, into a new State, which at once emphasized its unity, its sovereignty, its consciousness of destiny, its self-reliance, in a word, its own majesty.

He stood in those early years between partisan passions and national growth, between corruption and the new courts of justice, between narrow, selfish counsels and the grand vision of a glorious union of States, free and independent, but also strong enough at the centre to maintain the bond of union without endangering the rights of any. How petty seemed to such a soul the kingly crown which a large body of malcontents offered him, and which he put aside with abhorrence.

Washington's success is a matter of familiar history. He

quieted and directed for two decades all the elements of American political life and thus cleared the way for the practical demonstration of a representative government, strong without tyranny, free without license, prosperous without corruption.

Providence blessed the new State under his administration, and then were laid the bases of that rich growth, agricultural, commercial, and industrial, which has never halted to this day. His measures were all directed to the common good without favor or privilege, and as a common benefactor he earned and kept the love of an entire nation. It has well been said by a great American statesman that his character alone, more than any other influence, secured the freshly made union, assured the freedom and dignity of the new courts, and confirmed a whole people in the blessings of their new-found liberty.

Strict justice, elevated patriotism, loyalty to the Union were the watchwords of his career as a statesman and a ruler. His foreign policy, says Daniel Webster, in his admirable character sketch, was marked by perfect impartiality, true dignity, and a scrupulous sense of honor. Nor did he allow any foreign nation to fail in the perfect respect due to the youthful people for whom he stood sponsor in the face of Europe. Foreign influences he feared more than any other element of disruption, and in his Farewell Address, one of humanity's political heir-looms, he warns his people against it and bids them in self-defence confine their limits to those which nature itself had set.

There is a wonderful significance in Washington's life, which though long recognized becomes more apparent as time goes on. With him began not only a new political world, but also a new human era. Neither France nor England was to inherit the vast domain for which each had fought so long and so bravely, but a few people bred to the large, free life of nature.

From this people were to issue the inventions and discoveries which would lend a new face to human affairs and affect all human conditions of the future. It is to his wisdom and virtue, his foresight, energy, and tactful moderation that we owe in great measure the American character. The youth of the nation look up to him as a great moral example, and his name has become "blended intimately in all hearts with the renown of his country."

Europe, long accustomed to behold the new world in a haze of romance, saw in Washington the living ideal of human nature, the model of good citizenship, public service, and democratic simplicity, such as had not been seen since the days of Cincinnatus. His person compelled respect for the people whose spokesman he was, and his success in establishing the American Constitution created for it an admiration which has never been diminished.

In such a presence as this, gentlemen, it is not fitting that I should overlook Washington's relations with the Catholic Church. These were ever cordial and friendly. He assisted at our public services and contributed generously to the erection of a Catholic church in Philadelphia. His friendship for John Carroll, Bishop of Baltimore, and Charles Carroll was close and lifelong. His letters to Col. John Fitzgerald, a devout Catholic and his aide-de-camp from 1776 to 1782, were always signed "Your affectionate friend." When the soldiers of the Continental army wounded the feelings of his French and Catholic allies by the celebration of Guy Fawkes Day, he issued an order of prohibition, couched in severe terms, reminding the army how ill-timed was such bigotry, when America was soliciting and had actually obtained the friendship and alliance of the Catholic people of Canada.

"At this juncture," says he, "and under such circumstances,

to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be tolerated for a second; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these, our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

As an honorary vice-president of the Pan-American States Association, whose object is to promote friendly relations between this country and the South American States, I would say that if we substitute these neighbors to the south of us for Canada, Washington's language is an admirable rebuke for the cruel bigotry which at a distance of more than a century still pursues with slander and obscene abuse our Catholic people, while at the same time we are soliciting the good-will and confidence of the vast Catholic population of the South American Republics.

To Catholic France Washington was always grateful for her substantial and indispensable aid. In 1790, when replying to the address presented to him by the Catholics of the United States, he said: "As mankind becomes more liberal they will be more apt to allow that those who conduct themselves as worthy members of the community are equally entitled to the protection of civil government. I hope to see America amongst the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of the American Revolution and the establishment of your government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Catholic faith is professed."

Far from approving the cruel persecution of the Catholic Church in the French Revolution, Washington was the most determined opponent of French Revolutionary agents in the United States. Writing to Archbishop Troy of Dublin in 1794,

Archbishop Carroll praises in this respect the courage, influence, and prudence of Washington and says that it is impossible for a person acquainted with the United States to know how much at that time depended on one man for the happiness of millions.

No wonder Bishop Carroll, in his panegyric of Washington in 1799, praised the religious temper of the great President. Washington's lonely orison on his knees in the depths of the forest at Valley Forge at the moment of his deepest distress is proof of this, and the story is familiar to all by the bas-relief on the Treasury Building in Wall Street, New York.

Indeed, not to speak of his gratitude to the great number of French and Irish Catholics who shed their blood for the independence of the United States, Washington could not but observe how great a service the Catholic Church might render the new and growing State. Her unity and harmony, her moderation and patience and justice, her services to law and order, to the arts and sciences could not escape so profound a mind, nor the possibility of acquiring through her growth a share in the rich inheritance of past ages.

MEMORIAL DAY

ADDRESS AT A MEMORIAL FIELD MASS, BROOKLYN NAVY YARD
BY THE REV. W. J. B. DALY

UNDER the flag of our beloved country, with its power and peace stirring our hearts and minds to renewed sentiments of patriotism, we gather to-day reverently to express our loyal remembrance of the heroic dead and to offer our heartfelt prayers for their everlasting glory. Our country, ever mindful of the service and sacrifice of her brave sons, sets this day apart as a time to honor them, whose lives were so courageously and so generously given for the safety and continuance of this Republic.

This is indeed a day of sorrow and yet a day of joy. In this immense gathering and throughout this free land there are many hearts still mourning for those lost ones who were the hope and the stay of their families, the true companions and friends of a lifetime, the promise of prudent citizenship, and the comrades-in-arms of those who survived the battle and the camp, and who to-day are living witnesses of the valor and devotion of those honored heroes whose sacrifice for their country's glory calls forth our unstinted praise and gratitude. With earnestness and faith they went forth bravely, but on the very field of conflict and amidst the trials of camp-life and out on the ocean's perilous expanse they were called away from this world's interest and from its aspirations and its victories. With clear sight and calm courage they looked into the open grave. What brilliant broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong

manhood friendships, what bitter rending of home ties! And this was done in the name of duty and in response to the persuasive impelling influence of the magic word "patriotism." What bewitching fervor patriotism imparts! When it expresses its will to a people all personal and selfish feelings are obliterated. The ideal becomes real. The patriot rises above the love of parents and kindred, above friendship, above the love of family, with its clinging devotion of wife and children, into the realm of that more unselfish love — the love of mankind, the love of justice, the love of right. All his countrymen become his brothers, all heroes his parents, and the wronged and downtrodden his children. His home is wherever the nation's flag is waving, and he is ever ready to stand beneath the roof of its sheltering folds and defend its castle of right even to the shedding of his last drop of blood.

Not alone in the patriot's heart is this urgent desire to help in the name of humanity, but also in the devotion and patient sacrifice given so ungrudgingly by those who, by irremovable circumstances, are constrained to be far away from the scene of contest. The patriot mother giving her kiss of benediction to her boy, from a heart bursting with affection, yields to a mother's pride which would soon turn to shame if she discovered the child of her flesh and blood to be a coward or a traitor.

The spirit of patriotism does not pass away, but continues in history and lives in the hearts of the people.

When the autumn winds sigh among the trees and the first snow hides the brown earth with its mantle, white and glistening like the tombstones, the human sympathy which we all possess is aroused, and though we know well that our worthy dead are unconscious of the storm and the sunshine,

still we are filled with a sorrow that tenderly suggests comfort and kindly care for those loved ones who are with us only in memory. To-day brings the opportunity to place, at least, the choicest flowers of spring upon the graves of those who are buried in the earth. But this sad yet consoling duty we cannot perform for our heroes lost at sea.

Neither the restless waves rolling shoreward nor the manifold voices of the deep bring us a message of their resting place. When brave men die unselfishly loyal to duty, says Blackburn, the living seek to perpetuate their memory. For this monuments are builded, mausoleums and statues erected. This is not done to appeal to the dead or to render their sleep more peaceful or profound, but rather to inspire the living to nobler and better lives. No monuments, no honors, no eulogiums can reach into that far-off mysterious realm to which the spirits of the dead have gone, but the living are taught a great lesson in active patriotism, which demands loyalty in time of peace as well as in war. As the winter gives place to the glorious restoration of this season, so shall our sorrow make room for the joy we feel when we think of the perennial blessedness which awaits the righteous beyond the grave.

In that land of unending happiness age shall put off its infirmities, youth forget its visions in surpassing realities, the sorrowing ones cease to weep, the lost ones restored to the arms of affection, greeted with joy beyond words, and loved ones reunited forever. We look forward to the grave and see it the gate of immortality. The faculties of man distinguish him from all created things and announce to him that he is destined for more than this brief uncertain life dreary with woe, groaning with anguish, and overflowing with tears. The kingdom ruled by the iron sceptre of Death is not

his only home. We mourn our dead, but with a hope in God and future happiness. Truth, Mercy, and Justice, arrayed in the robes of uncreated light, smile kindly and anxiously upon us, while they point to the clear, bright path of everlasting safety. All the beauty and enchantment of this vernal season whisper softly and persuasively to each of us, and especially to the parents and kindred of our heroic dead, assuring us that as from the ice-covered fields and the frozen streams a new life and condition have come forth, so from the darkness of the grave light shall come, and from death itself a living spiritualized being, endowed with eternal youth. But a short time since, dreariness and a deathlike inactivity seemed to brood over the face of nature. Now in this season of revivification every element, endowed with the principle of life, starts anew. Every returning sun seems to glory with increasing splendor over the progressive beauty which his rays have awakened.

The vegetable world is bursting into gorgeous and fragrant life; the animal world, with its myriads of seen and unseen beings, is everywhere enjoying its new existence and expressing mutely and in gladsome song the gratitude due the Power that gave it life. Man, too, at this time exults in the beauty that surrounds him and wonders at the Providence that so lovingly and so bountifully gives all this to His children. He thoughtfully reflects, and from nature his mind is uplifted to nature's God, whose works bespeak His omnipotence and whose purpose in creating man was none other than everlasting happiness, deserved by obedience and love. The circumstances of position and the scenes of everyday life enlist our attention, too absorbingly at times, to the exclusion of these deeper thoughts. We rejoice also that the heroes of the last war proved themselves worthy children of the heroes of 1861

and faithful descendants and followers of the brave men of the past. In the pages of history their names will be found among those of the elder sons of patriotic fame who fought and bled and died at Trenton and Valley Forge, at Saratoga, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec, at Gettysburg and Missionary Ridge.

They all contributed to the glory of our country, this stupendous fabric of freedom; they assisted in protecting the rights of humanity; and they aided in keeping open the door of opportunity for the poor and oppressed of all nations. They died, says Bancroft, to set the pillars of our Constitution deep into the structures of our national life. They went forth under the Stars and Stripes, that never did stand, and never can stand, for anything except the liberties of the human race. From these honored dead, Lincoln tells us, we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion. They were men whose lives show glorious service and whose memories are a benediction. Therefore to-day we help to honor our heroic dead, and with heartfelt pride, commingled with sorrow and joy, we give expression to this laudable impulse by the floral tributes we place upon their graves; and by the innate love of the supernatural which lies deep in every man's heart and mind, we pray to the merciful and omnipotent God to reward their unselfish patriotism.

The citizens of America are glad and vigorous with the spirit of liberty, which gives a just and fair opportunity to one and all. If it be the duty of the individual to strive after perfection, how much more ought a nation be the image of duty. A country united not only in name, but in purpose, in hope, and in destiny, will cherish the memory of its worthy sons and teach posterity to hold it as a precious legacy.

We, like the founders of this Republic and their immediate successors, have faith in the eternity of truth, in the imperishable power of freedom, in the destinies of humanity, in the virtue and capacity of the people, in the country's institutions, and in the overruling Providence of a merciful and ever-living God. The inspiring thing about America, said President Wilson, is that she stands for humanity and things that humanity wants; that the force of America is the force of moral principle; that there is not anything else she loves; and that there is not anything else for which she will contend. The only victories which can have permanence are those of justice. Our country's flag, with its stars of faith and hope, its blue of energy, its red of brotherly love, and its white of peace and uprightness, expresses liberty, humanity, morality, and right, and it shall ever be the emblem for heroic endeavor and patriotic sacrifice. Moved, therefore, by the inspiring memory of our patriots, and having the welfare of our country at heart, may we ever strive to crown the flag with glory, to protect it from treason, and send it down to posterity with all the blessings of civilization, liberty, and religion.

We pray to-day for our departed heroes, at the altar of highest sacrifice, to Him who "looketh upon the earth and maketh it tremble; who toucheth the mountains, and they smoke; before whose face the rocks shall melt as wax; and who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and weighteth the mountains in scales."

The plaintive, earnest prayer from the depths of loving hearts brings the pity and the benedictions of the Most High on the living and the dead. Without this thought of the supernatural and the virtue that comes from it, even the wealthiest nation, like Persia under Xerxes, is but a victim for the slaughter; the most enlightened nation, such as the Greek, becomes enslaved;

and the strongest people fall, like the Romans, a prey to licentiousness.

The thought of a nation, says Abbé Bolo, lives in those who govern; the blood of a nation courses in the veins of its soldiers and seamen; the heart of a nation beats in the breast of the people; the imagination of a nation, ever aspiring to fame, is expressed in its literature; but the soul of a nation, which makes its alliance with God, resides in the prayerful supplication of a people who realize that all strength, light, liberty, and virtue are gifts from above.

With this inspiring thought let us offer our heartfelt prayers to the God of nations for the eternal blessedness of our heroic dead, and for the peace and prosperity of our beloved country.

MEMORIAL DAY AT LEAGUE ISLAND NAVY YARD

ADDRESS BY THE REV. JOSEPH M. CORRIGAN, D.D.

IN such a scene as this, brethren, when we have builded an altar to the Prince of Peace in a spot dedicated to the needs of war, and have gathered about that altar to witness the mystical sacrifice of God for men, in loving memory of our dead who died for us on land and sea in the battles of the past, it is fitting that we use this occasion to voice our appreciation of the heritage of peace their valor bought for us at such a price, and our determination that no plea of profit or of conquest or of mere useless retaliation shall move us to part with so precious a legacy. The God of nations has dealt so wonderfully with us that we are a people sufficient to ourselves in all that speaks of territory, wealth, and fruitfulness. He has made this land of ours a treasure house of all a great people need for their prosperity and happiness. He has made us dwellers in and possessors of this chosen land that it might be made a wondrous home for the oppressed of all the nations. We owe Him, therefore, deep thankfulness, and the manifestation of that gratitude in strict adherence to the laws of right living as a reverent, God-fearing people. We Catholics are bound by our holy faith to just such fealty to the Lord of all. We would have that spirit of faith and dependence upon God spread throughout this fair land, for so only, we believe, will this nation continue to win the divine favor. For unless faith in God, living, humble, dependent faith, be found in

the heart of the people, the life of the nation pulsed from that heart will be weak and fruitless.

The measure of a people's greatness is not to be found in mere united forces, but in the oneness of their vision and in the power of their inspiration to maintain their united efforts on the high plane of a God-given destiny. We Catholics are deeply convinced of this high mission of this land we love. We believe also that the principles of our ancient faith are the very principles upon which this nation must be strongly founded if she is to accomplish her splendid task for the human race. Such a destiny makes it absolutely necessary that in times of world-wide crises this nation stand ever on the high plane of justice sanctified by charity. In the hours that try men and search the heart of a people, making manifest the basic motives underlying national life, we expect America to be found ever inspired by the lofty ideals that called her into being as an independent people.

Such a nation, to be found true to this high and noble standard, must place the basis of its public opinion in the right conscience of its individual citizens. Its opinions must be the expression of its deliberate choice of what is just and true and honorable, both in its domestic activity and in its dealings with the other nations of the earth. Such proper public opinion must never, therefore, be the result of a deceptive or at least an irresponsible propaganda of any part of the public press. Men must set their faces sternly against allowing their thinking to be done for them by any group of men representing no matter what theory or party. In matters of serious citizenship our personal liberty, so gravely won for us by those whose memory we keep to-day, becomes of most doubtful value unless it be God-fearingly dedicated to the responsible seeking of our conscientious duty before God and men. Such a standard, at

once the crying need of our country and the sacred command of our holy faith, is the only one worthy of this great Republic. Faithful to it, what power for good, what influence for right and justice will this our country be throughout the world ! And the world does look to us for just such a triumphant standard.

In this terrible hour, when the horrors of war are broadcast throughout the nations, we have heard with loving reverence the voice of the chief shepherd pleading at the Throne of Mercy that the peace that passeth understanding be returned to men and nations. We have marked, indeed, with glad pride how, under God, our Holy Father has turned to this people with eager hope that this great nation, the heir of the warring nations, might be the instrument of a Christian influence strong enough to be a mediator for peace.

We have heard also, with profound esteem, the wise and weighty words of the distinguished Christian gentleman who to-day rules this nation. We are confident that his choice is the way of peace, but as his mandate is from the people, it is but right that he should hear how earnestly the people will support and help him in his efforts for peace at home and, if within his influence, also abroad. It is with conscious pride that the record of Catholic patriotism in war is written so clearly across the page of the war story of this people that we dare to stand in this crisis openly and avowedly for peace.

The resources of this Republic, we believe, should maintain the defences of the nation, the army and the navy, in absolute efficiency, worthy of the people who would look to them in time of trial. We demand that they be the equal if not the superior of any other nation's defences, yet we hold them as protectors of our peace, destined for aggression only when not material profit, but our nation's honor be assailed. We find

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no cause, either in the loss of commerce or in the venturesome daring of some individuals, why the best blood of our land, the pride and hope of our nation's young manhood, should be spilled on useless battlefields of retaliation.

We have prayed at the behest of our supreme pastor, and out of our own faith as well, that God restore peace to this distracted world; more especially in this trying hour we plead with the God of nations that He spare this country the horrors of war; but, rising from that prayer, we, citizens of this Republic, call upon Woodrow Wilson, our President, to hear our insistent demand that nothing save a deliberate affront to our true honor as a sovereign people ever bring us within danger of bloodshed. May God guide him in wisdom and fearlessness and keep us long in the peace and honor which these heroes won for us.

MILITARY MASS OF SPANISH WAR VETERANS IN BOSTON

ADDRESS BY THE REV. JOHN O'LEARY, C.S.S.R.

WHAT a magnificent spectacle! Thousands bowing before the altar of God in patriotic service, commemorating the lives and deeds of those heroic men who were ready to lay down their lives for their country.

This public act of worship does more honor to our country than the greatest achievements of art, science, literature, or commerce and is a more certain pledge of our country's future happiness than vast standing armies and embattled fleets. For it proclaims the fact that a large portion at least of the people still recognize that above the power of armies and navies, that above the statesman's skill and the merchant's ardent zeal, there reigns the God of Hosts and in His hands are the peace, prosperity, and destiny of nations.

He has been present in every crisis of our country's life, to Him we turned for aid in the dark hour of war and trial, and to Him America has ever raised a universal prayer of gratitude when He blessed our arms with victory.

To Him we owe the verdant fertility of our plains, the waving stretch of forests, the clemency of our seasons, the hidden treasures of our hills. To Him we owe the spirit of peace, calmness, fair play, and religious reverence that mark the American character. To Him we turn to-day, veteran soldiers of the Spanish War, on behalf of your departed comrades.

They stepped forth with you in that hour when our country called for valiant sons to shield her honor. They came, some

in the rosy bloom of youth, others in the buoyant prime of manhood; they turned their backs on all that man holds dearest — home, loved ones, and future prospects — and marched into the dim uncertainty of war, ready to lay down their lives for love of country.

They now rest after the struggle, their eyes are closed in death. The earth enfolds them, and their sturdy bodies slumber in the grave.

Next week a grateful nation will go out to where they sleep and honor their remains and o'er their silent bosoms lay the victor's wreath and the darling flag they followed in the fight.

But to-day we are doing still more for them. Here at the altar of God, where the loftiest and most powerful prayer on earth ascends, we are pleading for their souls, their great undaunted spirits that have risen from their ashes to live on in eternity.

May He, the God of nations, whose instruments they were in the destiny of our country; may He, the Son of God, from whom they learned the supreme test of patriotism — greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for those he loves; may He who died on the Cross and lifts His sacrificial hands at this altar to-day; may He wash away their errors and transgressions, purify their souls from stain, and requite the life they laid down here for others with that greater life of heavenly bliss that has no end.

This is our message to them to-day, but they, too, have a message for us. Down the years from the example of their lives it comes to us — that we love the land they fought for, that we, too, bring to the service of our country in peace or in war a devotion that knows no bounds, neither health nor wealth, nor strength, nor even life.

The heart that feels not the throb of love of country is per-

verted and degenerate. The true American will love his country with a love not only warm and ardent, not only self-sacrificing and heroic, but with a love that is religious, sacred, supernatural, divine.

We love America not only because her fields are fair and fertile and her mighty hills with boundless treasures stored, but because her gorgeous beauty and her countless wealth is the lavish gift to us from our tender provident Father.

We love her institutions not only because they guarantee peace, justice, liberty, and equal rights to all, but because they are based upon His law and were handed down by Him in this later age to cheer, to free, to save, and to uplift the poor, down-trodden, and oppressed of every land.

We love her rulers and bow to their laws not only because they are wise, calm, just, and true, but because they hold authority to rule from the Almighty Father. Loyalty to them is loyalty to God; respect for them is respect for God.

Faith, faith in God alone, will make us patriots in outward word and work and the inmost thought and affection of our souls.

There never was morality, there never was disinterested loyalty, there never was patriotism without faith in God and reverence to His law.

The Creator of mankind has given to His children the unalterable principles which make for the peace, prosperity, and happiness of the individual and the race. All that is good and lasting in our institutions is based upon these principles; whatever in our national life is opposed to them is wrong and must perish.

Insane anarchy, that lifts its head against all law and order; harsh, belated bigotry, thriving on fraternal hate; proud, bloated greed; and sensuous divorce, destroying homes and

manhood — all these are bound to perish, though apparently triumphant for a time, because they are in deadly conflict with the principles of justice, charity, purity, and liberty that are as eternal as God and can never change or die.

Let us bring this light of God's law to guide us in private, public, and political life. Love God and keep His law.

He best loves his country who best loves his God. He best serves his country who best serves his God.

In the days that are to come for our dear country, in peace or in war, in every trial of the nation's life, our safest shield shall ever be, and our brightest hope of victory to know, that if God is with us no foe can prevail against us.

MEMORIAL DAY

ADDRESS AT CALVARY CEMETERY, SAN FRANCISCO

BY CHARLES B. TURRILL, ESQ.

TO-DAY we have come here to bear in fond remembrance those who have gone before. It is a beautiful custom that we, who have suffered the pangs of separation, should meet at stated periods beside these graves and think of those whose names these headstones bear.

From remotest antiquity mankind has set apart places of sepulchre. By religious rites as well as by civic customs these places have been set aside from the uses of the living and devoted to the uses of the dead. Thither affection and esteem have borne the bodies of loved ones.

Human affection and civic decency have united to protect these places from the trespass of ravenous beasts and wicked men. The Indian on the plains places his dead in the branches of a tree or on platforms above the earth that they may be away from harm. Even his bitterest Indian enemies respect these places. Other races pile great stones above the new graves that predaceous animals may not violate them. Civilized nations, as we are pleased to apply the term to ourselves and acquaintances, make strict laws and provide heavy penalties against the violation of sepulchre.

These places of sepulchre have always been set aside near the habitations of the living. When the great mystery of death has entered the home and the bright eyes of the loved one have grown dim and the laughing lips speak not and the

cheek is blanched and the warm heart is stilled, it is a human longing that the inanimate body shall be laid away so near that when trials and troubles come to the living they may retire to its resting place, the shrine of buried affection, and there silently gather strength to bear and courage to endure the life struggles from which the loved one has been freed.

As cities of the living have grown in size they have gradually approached and oftentimes encircled these cities of the dead. As a loving mother fondly holds in her embrace her sleeping infant, so the cities in their sturdy encompassing suburbs enclose and reverently hold the sleeping places of their departed. The mother looking on the still face of her slumbering infant dreams of how, through its life, mankind may be benefited and the human race may call her blessed through the infant she has nurtured. So cities, when not crazed by the hysteria of real estate speculation, looking upon the mossgrown tombstones they hold in their strong encompassing arms may profitably meditate upon the achievements of those who are remembered by those stones and thus gain knowledge from contemplating the struggles and triumphs of their earlier inhabitants.

Mankind cherishes memorials. To most people there must be some visible memento to recall to lagging memory the men and events of the past. Thus are monuments erected and statues set up to commemorate the deeds of our great men. Even our hero worship demands a visible sign that it may not languish and die. The old faded photograph of a loved face is treasured that treacherous fickle memory may not lose the features of the loved one. In our city beside the church in which he preached, was buried the body and built the tomb of the loved preacher who had endeared himself by his life and works not only to his own congregation, but to all. When

that congregation removed to a better place for their church, they reverently removed that tomb and its dust and placed them beside the new church. Passing strangers who merely glance at the statue of Thomas Starr King in Golden Gate Park and pass on, pause and inquire of his life and deeds as they see his tomb amid the haunts and homes of men. There is a more impressive lesson, a more vivid memory in the sanctity of the tomb than in the more pretentious statue.

This is the day a nation sets aside that it may commemorate its dead who laid down their lives that it might live. Above their graves beautiful flowers are strewn, and in the bright sunshine with uncovered heads we gather to thank them for their lives of sacrifice through which we have benefited. A grateful nation passes by the statues and commemorative monuments it has gratefully reared and goes to the graves where the bodies of its brave ones lie, to recall their deeds and show its gratitude. The statues in parks and public places appeal to our artistic senses, the grave touches our hearts. The nation on this Memorial Day commemorates not only the deeds of its leaders and its generals, but honors the memories of its private soldiers and sailors. A nation realizes and appreciates the work of the men in the ranks. It is well that it is so.

As we look around us to-day we see a few stately monuments and many almost unmarked graves. We come to render our obligations of gratitude not only to those whose bodies lie beneath granite shaft or marble tomb, but to the majority as well, that great army of toilers through whose individual efforts and several lives the fabric of our advancement has been woven. Over there beneath a cross upon which the name has become obliterated lies the dust of a sturdy young man who in the long ago, coming from a foreign country,

cast his lot with others and manfully did his part to make the city of his adoption a better place in which to live. We reverence his unknown name. Over there, a small mound beneath a tangle of wild flowers, is the grave of a little child whose death crushed a loving mother and took her heart from the trivialities of life to the certainties of eternity. We reverence the memory of that little one. Over there a mother's body is mingling with the dust of earth. She bore the hard burden of a toilsome life and left behind sturdy sons to help mankind by the lessons of honor, honesty, and frugality she taught them. We reverence her memory. All around us lie the mortal parts of those who did as well as they could in the hard struggles life presented to them. We reverence their memories and are thankful to them that they have lived. Their triumphs have paved the way to our triumphs. If they have failed they have left for us the danger signals to warn us of the pits into which they have fallen. Blessed be their memories for that.

The ground on which we stand has been consecrated by the rites of the Church. It has been sanctified by the lives of those whose bodies rest here. It has been made hallowed ground by the tears of those who have tenderly laid away the deserted tabernacles from which the souls they loved have been called away. It is the privilege and the bounden duty of our city to preserve and guard from encroachment this holy ground with which is mingled the dust of the rich and the poor — God's acre — forever inviolate from the money greed of man.

OUR FLAG

ADDRESS BY THE VERY REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C.S.C., D.D.
PRESIDENT OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY

(There exists at Notre Dame a beautiful custom, according to which the outgoing class presents to the university on Washington's Birthday a large American flag, which flows from the campus the ensuing year.)

ON behalf of the university I accept this flag so eloquently presented by your chosen spokesman. I profess my admiration for the lofty sentiments which accompanied the presentation. I look upon them as the surest proof that the class of 1915 is inspired and motivated by the same high principles of patriotism which have marked the men of Notre Dame in the past. The world knows with what noble disinterestedness this university responded to the call of patriotism in the hour of our country's greatest need. The professor left his classroom, the student left his books, and the record of their achievements during the great Civil War is written in letters of glory upon many battlefields. The world has long since known what lofty concepts of patriotism the men of Notre Dame have carried into private life. In thousands of cities and towns in America the lesson is daily exemplified in civic life. Be it yours to continue uninterrupted this holy tradition which links the love of country with the love of God.

There is need of teaching this lesson of high and holy patriotism anew. There have risen up in recent years men professing to be Americans, but resembling rather the frenzied and desperate Moslem in their rabid intolerance of race and

religion. Not fairness, but fanaticism is their note. With a dozen screeching, raucous voices they trumpet their bigotry over the world; with diabolical invective they attack the religion which you and I love dearer than anything else in life. With lecherous and obscene rhetoric they assault the most venerable pontiffs and prelates in Christendom; with filth and fury they would dishonor the priest — the priest who in the morning of life turns away from home, sacrifices all that youth and health and talent may promise, luxury and leisure, all that money can buy, all that place may proffer, his personal freedom, the sweetness and solace of that domestic life which God and nature have made most attractive to every virile, manly man. Him they denounce as of necessity a traitor to our country, a menace to the purity of the home, the peace of society, and the perpetuation of the Republic.

The consecrated nun, chosen from among the noblest and most heroic of her sex, refined by years of austere and scrupulous training, anointed by that special unction of God through her vocation by which all men call her sister, exalted by the sacred and heroic memories of generations of God-like, patient, high, serene devotion to humanity in hospital and on battlefield, in school and in asylum, enthroned forever in the imaginations of even commonplace men as the sublimest embodiment of our best human nature — the sweet and silent and serene nun has not escaped their sacrilegious slander. And all this done in the name of America and the flag! "Patriotism," says Dr. Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel," and surely there is no deeper depth of infamy than that to which these foul calumniators have descended. The traitor's treachery seems heroic patriotism; the murderer's malice seems gentle charity; the adulterer's rottenness seems sweet and wholesome purity compared with the debauched and dia-

bolical malice of those who clamor against us in the sacred name of patriotism.

But, gentlemen, it is not the professed bigot that I regard with most amazement and contempt, but rather the smug and complacent religionists who are willing that their cause should profit by this un-American and unchristian fanaticism. There are thousands of copies of these wretched sheets circulated in our neighboring town of South Bend. Has any minister of the gospel ever raised his voice in protest from the pulpit? If so I have not heard of it. Has any newspaper in South Bend had the courage to scourge with contempt and sarcasm these violators of American liberty? If so I have not read them. Have professional and business men used their power and their position to fight this real menace to American freedom and American ideals and institutions? If so I do not know about it. And yet the condition of South Bend is better in this respect than the condition of many other communities in America. I say that the non-Catholic clergy and the secular press and the public and professional men of America have missed a golden opportunity to blazon before the world the elemental doctrines of American liberty, equality, and fraternity. I say that by their failure to speak out boldly for freedom and fair play they have missed the psychological moment for earning forever the gratitude of my people. I say that the time was when a brave and manly expression of sympathy and support from these men would have warmed and won forever the loyal, loving Catholic heart, but they have passed the greatest opportunity in modern times to knit together in bonds of sympathy and charity the Catholic and the non-Catholic people of America. And yet this fight is their fight as much as it is ours. If ever the liberties of my non-Catholic neighbors are threatened by bigotry, I pray that my right hand

may be withered, that my tongue may cleave to my jaws, if I do not lift hand and voice against the bigots. I admonish those neighbors in the words spoken by Thomas Jefferson when he was assailed for his religion by the bigots of his time: "It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself to resist invasions of it in the case of others, or their case may by change of circumstances become his own." The lesson of the flag has still to be learned in our beloved Republic, but it is not you, young men, who have need to learn it.

A lesser menace to our country is the despicable fanaticism of race against race. At this very moment in the highest council chambers of this Republic there is waging a furious war to decide whether the gates of America shall for the first time in her history swing closed to shut out the immigrant who seeks happiness and opportunity in America. It is not merely a question as to whether we shall keep up the high standard of living among our workingmen in this country, it is something vastly deeper and more tragic than that. It is a question whether to-day America shall cease to be what from the beginning she has been, the one hope in all the great wide world for the oppressed and downtrodden multitudes of men. And if there be a special devil of sarcasm and irony, from his place in hell he must cleave the clouds with satanic laughter at the thought of the immigrant of yesterday persecuting and repelling the immigrant of to-day. I know there is nothing "unreasonable" in setting up this artificial barrier; it is not unreasonable, it is merely inhuman and brutal. Let the religious bigot ponder these words of the venerable Senator Hoar, distinguished son and spokesman of Puritan Massachusetts: "If every Catholic in America were dead, Protestants would still perpetuate our American institutions; and if every

non-Catholic in the country were in his grave, the flag and all it stands for would be forever safe in the hands of its Catholic citizenship." And as there is need for the religious fanatic to learn the meaning and the mission of our flag, so there is need for the political fanatic to go on his knees and beg of God the grace to learn the elemental lessons of American liberty, the lesson which the good Presbyterian poet has expressed in words of golden eloquence:

"Thou, my country, write it on thy heart,
Thy sons are those who nobly take thy part,
Who dedicates his manhood at thy shrine,
Wherever born, was born a son of thine."

Gentlemen, as a token that you have mastered these elemental principles of American liberty, I accept this flag, the symbol of the highest, holiest, happiest home that liberty has ever known; the banner of the fairest, mightiest, noblest throne that justice has ever consecrated. God grant that during your lives and the lives of your children unto the third and fourth generation and forever there may never be lifted to the clouds in this Republic the white flag of cowardice, the red flag of blood and anger and socialism, or the yellow flag which might fitly symbolize religious and racial fanaticism. But so long as time shall endure, floating high and unsullied over a nation of freemen, liberty-loving and liberty-giving men, the Stars and Stripes may continue to kiss and caress those free and wholesome winds of heaven that are not more free and wholesome than the gallant citizenship that so proudly assembles under that flag.

THE CROSS AND THE FLAG

ADDRESS BY THE REV. JOSEPH E. HANZ

It is a treat, this love feast of two great States; far rarer the treat here to laud in one the Cross and the flag. To-day the dome of peace is rifted by the darts of war. It takes you to the trench in fair France, to the looted hut of the Pole, to the ashes of old Louvain, to hill and dale now laden with lead and with dead. Me it takes back to the time when the rose of knighthood was chastest, when the manly traits of virtue and valor were its petals pure, when the triune love of God and flag and home was the scented sap of its stem. Tears run to-day in castle and cot, but the dun cloud is lined in richest silver, the sea is in storm, then calm.

To-day deftly paints the past for you. It vividly sets before you the mighty cause for which a Carroll, your Carroll, risked his life and millions and the thirteen pert colonies took up arms. It sets before you the nation's first stroke for freedom, the stirring story of this new Canaan, and its chapters to the last teem with profoundest love for the flag, the flag that is never lowered save with the sublime honors of the sunset. It gayly waves in peace no less than war, and oft tattered and torn it waves; to the rhythm of right it waves on the gory fields of fame, as, under it and for it, the boys in army and navy long battle and loyally to save its stars, to save its stripes, from the taint of disgrace. Its martyrs, slain in a series of bitter contests, lie under its folds, and the same flag pays them still the noblest tribute of praise, them and their deeds of

patrial love. It proudly floats and bravely in many a clime, in many a conflict; but I am loath to usurp its part, because it speaks for itself to you in terms of rarest eloquence and truth.

Note it, then, in gentlest breeze or wildest wind. Its red ripples on, like the warm blood that trickles from the patriot's wounded breast; its white streams on, as if pleading with us to seek the purest in life and to trample down any vicious scheme or godless plot; and its blue but undulates to remind us that, after all, home, sweet home is not here, but in the azure of the beyond. Its stripes radiate with the tints of the dawn, white and roseate, to denote the dawn of liberty, not the lawlessness of the mob, and its stars, even when the night is darkest with social distresses, are so many beacons of inspiring hope. As once it thrilled the poet, captive to its foes but loyal to its folds at Fort McHenry, there "on the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep," so it must thrill you and me, so it thrills the valiant true knight.

Time was when at royal beck the Church deigned to bless the ensign in lavish rite, when the cry "For God and Country" rang out clear. The man who denies, or in any way defies, the Deity can ill at heart protect the banner of the free; it is a religious task to rally round it, a sacred trust. The one Church oft and ever teaches it; rigidly she insists on the strict observance of the law, and this without a peer. To-day are rampant theories that tend to disrupt the State itself, that tend to hang out the red flag in place of this one, but you must thank the faith of Genoa's son for its stand first and foremost in the fight to resist them and save the country from its perils. The one Church stands out only for the right, and I am imbued with the firm hope that the starry flag will be borne on before us, before citizen and soldier, only in its defence.

Is it not an honor even to touch it? Its staff, like the tree

of the Cross pointing up to the skies, and its folds, like the arms of the Cross reaching out to the winds, this blend of Cross and colors is a constant spur to us to live for God and country, and, if the cause demands it of us, to die for God and country. So fell your kinsmen in the faith at Trenton, at Shiloh. It is the Cross that compels us to serve Old Glory as it gleams with the old glory of God and streams for the true uplift of man. Then note it well; the twig of to-day is the oak of to-morrow, the tot of to-day is the man of to-morrow, and thus the future of the nation in weal or woe hinges on the tot of to-day; the lad of to-day must be a young patriot. The patriot is not born, but made, not made by the mere waving of the flag or a long discourse on its hues. The patriot is made of sterner stuff, must have a fine conception of duty, and from this same viewpoint may not be in enmity with the Master. After all, his relation to God determines his relation to the flag; and to put this in the concrete, the better a knight the better a citizen must you be. Far from hampering the State, the Church is here to assist it, and the lessons from her temples and the sermons from her pulpits all aid the hallowed cause of Cross and flag.

Any denial of this betrays a lack of history and heart; it insults the name of Calvert, who cradled liberty in this world before 1776; it brands the guilty with a treachery to the truth. Faith dampens not the ardor of your chaplains at the front, and in the gloom of Valley Forge, there in the snows, so the story runs, the Father of this country oft lisped a prayer to the God of battles in deepest trust. He was a man, no bias in his breast, and from his own words it follows that any vile attack on the Church but merits your pity and contempt. The flag is ours, and any plea from press or platform on any pretext to beget strife between Church and State

treads on yon flag and shames the perfidy of the arch-traitor, the lone Arnold. Let the bigots rant at this: never, never in the annals of the land has the Church harbored in her ranks tory or traitor. The great Rock of Peter is an asset to the nation, its mightiest fortress, and, with Cross and colors in plain view, stands in the way of those social ills and tenets that threaten to ruin the realm in which we are not only knights, but kings, in which prince and pauper must fight the good fight on the same level. Yet it is alleged by rude reputed teachers that your faith is a curse to the land, but I resent the charge with a word — false. The flag is yours and mine and the Cross protects it, permits it to wave over the lowliest and the loftiest born under its folds, over the lowliest and the loftiest come from across the seas to pledge it their fealty and undying love.

I close with the dulcet lines culled from the pen of Father Pise, the one priest a chaplain to the Senate:

“They say I do not love thee,
Flag of my native land,
Whose meteor folds above me
To the free breeze expand —
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

“False are the words they utter,
Ungenerous their brand;
And rash the oaths they mutter —
Flag of my native land —
While still in love above me
Thou wavest and I love thee.

“Stream on, stream on before us,
Thou labarum of light,
While in one general chorus
To thee our vows we plight.
Unfaithful to thee — Never.
Our country's flag forever.”

THE FOURTH OF JULY

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH

ALLOCUTION AT THE FIELD MASS OF THE KNIGHTS OF
COLUMBUS ENCAMPMENT AT KIRKWOOD, N. J.

BY THE RT. REV. MGR. B. J. MULLIGAN

“Go ye therefore and teach all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things I have commanded you. And behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.” — Matt. xxviii, 19-20.

THESE words were uttered by the Saviour of mankind after His resurrection and before He had ascended into heaven. Never had words more important and far reaching been spoken. “Go ye into the whole world and carry my gospel to every creature.” How necessary was such a commission the history of the human race at that time clearly proved. Thoughtful men — men who had character enough and intelligence enough to stand aside and contemplate the seething moral and religious corruption that abounded on all sides — were crying out for a Saviour, for the One whom tradition assured them would come to restore the world to the golden age. At the time that Christianity appeared society presented a dark picture covered with fine appearances, but infected to the core with a mortal malady; it presented an image of most repugnant corruption veiled by the brilliant garb of ostentation and opulence. “Morality,” says a celebrated writer, “was without reality, manners without modesty, passions without restraint, laws without authority, religion without God.” Ideas were at the mercy

of prejudice, of religious fanaticism, and of philosophical subtleties. Man was a profound mystery to himself; he did not know how to estimate his own dignity, for he reduced it to the level of brutes, and when he attempted to exaggerate its importance he did not know how to confine it within the limits marked out by reason and nature, and it is well worth observation that while the greater part of the human race groaned in the midst of abject servitude, individuals notorious for their abominable vices were elevated to the dignity of gods.

Such, in a word, was the state of society and of religion at the advent of Christianity. The coming of the Messiah, though clearly foretold by the prophets and expected by the nations, though by far the most important event since the creation of the world, was unknown to or unheeded by the greater part of men. Poor shepherds who were keeping the night watches over their flocks were alone worthy to receive a visit from the heavenly messengers and to hear from the angelic choir the beautiful and heaven-sent hymn, "Glory to God in the highest, for to-day is born to you a Saviour, Christ the Lord, in the City of David," "a light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of thy people Israel" (Luke). Rising up they said: "Let us go down to Bethlehem and see this wonder that is accomplished." Not in pomp and splendor did they find Him, but with Mary his mother and Joseph his foster-father in a grotto or stable near Bethlehem, because there was no room for them in the inn. Divine Infant born of a virgin amid these humble surroundings, the beginning of His earthly career was an object lesson in opposition to the prevailing sins of the age—pride and licentiousness. Ever gentle in His manner, sweet in His intercourse, He grew to man's estate; but firm in His teaching, He proclaimed a doctrine unheard of, and He spoke with an authority that a God alone could assume, and

He proved His right to such assumption of authority by the performance of acts that were alone possible to a divine being. To the school of pagan philosophy and false morality He opposed the sermon on the mount—"Blessed are the poor in spirit," "Blessed are the clean of heart," "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice"—thus laying the foundation for the social, religious, and moral regeneration of society. In the establishment of His Church and in the institution of the sacraments He provided for the attainment of eternal felicity, and in elevating the wavering Simon to the dignity of chief of the apostles and in bestowing on him the exercise of His own divine prerogative of infallibility, He established His Church on the Petra, the rock against which the gates of hell, the powers of darkness would not prevail, for He Himself would be with His Church "all days, even to the consummation of the world." He would live in His Church by the Spirit of Truth, the Paraclete whom He would send to abide with her for all time.

The life of our Divine Saviour on earth, how fruitful in divine works! how rich in precept and doctrine! Having concluded His mission, having chosen His apostles and disciples, having established His Church, and about to return to His Father, He conducted His chosen ones to Mount Olivet—according to commentators the place that witnessed His agony in the garden—and there He gave them His last and final commission: "Go ye into the whole world and preach my gospel to every creature, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days to the consummation of the world, and he who hears you hears me, and he who despises you despises me, and he who despises me despises Him who sent me." To every

nation, to every creature, therefore, did He send them. But remember, said He, "You have not chosen me, I have chosen you, that you go forth, that you bring forth fruit, and that your fruit remain." You will go forth and teach not your own opinions or fancies or the opinions and fancies of the age and country in which you may abide, but whatsoever I have commanded you, whatsoever I have taught you during the three years you were with me — "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one Lord and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in us all. Go forth, and as all power in heaven and earth [Eph. xiv, 5] is given me by the Father, I send you with power to lead men by regeneration in Baptism to a new and supernatural life," for "unless a man be born of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." I send you with authority to pardon them in the Sacrament of Penance when they have lost their baptismal innocence and have added actual sin to original sin — "whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven, whose sins ye shall retain they are retained." I send you with authority over my own Body which I sacrificed on Calvary, and I commission you to perpetuate that sacrifice — "Do this for a commemoration of me" — and to feed them on my Body which I have offered up for the life of the world, "for my flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed." You will go forth and pray for the sick, anointing them with oil in the name of the Lord, and "if the man sick be in sins they will be forgiven him." Go forth and join together in holy wedlock a Christian man and a Christian woman for the propagation of a holy generation and teach them that what "God hath joined together let no man separate."

With universal jurisdiction therefore as to time and place, as to power and doctrine, restricted only by the limits of the

divine commission, did He send them to regenerate society and to lead men to eternal felicity.

That this commission was understood to be a divine deposit that could not be changed, added to, or taken from we learn from the words of St. Paul: "I beseech you brethren by the name of the Lord Jesus that you speak the one thing, that there be no schism among you"; and in another place he exhorts his brethren and "through them future generations that, though an angel from heaven teach a doctrine other than that he had taught, not to believe him." The heresy, therefore, that proclaims one church or doctrine, though differing in teaching, as good as another is most anti-Christian, a denial of the divine principle in religion, a heresy prevailing in the present age, and I am sorry to say nowhere with more baneful consequences than in our own fair America. With the introduction of private interpretation applied to the Sacred Scriptures the bond of unity was soon broken, sects soon began to multiply, until to-day in most of them the idea of a divine principle in religion is entirely lost sight of and their churches are mere clubs or places of social gatherings, in consequence of which men are going into a denial of all religious truths until the spectacle confronts us that out of about one hundred millions of people in the United States not more than fifty millions belong to any church.

While all else changes the Catholic Church clings with tenacity to the commission she received. Men of the world cannot understand her and they criticise her because she will make no concession. Ah! they do not know the Church; she was founded by the God-man when He said: "Go forth and teach all nations, I am with you to the consummation of the world." She is therefore divine; the doctrine she teaches is not hers, it is God's. This is the commission the Church, through the

apostles, accepted on Olivet; this is the doctrine she has since preached and taught — a doctrine that changed a pagan into a Christian world, that saved society from extinction by reason of its own corruption, that brought the Christian world to its present state of civilization, and which, if that civilization is not to retard, must continue to be the principle directing the lives of men.

Thoughtful men of our age and country see signs of retrogression and disintegration in the disturbed conditions of society arising from the lack of sympathy between capital and labor, in the discontent of men with their social status, in the overwhelming cupidity for wealth and place so often acquired by dishonest practices. While schools are multiplying and erudition is becoming more universal, faith is declining and most of the churches, especially in our cities, are woefully deficient in Sunday worshippers, nor are the absentees the poor and the ignorant alone, but the wealthy, the educated, the men of political and social position. The cry is gone forth: secularism in business, secularism in government, secularism in the schools, until secularism has found seat even in many of the churches as well as thousands of families. It has been said by a celebrated philosopher that it takes but two generations to make infidels, but it may take ten generations to lead them back to Christianity, and from infidelity to paganism it is but another step, to a paganism that worships wealth and power, that develops into passion, with an entire loss of charity and love for God.

Society, my friends, was saved by Christianity as proclaimed by the God-man, as delivered to the apostles on the mount, as taught by God's Church to all nations, and if Christian civilization is to obtain and be advanced and the tide of infidelity to be stemmed, the same conserving principles must

again be taught and obeyed, but taught with authority and with certainty, not as coming from man, but as coming from Him who said: "All power is given me in heaven and on earth." Need I tell you that the one and only Church that was present at the birth of Christian civilization, that nurtured it in her bosom, that fought paganism step by step and conquered it and demolished or purified its temples, that taught man that God must be with him in his home, in his business, in the affairs of State, in the schools as well as in the church, that itself remained unchanged while all other societies and governments have changed or passed away, is that Church which is not only Catholic in name, but Catholic in all her prerogatives. She stands, the object of wonderment to the nations, preaching obedience to all rulers and legitimate governments, yet exacting obedience from all because all civil as well as ecclesiastical authority comes from God, each to be exercised and exacted in its own sphere, thus establishing justice and mercy, peace and security between ruler and people.

LABOR DAY

BY THE RT. REV. JOHN P. CARROLL, D.D., BISHOP OF HELENA,
MONT.

THIS is a day on which the whole country rejoices with the laboring men and women, paying willing tribute not only to the inestimable services which by brain or brawn they have rendered humanity, but also to the social progress which their united efforts have promoted. It is a day on which all true lovers of the race express their sympathy with the hopes and ambitions of the sons and daughters of toil.

On this happy feast no one rejoices more than Holy Church, the fruitful mother of so many of the children of labor. Her face is radiant with joy as she bids the multitudes who surround her altars look upon the vision of her Divine Founder who, though He was Master of the earth and of all its treasures, chose to become a poor laboring man. With pride she points to His life of toil and suffering and renews His promise of happiness and everlasting riches to those who walk in His footsteps: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

With her Master she voices the loving invitation: "Come to me all you that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." She need not speak of it, for the record of her motherly solicitude for the downtrodden and the oppressed looms high before the minds of her children. It was her teaching and beneficent legislation that caused slavery to disappear from the world. It was she who created the Christian home

and, lifting up woman from degradation, enthroned her as its queen. It was she who rescued the child from dishonor and made its education in virtue and religion the foundation stone of both Church and State. It was the laborious care of her monks in transcribing the Bible and the classical monuments of antiquity that enriched the modern world with learning sacred and profane. It is to these same monks who cleared the forests and drained the marshes and ploughed the fields that "we owe," says Hallam, "the agricultural restoration of a great part of Europe." The guilds of the Middle Ages, the models of our modern labor unions, owe their origin and wonderful development to the tutelage of the Church, their decay and final suppression being simultaneous with the Reformation and the French Revolution—periods during which the power of the Church was weakened in Europe. From the very beginning of modern industrialism the Church has espoused the cause of the laboring man. The great Von Ketteler, who led the social reform movement in Germany, was called "the laboring man's Bishop." The London dock workers will never forget the friendly interest of Cardinal Manning, and we are all familiar with the efforts of Cardinal Gibbons on behalf of the Knights of Labor. It was their well-known sympathy with the wage earner and their spirit of fair play to every interest involved that led to the selection of Archbishops Quigley and Spalding as arbitrators in two of the greatest strikes in our history. Finally, it was Pope Leo XIII who, in 1891, declared that "a small number of very rich men had been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than slavery itself." If conditions have changed materially since then, the change is due in large measure to the great Pope's encyclical on "The Condition of the Laboring Classes," which has become the textbook of

leaders of capital and labor, of statesmen and churchmen, in a word, of all men the world over who have sincerely striven to solve the problems of modern industrialism. Carroll D. Wright, our former eminent Commissioner of Labor, has said: "I consider that the encyclical of Leo XIII on the labor question has given the foundation for the proper study of social science in this country. It is a *vade mecum* with me, and I know that it has had an immense influence in steadying the public mind." With good reason, then, do the toiling masses on their Feast Day rejoice with their Holy Mother and hail her with that glorious title — which contempt has sometimes applied to her — "the Church of the poor and the working classes."

The intelligent and loyal Catholic laboring man, therefore, is not disturbed by the noisy agitator who, on the street corners and in the union meetings, declares the Church to be the enemy of labor and its bishops and priests to be in league with capital to defraud labor of its just rewards. Instead of offering him violence, he pities his ignorance and, does all in his power to prevent him from poisoning the minds of his fellow-workers. To this end he encourages his union to invite only the ablest and most impartial students of economics to address it. He refuses to read, and he endeavors to dissuade his brethren from reading, those newspapers and magazines whose only aim seems to be to stir up religious animosity and to incite class against class. On the contrary he uses all his influence to secure the widest possible circulation of the really meritorious social reform literature which is now so abundant. He is himself a member of at least one of the Catholic societies of his community, and he puts forth earnest efforts to increase its membership to the utmost. His initiation and the payment of his annual dues are not the sole evidence of his

interest in his organization. He attends, if possible, every meeting and advocates courses of lectures by the most noted Catholic exponents of the labor question.

There are several things which the discussion of these lectures under the wise guidance of the priest will make clear to the Catholic laboring man.

The first of these is organized labor's contribution to the cause of social progress. It is sometimes asserted that labor unions have seriously menaced, and oftentimes actually destroyed, the prosperity and peace of whole communities; that they have resorted to violence to enforce their demands; that when they gain the upper hand they exhibit greater tyranny than that which they condemned in capitalism. No doubt the facts have at times justified these accusations. But such occurrences are rare and are not sanctioned by the great body of union men. Organized labor should be judged as a whole; and taken as a whole its aims and purposes are laudable, its methods are in the main justifiable, and the evils that follow from it are outweighed by its good effects.

Then it should be remembered that modern unionism was the outgrowth of conditions that made it necessary. The guilds of the Middle Ages, which protected the workingman and obtained for him justice and social recognition, were finally destroyed by the French Revolution. Defenseless and alone, the laborer was left to the mercy of a new school of economics which saw in him only the physical energy he was capable of exerting. Labor became a mere commodity and it was bought on the market at the lowest price. In the coal mines of England, when men seemed to cost too much, women were put in their places, and finally children were substituted for women. To combat the consequences of such principles trade unions arose in England and soon spread to other countries. To their

organized efforts and intelligent aggressiveness are due very largely the improved conditions we behold to-day. The workman is lifted up from the degradation into which unrestrained competition had flung him. He is no longer regarded as a beast of burden and his labor as a mere article of merchandise. His human dignity has been reclaimed and the reward of his labor must be sufficient to maintain himself and his family in frugal comfort. Respect for the laborer as a man, as a human being, and reverence for childhood and womanhood, now so emphatically enunciated in the economic legislation of every Christian country in the world, is the distinct triumph of labor unionism and its greatest contribution to the cause of social progress.

Is it any wonder, then, that the Church, through her Popes and bishops, endorses the essentials of modern unionism? They are her principles applied to the social conditions of the times. The dignity of the individual, of woman, of the child, the sanctity of the home — doctrines on which the Church has insisted for centuries — these are the ideas which are at the basis of the whole labor movement. They have stirred it to action and crowned it with success. Through these ideas unionism may yet become the most effective agency in the modern world to check the advance of socialism and to secure the reforms which humanity demands.

Another thing which the course of lectures referred to will serve to bring out is the delusion of an indefinite increase of wages. Unscrupulous agitators have taught the doctrine that labor is the source of all wealth and that, therefore, wages should increase until labor obtains possession of all wealth. How false this doctrine is and how injurious to labor itself a moment's reflection will show. The productiveness of the business in which labor is employed naturally determines the

limit of wages. The moment wages become so high that the investment ceases to pay, the intellectual and material capital which have created and developed the business will be withdrawn and diverted to other channels. Then work is at an end. Capital is seldom at loss for lucrative investments. If the worst comes, it can purchase Government bonds. With the workingman the case is different. When the mine or the factory closes down he is out of employment and his earning power is at a standstill. Hence, in spite of all the unions can do, there is a limit to wages, and it would be disastrous to the workingman if he allowed himself to be deluded into the belief that an indefinite increase of wages is possible.

The most, therefore, that under ordinary circumstances the workingman can reasonably expect is a living wage, that is, enough to secure a decent subsistence for himself and family. And after all, the welfare of working people is not merely a matter of wages. There are districts where the wages are high and the prosperity of the people very low; whereas there are other districts where the wages are far from being high, and yet the people are evidently prosperous. Why this difference? Economy and temperance, or the lack of them.

"Greed of possession and thirst for pleasure," says Leo XIII, "are twin plagues, which too often make a man who is void of self-restraint miserable in the midst of abundance." How true these words are of many people in our large wage-earning districts even the cursory observer will not fail to recognize. What is the reason many laborers allege for demanding higher wages? The high cost of living. While there is truth in the answer, the fact remains that high living is chiefly responsible for the high cost. People are not satisfied with common fare and ordinary clothing. They must have the highest priced food in the market and the latest and most

expensive styles of dress. It is no wonder their children must be taken from school at an early age and sent to work. Short-sighted and cruel policy which makes it impossible for the children to rise above the condition of their parents! How different things would be if parents would only practise Christian economy! Higher education would be the rule. The sons of the toiler would soon control the business and industrial interests of the country, grace the legal and medical professions, and in larger numbers be adorned with the holy priesthood; and his daughters, instead of crowding the factories and stores and offices to the detriment, oftentimes, of their modesty and womanly virtue, would become the queens of truly Christian homes or, aspiring to the higher things, would consecrate their lives to God and humanity in holy religion. If our laboring people practised economy, they could gradually secure homes for themselves and their children in some of Montana's pleasant valleys, away from the smoke and the corruption of the city, and there coax from the generous soil some of that wealth which is rapidly becoming the portion of strangers.

If all the toiler's earnings were spent for food and clothing, one might declare high wages useless; but when any considerable part of them is consumed for drink, the highest wages would be worse than useless. Drunkenness is, perhaps, the greatest danger to which our workingmen are exposed. First of all there is the everywhere-present and, in some places, always-open saloon, that base conspiracy to rob the laborer of his hard-earned wages. Then there is the temptation, after a day or a night of exhausting, deadening toil in the mine, the smelter, the factory, to seek compensation in intemperance and debauchery. To resist requires a considerable degree of moral courage. And yet, unless our laboring men practise

temperance and economy, the highest wages will not purchase for them the blessings of life.

A third thing which our lecture course should not fail to point out is the laboring man's right to Sunday rest. "Man," says Leo XIII, "is a living, rational child of God, and as such he must be treated with respect and dignity." The acceptance of this view of man has raised the standard of wages and shortened the hours of labor. It will yet do away with Sunday work. Even if the laborer were a mere beast of burden, he would still need, besides the regular nightly repose, certain periods of rest, if he would give his master the best that is in him for the longest time. It is not so much the length of time devoted to a task that produces results, but rather the freshness brought to it and the energy put into it. The Illinois coal miners produce as much in eight hours as they did formerly in ten, and the French law assigning each tenth day for rest was long ago repealed in favor of the old-time Sunday.

But man is not a mere beast of burden. He is a rational being and, therefore, he has a right to rest, not for the sole purpose of sleeping and eating, but also that he may consider his human dignity and realize that matter is not his master, but his servant. "The Lord made him a little less than the angels, and subjected all things under his feet — the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea." Without the weekly day of rest this end is practically unattainable for the workingman.

Besides, man is a child of God and, therefore, he must have time to fulfil his duties towards his Creator. This right religion has vindicated for him from the beginning by insisting on regularly recurring days of rest. God Himself wrote on the tables of the law: "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath."

day," and the Church has merely transferred the obligation to the first day of the week.

To say that the Church, in demanding Sunday rest, is robbing the laboring man of one day's wages each week is a clever trick of the enemy. Then he robs the laboring man of seven days' wages each week who forbids him to work two shifts every twenty-four hours. "The Philanthropist" who takes so much pains to discredit the Church could better establish his claim to sincerity by giving the laborer as much pay for six days' work as he now receives for seven. The advantage to the laborer would be that his wages would be the same as if he worked seven days, and he would not be worked to death, and his human dignity would be safeguarded, and he would have an opportunity to fulfil his religious obligations. It is only just to our Montana employers generally to say that they do not share the views of "The Philanthropist," that they do not insist on any man working on Sunday, and that they are disposed to reduce Sunday work to a minimum.

To say that there are workingmen who wish to work on Sunday in order to get the extra pay seems incredible. Such men should not be permitted to retain membership in any labor union. They are committing a crime against the whole body of laboring men by making it practically impossible for capital not to exact Sunday work of all. If unnecessary Sunday work is permitted anywhere, the unions have only themselves to blame. Let them but ask for its abolition, and employers will find a way to grant their request.

But whether the laborer is compelled to work on Sunday or does so of his own volition, he is doing himself grievous spiritual injury. He cannot, as a rule, assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Mass is in a manner the whole of religion for him. The laborer who hears Mass every Sunday is

bound to the Church by ties that cannot be broken. The very act of obeying the Church in this important law disposes him to obedience in other things. The announcements that are made keep him in touch with the life of the Church. The sermon instructs him in his Christian duties, and the graces that flow out from the Great Sacrifice and are poured into his soul in Holy Communion strengthen him against the temptations of the week. But the laborer who does not hear Mass on Sunday, even though it be not his fault, is necessarily deprived of all these blessings. He is ignorant of the doings of the Church at large and of what it is striving to accomplish in his community. The principles of religion and morality, which were once the guiding star of his life, grow dim. Criticism of the Church and her ministers and her policies, which he hears on all sides, begins to make its impression upon him. Deprived of the strength that can come only from prayer and the sacraments, he becomes an easy prey to the vultures of discontent and finally loses faith in God and a future life.

Labor leaders, therefore, and labor unions should insist on Sunday rest; but laboring men should remember that this rest will be profitable to their health, to their souls, to their families only on condition that they observe the precept: "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day." To spend the day in the saloon, in drunkenness, in impurity, would only bring ruin on the workingman and his family. All sincere friends of labor love to believe that the effects of the weekly day of rest will be similar to those that followed the adoption of the eight-hour day. "There is no doubt," says John Mitchell, "but that the eight-hour day reduces drunkenness. In those towns in Illinois where it has been adopted there is now a higher standard of living and at the same time less drunkenness and fewer saloons. This is so, notwithstanding wages have risen.

The man who works ten hours comes home tired out. He is in no condition for rational enjoyment and he wants to go either to the saloon or to bed."

The condition of the laboring classes is without doubt the pressing question of our times, and rulers and capitalists should join hands with workingmen to apply a speedy remedy. But the plans of the unions, the wisdom of sociologists, the decrees of legislators, and the sympathy of the wealthy will avail naught unless the Christian principles here enunciated be sincerely lived up to. These principles the Church on Labor's feast places afresh in the hands of the laboring man, confident that if they be applied in the spirit of Christian charity all difficulties between labor and capital will be solved, and the unions, instead of being made the tools of vicious leaders to promote economic warfare, will devote most of their activities to mutual help, in the form of insurance, education, and the coöperative production of the necessities of life.

THE CONDITIONS OF LABOR

**ADDRESS TO THE CATHOLIC DELEGATES AT A CONVENTION
OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR**

BY THE REV. CHARLES P. BRUEHL, D.D., PH.D.

THIS is the most significant occasion. You are met in your official capacity of union men by the gracious hospitality of the Archbishop under this lofty dome erected to the worship of the Most High. The meaning of this fact I conceive to be twofold: you wish to implore God's blessing on the activities emanating from your organizations and, as loyal sons of the Church, you are looking for some token of approval and some word of encouragement by which she might endorse and sanction your movement. For dear as this movement for economic betterment is to your hearts, I know you do not want it to be in conflict with your holy faith, which is still more sacred and dear to your hearts.

It is well that you look for orientation in this matter to your Church, for she alone possesses unchangeable standards of right and wrong; she alone weighs things in balances that are not tipped by fear or favor; she alone sets the right value on objects, undisturbed by the fact whether they be popular or unpopular. Witness her uncompromising attitude on divorce, on which she stamps her disapproval, though it is much in demand and purchased at a premium in the marts of the world.

It is prudent that you seek the approbation of your Church. For your Church is a great power in this world. A cause is the stronger for having her support. Men, though they be not

of her fold, are inclined to regard a movement as right and just when she has placed her seal on it. She has a long and noble history, and we know that she has never made common cause with injustice and wrong. Thus men have great trust in her judgment and will, perhaps unwittingly, perhaps reluctantly, pattern their opinions after her utterances. The approbation of the Church is no negligible quantity even in our own days. But the children of the Church are especially anxious to have her approval, for they know that what the Church cannot approve God will not bless and prosper.

And thus we wish to hear at this solemn occasion what the Church thinks of this spreading and growing movement. Is she indifferent to it? Does she anathematize it? Does she befriend it? In ethical matters we can rarely have a clear-cut, simple yes or no. Moral relations are complex; they present many phases. The assent expressed in moral matters is mostly a qualified one, subject to conditions, for in the moral realm some slight factor may put an entirely different complexion on the situation and make unlawful that which but for this one element would be legitimate. Thus the end may be good and the means employed bad, and forthwith the movement resorting to such objectionable means stands condemned. For the end does not justify the means, and so the Church must be cautious in sanctioning a movement, and she does so with due reserve. In this manner does she approve of the labor unions, endorsing them on condition that the ends are just and the means employed legitimate. We wish to analyze in detail the attitude of the Church towards labor unions. When I speak of the Church I mean, and this goes without saying in this magnificent temple, the great historical Church of Christ, which also bears the surname of Catholic, which alone presents to the world a united front, alone possesses an inalien-

able capital of truth, alone speaks with a voice of authority. And thus do I define — myself an obedient subject of her authority, most anxious not to deviate from her teaching — her position with regard to the unions. My assertions are based on the utterances of her sovereign pontiffs and her hierarchy and on her practice in former ages and at the present times.

1. The Church approves of the principle of association and of its application in the various departments of social life. She claims that the right to associate with his fellows for the attainment of a legitimate end is a birthright of man. For this right she has fought against the Roman State, who denied the right of private association. She has gained it for herself and is most willing to extend it to all lawful purposes. Laborers have a right to combine in order to promote their common interests. In doing so they violate no just law, they imperil no legitimate interest, they act within the sphere of social justice. What is right cannot be detrimental to the Commonwealth or subversive of order and peace. Labor unions in themselves cannot be regarded as a menace to social peace or as an injustice done anyone else. They are lawful, expedient, commendable. They are desirable. "Private societies, then, although they exist within the State and are severally part of the State, cannot nevertheless be absolutely, as such, prohibited by the State. For to enter into a society of this kind is the natural right of man, and the State is bound to protect natural rights, not to destroy them." Thus speaks the immortal Leo VIII.

No stronger lever for the economic and social uplift of the laboring classes than labor organization has as yet been discovered. It makes for the independence of labor, the greater security of its remuneration, and its protection in every sense.

It brings to recognition the dignity of labor and its social value, and prevents its degradation and exploitation. And of so much we are sure, that the path to national prosperity does not lead through the degradation of labor.

It would follow from this that laborers themselves should appreciate their unions, as they stand guard over their vital interests. The wage earner who refuses to join the union seems to be lacking in the spirit of solidarity. His view is narrow. He understands not his real interests. He weakens his own cause.

The employer should recognize the right of coalition on the part of his employees. He should not thwart or balk their efforts of organization. If he does this, he does them an injustice, making the exercise of a fundamental right impossible. There is a long way from an abstract recognition of a right and the full-souled, hearty acquiescence in it. The latter should be the attitude of the employer. But all the unions attain to in most cases is mere tolerance, grudgingly and niggardly accorded. A favor so ungraciously bestowed calls for no great gratitude, a right so unwillingly admitted begets no good-will. How different would be the situation if the organizations of the workmen were heartily welcomed and treated with kindly consideration. Would it not immediately change the spirit of the unions, and convert them into friends and allies? Confidence begets confidence, friendship breeds friendship, good-will creates good-will. The hostility and offensive attitude of the unions towards the employers is mostly nothing but the echo of the intolerance and the contempt of the employers who have repulsed the well-meant advances of their employees. The refusal to recognize their unions embitters the laborers, for it bespeaks an implicit intention of gaining over them an unfair advantage and of curtailing their rights. The man who

desires to do what is square by his workmen has little reason to oppose their unions, for though the latter occasionally are guilty of excesses and make exorbitant claims, they generally remain within the limits of justice and equity. The honest recognition of the trades unions is little short of a social duty, if it is not really a demand of justice.

If laborers have the right to form unions and there be undue interference with the exercise of this right, it behooves the public to remove these illegitimate barriers. It is a reproach to a society if within its bosom a class is prevented from exercising its rights and is thus handicapped in the pursuit of its natural happiness. The public enjoys the fruits of labor; it is then also responsible for the conditions under which this labor is performed.

We sum up. The Church strongly advocates the principle of association. In her doctrine of the brotherhood of all men she establishes the firmest foundation for associated life. Her influence is everywhere unifying, conciliatory, fraternizing. As long as the unions pursue just ends with legitimate means, they enjoy the approval of the Church. Under her tutelage a wonderful and efficient organization of labor sprang up in the Middle Ages.

The Scripture also encourages men to unite and to render mutual help. "It is better," we read, "that two should be together than one, for they have the advantage of their society. If one fall, he shall be supported by the other. Woe to him that is alone, for when he falleth he hath none to lift him up" (Eccles. iv, 9). And again: "A brother that is helped by his brother is like a strong city" (Prov. xviii, 19).

2. But if the unions are to enjoy permanently the approval of the Church, they must be conducted in a spirit of justice, fairness, moderation, and equity. The Church cannot identify

herself with a movement which stoops to employ unfair means, however noble may be its end.

Gentlemen, you are men of sound common sense and of practical judgment. Your daily work brings you in contact with the stern realities of life. You are not dreamers of dreams and not seers of visions. You are not thinking of overturning the existing structure of society. Your purposes are not revolutionary. You admit and accept the existing wage system; under this system you are satisfied to obtain by collective bargaining a fair share of remuneration for your services. You are conservative, pillars of order, and a bulwark against revolution. It is good that the public know this, for that knowledge will dispel its distrust and its misgivings. We hail labor organization as one of the conservative forces of the community. To crush labor unions means to open the floodgates of the revolutionary spirit.

And here you find yourself in harmony with the Church. She also loves order and prefers to preserve rather than to destroy. She is not committed to uphold any particular economic system, but it is her mission to see that, under whatever system, justice be done and human dignity be not outraged. This is her present concern, that a just balance of rights be found between labor and capital, that exploitation and all forms of oppression cease. So long are the unions irreproachable as they deal in fairness and justice with all concerned — their own members, the employers, the public.

And first, justice to their members. They are not to substitute the despotism of the union for the despotism of capitalism. That would be small gain indeed. Efficiency must be recognized within the unions also; there must be no attempt to reduce everything to a dead level; the union standards must not become a galling enslavement and a bitter yoke for the more

competent worker. Their uniformity of wage must not be of such rigidity as to discourage skill and private industry. It would be unfair to refuse to admit non-unionists to membership on reasonable terms to monopolize the trade, for this would constitute an interference with their right to work.

Justice towards the employer. The employer is entitled to a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. The union must furnish efficient workers. It must refrain from petty chicanery, which may be the source of actual loss and even ruin to the employer. Sometimes a rigid enforcement of a union rule may result in great waste which reduces considerably, if it does not actually swallow up altogether, the profits of the employer. Human regulations must have some elasticity and pliability in order to adapt themselves to circumstances; to insist on one's abstract rights in certain conditions may involve the greatest injustice. The terrorizing tendencies of some unions, their pitiless and senseless carrying out of some rules of an embarrassing nature, are much to be deplored and deserve severe censure. That no longer is a due regard for justice, it is petty annoyance and spiteful vexation. A sense of proportion will prevent the friction which an injudicious enforcement of rules produces. Sweet reasonableness and a willingness to oblige should govern the relations between wage earner and employer; what savors of extortion and resentment should be avoided. Let us not forget that the employer does not stand outside of the pale of charity.

The public also is deserving of some consideration. It is the innocent third party who in many cases has to shoulder the cost of labor troubles. In its quality as consumer it is also affected by any increase in wages, since generally the manufacturer is able to pass on the additional costs of production. The public accordingly suffers unjustly if wages are

unreasonably high and working hours unduly short, or if the supply of skilled workmen is kept insufficient by artificial and arbitrary limitations of the number of apprentices admitted to learn the trade. No doubt such practices will alienate the sympathies of the public and weaken the cause of the unions.

But the Church requires justice of all. She has reminded kings of their duties; she is not backward in telling the modern king, the great majorities, that they also are subject to law and order. If the unions resort to injustice, the Church can have nothing to do with them and must leave them to their fate. But it is a great law of the moral world that all injustice comes to grief. "Justice exalteth a nation, but sin maketh nations miserable" (Prov. xiv, 34). This applies with equal force to individuals and societies. Injustice is suicidal. It recoils with redoubled weight upon the transgressor. God blesses and speeds that cause only which is just all around. It is a disastrous policy which will remedy past injustice by perpetrating new injustice; it is thus that the bulk of injustice and wrong grows in the world and goes on breeding new monstrosities.

The Church denounces all attempts to make the unions instruments and vehicles of irreligious propaganda. If the unions allow anti-Christian tendencies to be smuggled into the movement under false colors, the Church must warn her children against them, for much better than the gaining of any economic advantage is the preservation of faith. Unions can expect Catholics to be active and loyal members only if they respect their most sacred convictions and exclude wanton attacks on their religious institutions.

A religious leaven, a Christian tone is indispensable to the unions if they are not degenerate. Religion inspires self-restraint, moderation, and toleration, virtues without which

no organization can exist. The living faith of the Catholic, his highly developed sense of duty, his keen appreciation of matters pertaining to justice, his rich fund of brotherly feeling, his strong consciousness of social responsibility, are so many valuable assets to the union. They increase its moral capital. They act as a useful check on the more immoderate demands of the worldly inspired. Without the Catholic element the trade unions cannot overcome ~~the contagion of socialism~~; it acts like the salt which preserves from disintegration. ~~Socialism is the enemy of unionism.~~ The leaven of socialism injects ~~a disturbing and dissolvent ingredient~~ into the union: ~~it does not make for peace and moderation, but leads to unjust and excessive demands, thus precipitating a clash of the classes.~~ It makes a peaceful settlement and harmonious adjustment of mutual claims utterly impossible. By allowing the irreligious spirit to spread within its ranks the unions undermine their own foundations, for religion is the best safeguard against excesses.

3. "It is the spirit that quickeneth" (John vi, 64). The policies of an organization are ultimately determined by the ideals from which it derives its inspiration. The fuller sanction of the Church can be given only to a movement which is neither anti-social nor violent in its deeper inspirations and its hidden undercurrents.

The Christian law rejects egotism which seeks self-realization and self-assertion at the expense of others and the community. It demands subordination of the individual interests to those of the larger society. We are all enough Christian to despise any form of undisguised, unvarnished personal egotism. But there is a kind of egotism less apparent than the individual variety, the coarseness of which escapes no one, but not less contemptible and blameworthy — the collective

egotism of a class or an organization. Above all the interests of individuals and classes thrones the common good, to which everything else must be duly subordinated. Thus the class of workmen must not forget that their class is not commensurate with society, that their interests are not the only ones, in fact that there are interests higher, more important, broader than their own. Self-interest is a potent and legitimate motive as long as it is not exclusive of or antagonistic to the higher interests of the whole social organism. Beyond the limits of the individual sphere of interests lies the embracing horizon of the weal of all. Now the individual interests have a fatal tendency to assert themselves disproportionately. Hence the appeal to them must be guarded and careful. The larger good must again and again be emphasized lest the selfish instincts triumph over the altruistic and social feelings.

Here lies the danger of every class movement, that in the end it become the expression of collective egotism and subversive and oblivious of the welfare of the broader community. The unions therefore, if they are not to become a danger and menace to the public good, must cultivate the higher social virtues. They must not be built purely and solely on class interest, they must not be inspired by class hatred. They must not accentuate the lines of cleavage that naturally run through society and strain them to the breaking point, but rather point out that there is a larger end in which all classes coöperate and that therefore there is much which all have in common. Society is on the point of becoming atomized and disrupted. More stress must be placed on the centripetal than on the centrifugal forces.

The basis of society is the individual, and no permanent social life can be maintained unless there be aroused in the individual the ultra-individual binding forces which bind in-

dividual to individual and class to class. In this light the labor movement is to be conceived; to this test its tactics must conform, otherwise it will breed men of anti-social instincts and of the crassest egotism. This is necessary in the interests of self-preservation, for if the individual is taught to put his class interests above the interests of other classes and the Commonwealth, it will draw the only consistent, practical conclusion and put his own private individual interests above those of other individuals and of his class. Have not the unions more than once observed this irresistible logic of facts? The union cannot live without social instincts and the spirit of sacrifice, but if it kills them in the heart of its members by a persistent appeal to the class egotism, it digs its own grave. Men that are not loyal to their national society will not prove loyal to their unions. To preach class egotism is bad policy for a movement which itself is based on altruistic dispositions.

Here lies the fatal mistake of socialism. It leagues itself with the anti-social instincts of the individual and yet would need the strongest social impulses to construct anything like a socialist society. It destroys not only the foundation of society, but it actually pulverizes it. The unions must not fall into this grave error or they will paralyze the social instincts of their members and lose the cement that holds them together. Have we not now within the union frequently an assertion of local interests against national interests which not rarely brings it to a point of disruption? Why? Because men have not learned to coördinate and subordinate their selfish interests and see these alone, and will insist on them at the cost of the larger good.

We all have a mutual interest in the preservation of the social structure; all classes have something in common and all work in their own way. True they also have separate

interests, but these are not radically antagonistic, and may be adjusted. No class should exploit the other. Neither should the labor class attempt to exploit the others.

Especially is there no fundamental antagonism between labor and capital. They suffer together, they prosper together. The present system of wild competition is detrimental to both. Well and strongly organized labor will redound to the advantage of our large scale industry. Labor and capital may form alliances against unfair competition and forestall business depression. We do not wish to minimize the difficulty of arriving at an adjustment in some cases. But yet, a hopeless opposition and contrast there is not. Stable contracts and peaceful agreements will bring security to both parties. An antagonism we have between the two where they overstate their interests or create fictitious interests.

And so the unions are not primarily means of class warfare, not engines of war, not covetous machines, but useful wheels in the great social organism. They are a help for both capital and labor, since they make for industrial order and peace. Great organizations feel their responsibility; they can adapt themselves to the need of the hour; they guarantee their agreements; they are a protection against local strikes and petty shop revolutions, so harassing to the smaller capitalist, which arise from the impulsiveness of small organizations.

Social organizations require social characters. Organization requires sacrifices and subordination of interests; these qualities can be acquired only by social training; they become atrophied in an atmosphere and environment of class egotism and become stunted by the untiring preaching of class hatred.

This embracing social spirit you Catholic members should infuse into the unions; give them that larger outlook, that broader perspective with which you are habitually familiar, for

in the truly Catholic mind the lines of cleavage never wear very deep, they are effaced by his realization of the brotherhood of men. This idea pervades contracts, it equalizes interests, it softens antagonisms. Give to the unions this deeper moral energy which invites and unifies, which breeds a loyalty never faltering.

The weapon of class hatred is a two-edged sword; it turns itself against the union that uses it and enters into it as a powerful wedge. The sharpening of any antagonisms leads also to a conflict between unions and their leaders, between the different branches of the union, and finally between the individuals themselves. It is as a progressive gangrene. The Church warns against it.

Remember also what an access of power such a frankly social attitude will bring the unions. What all classes now fear is that when the labor class has risen into power, there will be an unprecedented exploitation of all classes in the selfish interests of labor. The language of some labor leaders warrants such apprehension. Show them that it is not so. Make them understand by your present policies and tactics that extortion is far from your minds, that the interests of all will be safe when you possess power, that you wish to build a roof for the protection of all, and immediately the hearts of all will go out to you, for all are tired and weary and sick of this heartless régime of brutal competition. All the powers of right will be fighting with you; make your cause a worthy cause, a great cause, the cause of all, and you multiply your strength a hundredfold. Make it the cause of universal justice and all will be with you. But then, my friends, expunge from your vocabulary all those ugly phrases that drip with the poison of class hatred.

Peace and order, indeed, are precious things. Yet there is

a greater than these, and that is justice. Nor will there be peace in the world until justice is realized. But too frequently we find those who enjoy the fruits of injustice plead for peace in order that they may continue in the enjoyment of nefarious advantages. They regard every attempt to wrest from them the privileges unjustly acquired as so many attacks on order, the daughter of leaven. As if a condition in which the retaining of unjust advantages was possible deserved the name of order! When the framework of established order covers injustice, it is bound to break down, for it no longer can command the respect of men. When a system begins to lean for its main support on force, when it enlists bayonet and gun in defence of its claims, the downfall of that system is blazoned with fiery letters in the heavens. Justice is higher than peace, and peace may be sacrificed in the interests of justice. Men have an inborn love of peace, and they suffer much wrong before they rise against oppression. And so wrong accumulates in the world and towers to heaven and defies the God of eternal justice. But as the currents of history move onward the foundation is washed away from under the soaring tower of injustice until one day, when it seems most impregnable in the pride of its strength, it comes down with a crash and a thunder. This is the impression I have derived from the reading of history: that oppression and wrong are never defeated by the uprising of the downtrodden and the defrauded — for power is almost invariably on the side of injustice — but by the objective forces of right which, though invisible, are operative in shaping the course of human history. This is a slow process, too slow for the patience of most men. Then they take it into their own hands to right the existing wrongs; generally they fail, and succeed only in giving a new power to the crumbling reign of injustice and grant it another lease of life.

“Resist not evil,” says the Lord. And the philosophy of history bears out the expediency of His startling remark. Resist not evil, for if you do you strengthen it, you rally the forces of evil around their scarlet banners; resist not evil, for it will defeat itself. It will perish through its own insolence and daring.

But men are not willing to leave the redressing of their grievances to the Spirit of Justice that presides over the course of human events. Wrongs may become acute, they may become intolerable; injustice may be flagrant and add scorn to injury, so that men are stung into indignation and goaded to revolt. Who will sit in judgment on those who throw off the yoke of oppression and, doing so, shake the pillars of order that support a roof which gives protection to fraud, injustice, and deceit?

The unions are peaceful organizations; they wish to obtain their ends by collective bargaining and peaceful agreement. They bring in a respectful manner their demands and grievances to the notice of their employers. What happens? Their complaints are not even heard; their demands are, I do not say not granted, they are not even examined; nay they are regarded as non-existent. The union is not recognized. Its voice is lost on the empty air.

And how do the unions answer? Will they go back to their grinding tasks? submit to conditions that outrage human dignity? Perhaps this might be sublime; it might be the heroism of patience, but it is not human, it is not normal.

They also are not devoid of power. In this extremity they resort to the use of that power; they bring to bear what pressure they have on the unwilling employer to make him yield to the demands of justice. They strike. A strike is a concerted refusal of men to work until some demand is granted.

To strike is a right of individuals as of organizations, since in some cases it is the only defence they have against wrong and exploitation. It is not easy to say when a strike is lawful, because so many factors enter into this question. It is evident that grave reasons are required to justify a strike. The first supposition indispensable to justify the strike is that the demands which are to be enforced by it are reasonable, then that the resolution to lay down the tools be not the result of intimidation proceeding from a boisterous minority. Legitimate agreements may not be broken by it, and all other means of a solution of the difficulty must have been tried and found ineffective. If there is no prospect of success, the strike is not only wrong but also absurd, for it occasions waste without any compensation. Men should pause before resorting to this extreme measure and ask themselves if the possible gains are in any way commensurate with the risks and the sufferings which the strike entails. The strike for the strike's sake, as a measure to disorganize the economic order, stands condemned as a grave crime against society. In cases where the strike is just and necessary for the attainment of just ends, the Government may not prevent the exercise of this right, neither by injunction nor force, unless of course it is willing to see to it that justice be done to the workmen. Undoubtedly the State has a right to suppress disorder, violence, and bloodshed which arise in the course of a strike, whether they proceed from the employers or the employees. A strike is not war. It implies neither destruction of property nor violence; it is not aggression, but rather an organized passive resistance.

Before we pronounce judgment on the strikers let us examine if there has not been provocation for their action and if their patience has not been strained to the breaking point. There is another dark side to this question which is carefully

screened from the public eye: unspeakable crimes have been committed in the name of property rights, for greed is as merciless as the grave and as blind as fate.

Let us not say: Peace, peace! Peace at all costs, even at the point of the bayonet. Let us say: Justice! and peace will take care of itself. And if we are not willing to see that justice is done the laborer, then let us not blame him for making use of the only effective means he has. It appears that as the unions grow in strength the frequency of the strikes diminish and arbitration and peaceful agreement take their place. Though we would wish that they should be abolished altogether, we dare not hope for such a consummation in the near future. In the present imperfect stage of industrial organization they seem unavoidable. May they at least be continually reduced in number and shorn of the horrors of violence.

Violence! How gloomily the echo of the word rings through these sacred halls! What a picture does the word conjure up before our vision!

Violence is the worst ally for a good cause. Nothing is more deceptive; the seemingly good effects obtained by it are practically never sufficient to outweigh the evil effects. Violence casts suspicion on the best cause and makes justice itself odious. Let the unions repudiate violence, for it will profit them nothing. It deprives them of their best friends, for it alienates the affections and sympathies of those who believe in the righteousness of the cause of labor. Violence does not destroy the evil it attacks, but rather perpetuates it, inasmuch as it seemingly justifies the opponent and arouses in him the firm resolve to maintain his position with all his power. As soon as violence has been employed it becomes difficult to prove the justice of the cause in whose behalf it has been enlisted. This is true of

the capitalist also; the use of violence and military force in his behalf makes his cause unpopular. After all, men hold human lives higher than property rights; they will not long stand for it that lives of men and women and children be sacrificed to abstract rights of property. However, use violence in behalf of the cause of labor, and capital will regain the lost sympathy and public opinion will veer around. The public distrusts violence; it has a lurking suspicion that justice is not found on the side of violence.

See this illustrated in the history of the Church! Liberty and toleration were denied her. She used no violence, but suffered it, and thus she triumphed. Her children were slaughtered by the thousand until the Empire stood aghast at the appalling loss of lives and commanded a halt to the persecution. "Whatever there may be to the State's rights, we cannot afford to lose these men; violence depopulates the country. Give these men their freedom!"

Philosophers of history remark that the privileges now enjoyed by the people have not so much been forced from the classes in power, but been granted and conceded by them. This progress is still going on. The privileged classes are steadily retreating and allowing the common people to come into its own. And so it is with the propertied classes. They have lost confidence and faith in their position; they begin to doubt their vaunted rights; they become more and more willing to surrender their privileges and share them with the people. Violence retards this progress; it revives the dying-out selfishness and confirms the possessor in the determination to hold what he has, whether it be just or unjust.

Again, it is noticed that in labor conflicts the public is the determining factor and tilts the balance. But the public abhors violence and instinctively rejects the cause which has invoked

brute force. On the contrary the public inclines to the side of labor if the battle is fairly conducted.

But worst of all is the recoil of violence upon the parties using it. It increases egotism and emancipates the instincts of brutality dormant in man and held in leash with great difficulty. It lessens the respect for life, property, and order. It turns itself against the members of the class and overrides all moral obstacles; it destroys all security and breaks down all guarantees of liberty. Violence doubles the evil which it would annihilate!

And taken all in all it is only fair to state that the working class is not addicted to violence. We are rather inclined to admire its patience, which it has shown through the ages.

It was not my purpose to make a defence of the unions before the tribunal of the world. Had this been my object I would have spoken differently. I would have insisted less on their duties and emphasized to a larger extent their rights; I would have attempted to show that where they were guilty of excesses they had acted under stress of severe provocation; I would have added a severe word on the abuses of which capital has been guilty, thus exonerating labor which resented wrongs long patiently borne. This was not my aim. My purpose was to hold up to the unions a mirror in which they might view themselves as they ought to be; to depict an ideal which they should realize; to place before them the highest standards of union morality. That is the purpose of the pulpit. Not to find excuses for faults committed, but to set up lofty ideals. Unfortunately men fall short of these ideals and so do unions, and in such cases we are willing to examine if there are not attenuating circumstances. So much we are ready to concede to human frailty. But for all our sympathy with human weakness we cannot lower the standards of morality.

The Church views with favor the efforts of the unions to better the material conditions of the workingmen and to educate them to a higher level. It deplores their occasional excesses, but knows how to condone in mercy. If they remain obedient to God's law and keep their hands clean of injustice, it bespeaks for them success and calls down on them the blessing of the Most High.

THE RELATIONS OF LABOR UNIONS TO CHURCH AND STATE

**ADDRESS BY THE HON. FREDERICK W. MANSFIELD
AT THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL, CLIFF HAVEN, N. Y.**

SINCE the day when the divine edict was pronounced against man that henceforth he should eat his bread in the sweat of his face, man has been a laborer, and from that time to the present hour he has murmured against his lot and has constantly sought to alleviate his condition.

The struggle may be traced through the ages and it will probably continue to the end of time. Just so long as men must toil and in the sweat of their faces eat their bread, so long will that effort be made. The struggle has advanced from the futile revolt of the individual and the spontaneous rebellion of unorganized numbers, both ephemeral in their character and transitory in their results, to the more orderly resistance of associations called friendly societies, then to the craft guilds composed of the master and the workmen, then to the formation of the modern trade union.

Whether our sympathies are with or against the struggling toilers and whether we think these modern unions are a menace or a blessing, this must be admitted and recognized: the trade union has become a permanent factor in our industrial, social, and national life. If we would obtain a just and reasonable notion of the present desires and the ultimate aims of the trade union, it is essential to learn something about its beginnings, its relation to our social plan, its relation to the

Church and to religion, and in order fairly to decide its future status we must know something of its history.

Labor is as old as the world, and before the foundation of the Catholic Church the dignity and nobility of labor were extolled in the Old Testament and in the pages of pagan writers. Even strikes, thought by many to be but a product of modern trade unionism, are very ancient. Says Webb:

"Strikes are as old as history itself. The ingenious seeker of historical parallels might, for instance, find in the revolt B.C. 1490, of the Hebrew brick-makers in Egypt against being required to make bricks without straw, a curious precedent for the strike of the Stalybridge cotton spinners in A.D. 1892 against the supplying of bad material for their work."

History is replete with recitals of innumerable rebellions, of subject races, slave insurrections, and semi-servile peasant revolts. Indeed the murmuring of the laborers in the Parable of the Vineyard, because they who had borne the heat and the burden of the day received no more than those who were hired at the eleventh hour, was practically a strike.

Passing over the days of the pre-Christian era, the questions naturally arise: What attitude has the Catholic Church adopted and maintained towards the toilers? What has the Church done to help them? Has she thrown her influence for or against the laborer? The answers are written indelibly not only in the history of the Church itself, but in the history of the world. She has always insisted upon respect and obedience to all lawfully constituted authority, and even when slavery and subjection by conquest were rampant upon the earth, she neither denounced nor condemned. She accepted these human institutions because they had a form of human governmental authority, but still she did try to free the slaves, and in one of her councils the Church directed the clergy to sell all the possessions of the Church, even to the breaking

up and melting of the holy vessels of the altar, that the proceeds might be devoted to the purchase of the freedom of slaves. Has any other organization done as much?

In the struggle for existence and for tolerable conditions under which to labor the laborer very soon learned that the individual alone was powerless, and that his only hope for forcing better conditions for himself and his family lay in the power of numbers and in the strength of combination. Ignoring, then, the sporadic revolts of transitory organizations, our attention is attracted to the first permanent and continuous form which such combinations took, namely, the trade or crafts guild. Writers disagree as to whether modern trade unions are analogous to the old trade guilds. The weight of authority and the better opinion seem to be that they are not analogous, but at least it may be said that the trade guild was the forerunner of the trade union and the germ of the latter was contained in the former.

The formation of the trade union and that of the trade guild are radically different, the trade guild being composed of the master and his workmen, and the trade union being composed of workmen alone. The guild was formed for the mutual benefit of master and men, whereas the trade union is formed for the benefit of the men and not the master. These guilds were associations of artisans and tradesmen banded together for mutual aid and protection. They existed even in pagan times and are mentioned by Roman historians. But, unlike the modern American trade union, they were not devoted entirely to the physical and industrial happiness and welfare of their members. In the Middle Ages the guilds were essentially of a religious character, encouraged by the Church, and they were originated in that spirit of Christian charity and brotherly love which before the blight of the

so-called Reformation flourished among the nations of the earth.

Brentano, an able authority on this subject, gives it as his opinion that the guilds of the Middle Ages and the guilds as they still exist in some Catholic countries have their origin in a connection with monasticism and in the imitation of monastic life by men outside of the monasteries, and that this origin is to be sought in Southern Europe, where Christianity and monasticism were first engendered.

"There were guilds for every trade and profession; guilds of jewellers and workers in metal, bakers and butchers, tailors and cobblers, carpenters and masons, tanners, drapers, hatters, linen-spinners and wool-weavers, and many others. They were bound together by the strictest rules and customs, and had their special uniforms, corporate seals, and places of meeting. In many cities they lived together on the same street, or in the same quarter, around their guildhall, where they frequently assembled to discuss their common interests, to inquire into the observance of the statutes or share in the joys of large and fraternal banquets. The type and image of the guild was the Christian family.

"They selected their own officers, who disposed of masterships, delivered patents, collected fees, visited the workshops, and imposed necessary fines. Those chosen by the guilds had to accept the office or pay a heavy fine. All disputes among the members were settled by the guilds, and not in court. The expenses of the guilds were provided for by entrance fees, regular contributions, and legacies. Each craft was independent and regulated its own affairs. The King's license was not necessary for the foundation of a guild. Indeed, guilds often fought kings and held them responsible for wrongs inflicted on their fellows. The by-laws of all the guilds breathe the spirit of reverence for law and of love of liberty.

"No ordinance could be made against the common law; the liberties of city and town were to be upheld; rebels against the law were expelled from the guild. Nearly every single guild was incorporated and subject to a uniform principle of government. The charter, with constitution and by-laws, had to be submitted to city and town authorities for approval. It was the religion of Jesus Christ, as taught by the Catholic Church, that held members of these various associations together in the spirit of brotherly love and in the sure hope of an eternal reward." — *Bishop Stang.*

The number of the trade guilds was very large and at the beginning of the sixteenth century there were thirty thousand

of such organizations in England, most of them prosperous and well endowed. There were eighty in the city of Cologne in Germany, seventy at Lubec, and over one hundred at Hamburg. The guilds were more religious even than many of our religious societies of the present day. One of the first essential requirements before the formation of a trade guild was the selection of a priest to be its permanent chaplain, who conducted special services for them and said Mass for the living and dead members. Says Brentano:

"In this respect the craft guilds of all countries were alike; and in reading their statutes one might fancy sometimes that the old craftsmen cared only for the well-being of their souls. All had particular saints for their patrons, after whom the society was frequently called, and when it was possible, they chose one who had some relation to their trade. They founded Masses, altars, and painted windows at cathedrals; and even at the present day their coats of arms and their gifts range proudly by the side of those of kings and barons. We find also innumerable ordinances as to the support of the sick and poor — and to afford a settled asylum for distress the London guilds early built dwellings near their houses."

The scope of this address will not allow a more extensive study of the trade guilds, but enough has been said to show the wonderfully contented and prosperous conditions of those trade organizations of the Middle Ages. Such was the happy and flourishing state of the guilds under the fostering care of the Catholic Church, the men living and working in harmony with the master, the guild guided by the Church, and the whole existing under the approval of Catholic governments.

But the Protestant Reformation changed all this. The cloud that darkened all Christendom darkened as well the minds of the guild members. A smiling and happy land was at once changed to a land of distress and doubt. The Church, being temporarily deprived of its power and influence for good in many formerly Catholic countries, was likewise stripped of its power and influence in these societies of the

laity. Her spiritual guidance and care were rudely ousted, and lo! it was found that they could not exist without her. And so the guilds have gradually decayed, until to-day, except in some Catholic countries, they are but a memory, a ruin, and a ruin that, like many another, is a monument to the power and the glory of the Catholic Church.

After the decline and practical extinction of the trade guilds there was an apparent stagnation in the development of the labor organization which obtained for many years. But at length the worker again began to realize that only in effective combination is strength, and here and there new organizations began to appear; but, alas, the Reformation had done its work. The new societies differed from the old guilds in two vital respects: they lacked the Church, and employers were excluded from membership.

Here, then, was the beginning of the modern trade union, defined by Webb to be "a continuous association of wage earners for the purpose of maintaining or improving the conditions of their employment." These early beginnings were not extensive, yet the growth of the new form of combination was steady and some of the early unions were of importance. As early as 1337 the London cordwainers had attempted to rebel against the overseers of the trade. In 1399 the serving men of the saddlers attempted to form a fraternity of their own. In 1417 the journeymen tailors of London were prohibited from dwelling apart from their masters. In 1538 the Bishop of Ely reported to Cromwell that twenty-one journeymen shoemakers of Wisbech had assembled on a hill outside the town and had sent three of their number to summon all the shoemakers to meet them, in order to insist upon an advance in wages. These cases represent the embryo stage of the trade union, and none of the combinations were lasting.

They continued to be formed, however, with gradually increasing strength and greater permanence throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and a careful study of the statutes of the time shows that the State kept pace with their progress by enacting oppressive laws aimed solely at the trade associations. Industrial oppression, of course, belongs to all ages, but it is not until the changing conditions of industry had reduced to an infinitesimal chance the journeyman's prospect of becoming himself a master that the workers turned to the trade union. Apparently as the workers turned to the trade union the employer turned to Parliament, and the slow rise of the unions in the early days is undoubtedly due, in a measure, to the oppressive laws passed to retard them, although it is probably equally true that their great growth in subsequent years is due to the inhumanity and injustice of some of these same laws.

Thus an old statute of 1305 passed in the time of Edward I, entitled "Who be Conspirators and who be Champertors," was construed to apply to a combination to raise wages among cotton spinners, and the leaders in the combination were sentenced to two years' imprisonment under the Act. In 1720 the master tailors complained to Parliament that their journeymen entered into a combination to raise wages, and Parliament passed an Act in the time of George I fixing the rate of wages, prohibiting the giving or taking of wages in excess of the fixed rate, and prohibiting all combinations to raise wages. The "Statute of Apprentices" gave authority to the justices of the peace to fix the wages of practically every kind of labor, and their decisions were enforceable by heavy penalties. As rapidly as each new union would become active, the masters in that trade would memorialize Parliament, and almost invariably a law would be passed according to the demand of the

masters. And while the employees were prevented from combining, the employers were allowed to meet at will and pursue any combination in regard to their own trade as they chose.

In 1805 the cotton weavers of Glasgow struck and five of their leaders were sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from four to eighteen months. In Dorchester several men who had merely made inquiries about the Agricultural Laborers Union, after a trial which was a "scandalous perversion of the law," were sentenced to seven years' transportation. These persecutions had been the result of special laws passed to affect certain unions, but in 1799 a law was passed known as the "General Act against Combinations," and this statute made it a crime for any society to combine to raise wages or to disturb the equilibrium of industry. The law was enforced for a time, but the very brutality of the persecutions under it led to its gradually being treated and considered as a dead letter.

In 1818 agitation to repeal was started by Francis Place, a master tailor who had had a successful business at Charing Cross. He, in company with John Hume, began a long protest of arguments, debates, and investigations, until finally laws were passed practically nullifying the old combinations statute and allowing the labor unions to form and to maintain their existence.

Almost immediately there was an epidemic of strikes. The workers, pressed down for years, when the pressure was removed immediately rebounded far beyond the point where they had been when the pressure was first exerted on them. For a time there was much confusion and industrial loss, but very soon matters adjusted themselves, the unjustifiable strikes were lost or abandoned, and the course of industry began to assume its normal state.

The trade union movement in the United States was copied

directly from the movement in England. Its history is somewhat similar, with the exception that it is not so ancient. In this country the trade union has taken a fixed place in the life of the nation, and statesmen and businessmen alike realize that it is an enormous power that must always be considered. The trade unions of the United States have apparently adjusted themselves to a definite line of conduct, the results of which cannot be ignored by Church or State. The first great organization composed of many unions to exist in this country was the Knights of Labor, and the history of that organization, in so far as it touches the Church, is a repetition of the attitude of the Church in its relation to the laborer as reflected from the very beginning of Church history. The Catholic Church has proved itself to be the most powerful ally that the Knights of Labor have in this country, and the historical action of the Church in this incident is due almost entirely to the efforts of Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Manning, and Monsignor O'Connell, then rector of the American College at Rome, to Archbishop Ireland, and Bishop Keane.

To show the relation of the Church to the labor organization, and of both to the State, it is of the highest importance to study this bit of history. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, convened in 1884, had denounced certain secret societies, but had provided that before any secret organization could be finally condemned and the ban of disapproval put upon it, all of the bishops in the country involved should vote unanimously for condemnation. If the bishops were divided and the vote were not unanimous, the whole matter was to be referred to Rome. In Canada the question of condemning the Knights of Labor as one of the denounced secret societies had been brought to the attention of the bishops, who voted unanimously for condemnation, and all the Catholic members of the society

who refused to withdraw from it were denied the sacraments. Almost simultaneously a similar project was brought before the bishops of the United States, who, after carefully listening to the evidence, voted ten against condemnation and two in favor, these two being Archbishops Kenrick of St. Louis and Salpointe of Santa Fé.

Cardinal Gibbons sailed for Europe in June, 1887, to receive the red hat, but part of his mission was to present the plea of the Knights of Labor of the United States. Rome had already approved of the action of the Canadian bishops, and the atmosphere which the new Cardinal was about to enter was hostile to his views on this question. One of his companions on the voyage was Cardinal Taschereau, who was also to receive the red hat, and who was commissioned to urge adherence to the judgment already passed condemning the association in Canada. Most valuable assistance was given to Cardinal Gibbons by Monsignor O'Connell, and on Feb. 20, 1887, Cardinal Gibbons addressed to Cardinal Simeoni, prefect of the propaganda at Rome, an argument in support of the position of the Knights of Labor in this country which his biographer, Will, declares "was marked by broad statesmanship, searching logic, and enlightened foresight — perhaps the strongest document he ever wrote."

It is true, too, as the same writer says, that this letter to Cardinal Simeoni was a milestone in the Church's journey towards the hearts of the American people. It was indeed a most powerful appeal to the sympathies of the laborers, regardless of their religious beliefs, and it also was a powerful plea for the proper recognition both by Church and State of modern trade unions. The argument of the new American Cardinal was exhaustive, and in treating the subject his subtle mind anticipated and successfully answered arguments which were

stronger even than those advanced by the enemies of the movement. Every possible phase of the relationship of the trade union to the Church, to religion, and to government was carefully examined and every doubt resolved in favor of the union.

He pointed out that, out of seventy-five archbishops and bishops in the United States, there were only five who desired condemnation of the Knights of Labor. It was boldly urged that the hierarchy in America were competent to judge about the state of things in their own country, and the whole argument was admirably concluded in the following epitome:

"Finally, to sum up all, it seems to me that the Holy See could not decide to condemn an association under the following circumstances:

"1. When the condemnation does not seem to be *justified* either by the letter or the spirit of its constitution, its laws and the declaration of its chiefs.

"2. When the condemnation does not seem *necessary* in view of the transient form of the organization and the social condition of the United States.

"3. When it does not seem to be *prudent*, because of the reality of the grievances complained of by the working classes and their acknowledgment by the American people.

"4. When it would be *dangerous* for the reputation of the Church in our democratic country, and might even lead to persecution.

"5. When it would probably be *inefficacious*, owing to the general conviction that it would be unjust.

"6. When it would be *destructive* instead of beneficial in its effects, impelling the children of the Church to disobey their Mother, and even to enter condemned societies, which they have thus far shunned.

"7. When it would turn into suspicion and hostility the singular devotedness of our Catholic people towards the Holy See.

"8. When it would be regarded as a cruel blow to the authority of bishops in the United States, who, it is well known, protest against such a condemnation.

"Now, I hope that the considerations here presented have sufficiently shown that such would be the effect of condemnation of the Knights of Labor in the United States.

"Therefore I leave the decision of the case, with fullest confidence, to the wisdom and prudence of your Eminence and the Holy See."

Cardinal Gibbons' confidence in the wisdom and prudence of Pope Leo was justified. The Cardinal boldly declared that

if the condemnation were allowed to stand, it would be ruinous to the financial support of the Church in the United States, and that it would turn into doubt and hostility the marked devotion of the people to the Church. Personally and by formal appeals he pleaded his case with the other members of the Curia, and in the face of what seemed an insurmountable wall of opposition he appealed to the commissary of the Holy Office, courageously declaring that he would hold him responsible for the loss of souls in America through his attitude.

The Cardinal's letter had not been intended for the public, but an enterprising newspaper correspondent contrived to get a copy and it was published in America and Europe. The Cardinal was deluged with cablegrams of congratulations from home, and very shortly afterwards he learned that his argument had been successful and the case was won. Not only did Rome decide not to forbid the Knights of Labor in the United States, but the ban was lifted in Canada. Labor rejoiced that it had gained a signal victory, while the Church proved that she was still the champion of the poor.

This was probably the most important work that Cardinal Gibbons ever performed, and undoubtedly it was of far-reaching importance to the future of the Church, the trade union movement, and the Government itself in the United States. But the labor question at the time was acute, and the able championship of the Cardinal did not escape without severe and caustic criticisms. *Puck* caricatured him as imparting a blessing with uplifted hands to a body of riotous working people who were pursuing a non-union man. A capitalistic press denounced him, but throughout the tumult our great Cardinal remained calm, and in a short time the relations of labor to capital, with the assistance of the Church, were re-adjusted and proceeded on natural lines.

Too much cannot be said of the importance of this episode in the life of the Church, the labor movement, and the nation. Yet nothing had been done for expediency. The case resolved itself into a simple one where the Church, upon hearing further evidence, nobly reversed herself, again vindicating her title as the champion of the workingman, and her act was merely one of consistency with the policy she has followed since her foundation. At the time when the Church needed friends, it made countless friends for her. Those critics in America who had always maintained that the Church was oppressive to labor and favorable to capital received an object lesson which has not been forgotten to this day. In many instances the lines of bigotry were erased and men of other denominations began to recognize the Church for what she really was—a broad and tolerant institution.

The labor movement, too, received incalculable benefits. Instead of being condemned as a secret organization to be feared and shunned by Catholics, the refusal of Rome to condemn it really amounted to a judgment of approval, and thereafter when American labor leaders were accused of being lawless and godless, they had merely to point to the splendid work of Cardinal Gibbons and to the decision of Pope Leo. It was the nearest approach to the return of the old influence of the Church in the crafts guilds that has ever been made since the Middle Ages, and it showed that the Church was still ready to extend to the workers of the world its protection and guidance.

The interest which had been aroused in the mind of the Pope by the debate on the Knights of Labor controversy did not abate. It led him into further investigations of the condition of the workingman throughout the world and crystallized finally in probably the ablest document that that able man ever

wrote, his famous encyclical on the "Condition of the Workingman," well and favorably known throughout the world. No document written in modern times is such a clear exposition of the rights of the worker and of the employer, with the dominant right of the Church over all. There is not a line or statement in the entire document that cannot be accepted by the most ardent trade unionist and there is not a line in it to which any fair employer could object. By it the Church again recorded itself as the friend of the toiler whenever the toiler is right.

Undoubtedly the influence of Cardinal Manning in England was reflected in this document. He, too, was a great champion of labor, and his accomplishments alone in behalf of the workingman in England might easily be made the subject of an extended lecture. He interested himself in all of the industrial disputes of his time, although his greatest work in this regard was probably done in the famous dockers' strike. This occurred in 1889, and while it lasted it was one of the most titanic struggles in the history of the labor movement. It was finally won without bloodshed and without much disorder, the settlement coming almost entirely through the efforts of Cardinal Manning, who, although eighty years of age, toiled indefatigably interviewing committees, journeying back and forth from the strikers' headquarters to the employers; but in all of the weeks he labored he never faltered, and the result was the crowning work as well as one of the most important of his whole life.

Cardinal Manning has passed to his eternal reward, and in the natural course of events our senior American Cardinal must soon follow him. But the Church will not lack able and aggressive champions who will take the places of these illustrious men. The able and well-beloved Shepherd of the Sheep

in New England, Cardinal O'Connell, belongs to a younger generation it is true, but already he has shown that he is in hearty accord and sympathy with the workingmen of the United States and with the attitude of the Church towards them. For he, too, has written a most powerful plea for the worker and for a better understanding between master and man. In the Pastoral Letter read throughout his archdiocese in 1912 Cardinal O'Connell calls to our attention the pressing gravity of our social and industrial problems. He speaks for the family, for the home, and for the worker at its head. He pleads for charitable forbearance in the industrial struggle and seeks to proceed further in the pathway originally blazed by Cardinal Gibbons and Leo XIII; he desires to extend the benign influence of religion and the Church over associations of workingmen, as in the days of the guilds. Undoubtedly in his hands, as one of the vigorous prelates of the Church, the future relations of the Church to the trade unions and the trade unions to the State, in so far as the Church can shape that policy, are safe.

A word remains to be said about the influence of the trade unions upon the State as reflected in legislation. Labor unorganized had accomplished nothing, labor organized has accomplished much in the way of good humanitarian legislation. Excellent factory laws have been placed upon the statutes of practically every State in the Union; hours of labor have been regulated; unhealthful employments have been restricted; the labor of women and children has received attention; the right of lawful assemblage and the right to join a union have been made matters of law; human life has been conserved by laws compelling the use of safety devices and better sanitation; litigation in industrial disputes is rapidly being abolished by the adoption of compensation acts; and, in short, organized

labor in the last quarter century has erected for itself an enduring monument in the laws that it has been powerful enough to secure.

It may surprise many of you to learn that organized labor does not advocate strikes. To be sure there are many strikes, but the proportion of disputes where strikes are called, to disputes that are settled amicably and without strikes is very small. The strikes, of course, are reported in the press, whereas the peaceful agreements are not news and remain unknown. Labor unions frequently call strikes, but it is not because they like them. It is very often the last resort, and while the enlightened labor men of America do not advocate them, they will always resist any effort made to take away their right to strike. Trade unions of the present day favor arbitration so long as that arbitration is voluntary and not compulsory. Compulsory arbitration is not arbitration. "Compulsion" and "arbitration" are contradictory terms, they are mutually exclusive, and real arbitration carries with it, necessarily, freedom of election. An extension of the trade-union movement means fewer strikes, the remedy for which seems to be collective bargaining by means of trade agreement, which can be effected only when the trade union on one hand deals with the employers or committee of employers on the other.

We all realize that socialism is a dangerous menace to the State and an active enemy of the Church. How many of us realize that organized labor is one of the country's strongest bulwarks against this menace? There are only two organized powers in the world that are properly combating socialism, and they are, first, the Catholic Church, and second, the American Federation of Labor. To be sure there are some socialists in labor unions that are connected with the federation, but this is unavoidable. The American Federation of Labor is un-

alterably opposed to socialism in all its phases and all its branches and has officially gone on record to that effect many times. If socialism increases and spreads in America, the time may come when the Government will learn again that its durability will depend upon the Catholic Church and the trade unions of the country, uniting, as they did of old, to support and preserve the Government.

And finally the study of the complicated relations of State, Labor, and Church leads us back again to the Church as the most important of the three. The Church must declare what is good and what is right in labor problems and it must, as it always has, insist upon equal rights and fair treatment for the laborer. Professor Shenton of Columbia University, in a recent speech in Boston, said:

"The Church must declare what is good and just in labor, as in all other complicated social problems. It must in reality stand for equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.

"Exploitation of men, women, and children is a crime. Conciliation and arbitration should be encouraged. Living wages, sufficient leisure really to live, decent places in which to live and work, are some of the conditions which the Church must endeavor in every possible way to bring about.

"Discrimination must be made between those men who endeavor to apply the principles of Christian stewardship and trusteeship to their use of capital, and those who, with lower or no social ideals, pursue selfish motives, even though this pursuit be within the law.

"No economic or social adjustment of property, capital, or labor, based primarily on each man getting his share from society, can succeed. Our chief concern is that each give his share to society and that conditions be made such as will encourage him so doing.

"We also believe that no distribution of wealth according to any mechanical scheme whatsoever can be satisfactory unless there is first and always such sympathy, coöperation, peace, and good-will among men as have long since been proclaimed the ideals of the Kingdom."

Surely, then, the ideal relation of Church and State and Labor to one another is embodied in the teachings of Christ, in forbearance, in charity, in respect for the views of others, and in the Golden Rule.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

**ADDRESS DELIVERED ON JUNE 8, 1912, AT THE UNVEILING OF
THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN WASHINGTON, D. C., BY THE
GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA**

**BY THE HON. VICTOR J. DOWLING, M.A., LL.D., JUSTICE
OF THE SUPREME COURT, APPELLATE DIVISION,
STATE OF NEW YORK**

FOUR hundred and twenty years ago to-day the work of preparation was going on in Palos for that voyage across the "Sea of Darkness" into whose gloom no man had yet ventured to pry further than to seek the Isle of St. Brendan, the Seven Cities, or Antilia, which had been reported at various times as sighted from the mainland or the adjoining islands, floating in the haze of the distant horizon. The royal command had been read for the preparation of the caravels. The discredited adventurer, recalled as he dejectedly pursued his way across the bridge of Pinos, had received at Santa Fé the final approval of his sovereigns for that project to which his life had been devoted. And yet no responsive chord was struck in the popular imagination. Even the felons who had been offered their pardon as the reward of their services in his fleet, felt that life, even behind bars, was preferable to certain death upon that mysterious ocean, peopled by monsters, which the most experienced navigators believed to be a boundless and tempestuous expanse without any opposite shores, embracing a zone so torrid that all living things must die under its heat. But the restless energy which had subdued the court did not brook the

opposition of the populace, and there finally sailed forth that most momentous expedition in history, whose results were to be felt while humanity endured.

The first voyage of Columbus began the new and greatest epic of human effort. What combat of fabled gods, what struggle of mythological Titans could equal this contest of one man against the learning of the ages, the teaching of experience, the judgment of the wise, the warnings of the past? Reason, religion, research had alike condemned his theories. Council after council of learned men unanimously frowned upon his claims and laughed him to scorn, yet he — of mean birth, of limited education, without resources or means — not only defied them all, but upon the very steps of the throne, in the hour of his direst distress, dictated like a conqueror the terms for the services which he, a pauper, professed his ability to perform. Would not the spectacle in itself be magnificent, as an example of self-belief, or self-reliance? But does it not become sublime when viewed as the steady course of one whose confidence in himself was predicated upon his self-imposed mission to spread the light of religion among the heathen? If ever mortal man upon this earth gave living proof of the faith within him, that man was Christopher Columbus. His whole life, as we read it now, was a steady and progressive preparation for his chosen work. "For forty years," he said, "I have been seeking out the secrets of nature, and wherever ship has sailed, there have I voyaged." Since his fourteenth year twenty-three years had been spent upon the ocean, and he had fared to Guinea and to Iceland. All the knowledge he had acquired was utilized for the demonstration of his theories. Correspondence with authorities on cosmography, interviews with navigators, digesting records of travel and scientific work — such as the "*Imago Mundis*"

of Cardinal Peter d'Ailly, which he kept under his pillow while he slept and of which his annotated copy still exists — all these were but elements in a well-considered plan. His purpose was deliberate, steady, and inflexible. No reverse could shake it. No other great event in the world's history has been in a higher degree the result of sustained and intelligent purpose.

His character won the respect of succeeding generations, for as De Bry quaintly wrote in prefacing his "*Voyages*," published in Frankfort in 1595 and referring to the portrait of Columbus therein presented, which was that by Jan Van Eyck: "And, in truth, the portrait of one possessing such excellences deserves to be seen by all good men, for he was upright and courteous, pure and noble-minded, and an earnest friend of peace and justice." He subdued the passions and weaknesses incident to a wanderer's life and remained through all temptations frugal, modest, brave, temperate, and unaffected. His private life was such as to show him worthy of his mission and to establish his confidence in it. And that mission was of a grandeur hitherto beyond the conception of man. "It was the effort of a man, led by one master mind, to assert dominion over the entire earth; the movement of the human intellect to throw off the inherited ignorance and prejudice of ages." He disdained alike the patronizing approval of the lordling and the sneer and insult of the populace. No rebuff could discourage him. When Genoa, Venice, Portugal, England, and France in succession rejected his appeal, it affected him no more than the treacherous efforts to profit secretly by his plans and rob him of the fruits of his genius. He believed that he alone was to be the chosen agent of Providence to work out this special dispensation. Here was no Alexander, sighing for new worlds to conquer, but here was the apostolic spirit of one who sighed for quicker ways to make known to

distant lands the sweetness of faith and the light of hope. Here was one who, like Napoleon, believed in his star; but the star of Columbus was the star of Bethlehem.

While the name of everyone who shared in his work, or even in a cursory way figured in the events of his life, is preserved for all time, embalmed in his own glory, the details of his early life are still a subject of speculation. Fifteen localities dispute the honor of being his birthplace; more than five hundred dubious portraits contend for recognition. Yet he has left us, in such of his writings as have survived, the cleverest delineation of his own characteristics. Apart from his steadfastness of purpose and invincible courage, the dominating note of his career was his abiding faith. When, broken in health and fortune, with the shadows closing in around him, he wrote to Bishop Diego de Deza of the King's ingratitude, he found comfort in saying: "I have done all that I should. The rest I leave to God, who has never forsaken me in my needs." Standing as he did on the borderland between the mediaeval and the modern age, he combined the chivalry and devotion of the former with the utilitarianism of the latter. While he wrote a treatise on prophecies, in which he accepted the approaching end of the world as foretold, he was ready with practical explanations for his sailors of every new phenomenon which aroused their fears.

What lessons can be more impressive than those which force themselves upon us in considering the story of his life! What singleness of purpose! What nobility of aim! What steadiness of resolution! Cast in no ordinary mould was he, nor could pecuniary considerations alone have so unfalteringly sustained one who had encountered sorrow and privation beyond his years. For a long time the great cause of humanity, depending on the discovery of this fair continent, is involved in the

fortitude, perseverance, and spirit of the solitary stranger, already past the prime of life, when the pulse of adventure beats full and high. If, sinking beneath the indifference of the great, the sneers of the wise, the enmity of the masses, and the persecution of a host of adversaries, high and low, he give up the thankless pursuit of his noble vision, what a hope for mankind is blasted! But he does not sink. He shakes off his enemies as the lion shakes the dewdrops from his mane. That consciousness of motive and of strength, which always supports the man who is worthy to be supported, sustains him in his hour of trial; and at length, after years of expectation, importunity, and hope deferred, he launches forth upon the unknown deep, to discover a new world under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Here was the leader of a new crusade. Here was a new Peter the Hermit, who, instead of rousing the martial ardor of his hearers to frenzy with his noble cry, "God wills it!" and opening their hearts to the need for the unity of the chivalry of Christendom to free the Holy Sepulchre from profanation, sought by the distillation of his sufferings, labor, and zeal to open new fields to civilization and religion, while his share of the commercial benefits he hoped to realize for his sovereigns was to be applied to the expenses of such a campaign as would result in the permanent rescue of that same Sepulchre. How exalted and sincere must have been his spirit, how profound his zeal for his fellow-men, which could rally to his support pious men like Cardinal Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, Bishop Diego de Deza, Prior Juan Perez, and Fra Antonio de Marchena and make them risk their reputations for sanity and learning — even their claims to orthodoxy, in the estimation of many — by supporting publicly a proposition which appealed to them as being an inspired work. And so his intensely devo-

tional spirit bore its reward in the attainment of glory beyond even his dreams.

How characteristic is his life of humanity in general! From the depths of misery to rise to the heights of popularity and power, and in the twinkling of an eye to be again precipitated to the lowest abyss. From a delirious triumph and the adulation of the fickle multitude to fall into disgrace and contempt. From a position behind his sovereigns, a partner with them in the temporal profits of a venture whose glory was all his own, patiently to bear the riveting of chains upon him by a menial. In life he saw his ungrateful King withhold the fruits of his foresight, and in death the very whereabouts of his ashes became a matter of dispute. In his weary wanderings he knew the pangs of hunger, of cold, of poverty, of sickness, and of ridicule. What more pathetic picture is there than that of Columbus, weary and footsore, stopping at the door of the convent of La Rabida to beg water and bread, not for himself, but for his boy Diego, while, unmindful of his own sufferings, he discoursed to Father Juan Perez upon his plan for the direct route to the lands of gold and silk and spices. Deprived of the glory of first setting foot upon the new continent, because of the fortuitous passage of a flight of birds which compelled him to satisfy his terror-stricken crew by changing his course from directly west, only five days before land was sighted, he was deprived as well of the prestige of having his name given to the land he devoted his life to make known, through the mistaken zeal of a blundering cosmographer. And so little was his achievement appreciated, in the disappointment which followed the failure to see an immediate influx of gold from the new possessions, that the very chronicles of the city in which he died failed to record the event.

What did Columbus seek? And how did he succeed in his

search? At first blush it might seem as though, great as the results have been that followed his discovery, he had failed to realize his ideals. This would be but a superficial view. In reality every one of his aims was accomplished far beyond his expectations. He sought a direct way to the East, and to-day commerce in its varied phases speeds with marvellous rapidity across the great Columbian continent, by whose discovery was given a new trend to trade and a new incentive to human thought and ingenuity, that have harnessed the powers of nature to meet the needs of man, in a degree hitherto undreamed of. And while Columbus never saw the court of Prester John nor of the Grand Khan of Tartary, nor found the aromatic shrubs or spicy groves of Cipango or Cathay, still has his dream of a speedy way to the East found practical form through his voyage. We have witnessed the completion of that stupendous canal, joining the Atlantic and Pacific at Panama, the very spot which Columbus, with prophetic vision, thought was then the pathway to India. Well did Benton suggest the erection upon the great transcontinental railway of "its crowning honor, the colossal statue of the great Columbus, whose design it accomplishes, hewn from a granite mass of a peak of the Rocky Mountains, the mountain itself the pedestal and the statue a part of the mountain, pointing its outstretched arms to the western horizon and saying to the speeding passengers: 'There is East, there is India.'"

And with what paucity of risk of money and lives was all this great result accomplished. An expenditure equal to about eighty thousand dollars in our present money represented the contribution of the Spanish sovereigns, and the unknown friends who supplied the share of Columbus paid in less than half that sum. One hundred and twenty men risked their existence in the enterprise. The town of Palos discharged a

penalty due the crown by furnishing two ships for a limited time. The other contribution, which outweighed them all and alone made possible the disproportionate return to humanity for so small an investment, was the genius of Columbus himself. We read in the account book of the royal treasurer Alonzo Gonzales the entry "On May 5th, 1487, by order of the Bishop of Palencia, the treasurer pays three thousand maravedis to Christopher Columbus, a stranger, who is working at certain things in the service of their Highnesses."

Well may Spain have thought that this stranger wrought well for her when for generations there poured into the royal coffers the untold wealth which galleons and treasure fleets brought across the main from those conquistadores who followed in the footsteps of Columbus. Well may she have remembered with gratitude the man who had made possible her temporary occupation of the proud position of first power in the civilized world. But with still deeper gratitude should we venerate his memory, who share in those blessings of liberty and happiness which are our lot in this great land, whose permanent dedication to civilization was made possible, at so early a date, solely because of his lofty purpose. It is fitting that after centuries recognition should be given, sincere if tardy, of his great services to humanity, and given the more cheerfully because he was in every way worthy of the portion of undying fame which is his. It is the appreciation of his nobility of character which is leading to the spreading movement to make Columbus Day a holiday, in which twenty-three states have now joined and to whose ranks it is to be hoped the nation itself will soon be added. Here in the capital of the greatest Republic in history, this beautiful memorial of the greatest achievement in human affairs due to the initiative, determination, and genius of a single individual may well serve as an

inspiration to effort upon the part of the citizens of America to do as he did—to set their ideals high, never to lower or abase them, and to persevere to the end in their advocacy. The world has narrowed since Columbus' day. Railroads, steamships, telegraphs, telephones, the printing press—all have tended to bring mankind in closer touch, to make it more homogeneous, to hasten the day of recognition of the universal brotherhood of man. Few geographical queries are left to solve and most of the earth's surface is an open book. Yet there is still the need for those who will face the latter-day problems of home and nation with as dauntless courage, as pure hearts, and as fixed purpose as Columbus met the physical mysteries of his time, and who will scan the horizon with as much confident certainty of a safe harbor for the ship of state that filled his mind as, afar off, over the tempest-tossed billows and the heads of a mutinous crew, he saw in his mental vision the prow of the *Santa Maria* approaching the shores of the sought-for land.

While civilization endures, emblazoned upon the first page of its records shall be preserved in undying fame the original coat of arms claimed by Christopher Columbus, with its bars of red and blue upon a field of gold, in memory of the greatest benefaction which the spirit of exploration, of discovery, and of enterprise has given to the world. May there forever be found upon the same page the banner of red and white and blue of our own beloved country, in memory of the greatest blessing which the spirit of true freedom has yet conferred upon mankind!

CATHOLICISM AND AMERICANISM

**ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE TWELFTH ANNUAL NATIONAL
CONVENTION OF THE FEDERATION OF AMERICAN CATHOLIC
SOCIETIES**

**BY THE MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D.D.
ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL, MINN.**

My religious faith is that of the Catholic Church — Catholicism integral and unalloyed, Catholicism unswerving and soulswaying, the Catholicism, if I am to put it into more positive and concrete form, taught by the supreme chieftain of the Catholic Church, the Bishop, the Pope of Rome.

My civil and political faith is that of the Republic of the United States of America — Americanism purest and brightest, yielding in strength and loyalty to the Americanism of none other American, surpassed in spirit of obedience and sacrifice by that of none other citizen, none other soldier, sworn to uphold, in peace and in war, America's Star Spangled Banner.

Between my religious faith and my civil and political faith, between my creed and my country, it has been said, there is discord and contradiction, so that I must smother something of the one when I bid the other burst forth into ardent burning, that I must subtract something from my allegiance to the one when I bend my full energy in service to the other. Those who so speak misunderstand either my creed or my country; they belie either the one or the other.

No room is there for discord or contradiction. Church and State cover separate and distinct zones of thought and action: the Church busies itself with the spiritual, the State with the temporal. The Church and the State are built for different purposes: the Church for heaven, the State for earth. The line of demarcation between the two jurisdictions was traced by the unerring finger of Him who is the master of both; the law of God is: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and to God the things that are God's."

I rehearse a vital dogma of Catholic faith with regard to the mutual relations of Church and State—the solemn teaching of a sovereign pontiff, Leo XIII. The pontiff writes: "God has divided the government of the human race between two principalities, the ecclesiastical and the civil; the one being set over the divine, the other over human things. Each is supreme in its own sphere; each has fixed limits, within which it moves. Each is circumscribed to its own orbit, within which it lives and works in its own native right. . . . Things civil and political are subject, as reason and equity demand, to the civil authority, Jesus Christ Himself having commanded that the things of Caesar be given to Caesar, as the things of God are given to God." Language could not be plainer, more emphatic, more authoritative with regard to the rights of the civil power, its independence within its proper zone of action. The position of the Catholic Church, consequently of Catholics, towards the nation or State is defined in clearest terms by the highest authority of the Church.

What is to be feared from the Catholic Church? To priest, to bishop, or to Pope, who—I am willing to consider the hypothesis—should attempt to rule in matters civil and political, to influence the citizen beyond the range of their own orbit of jurisdiction, that of the things of God, the answer

is quickly made: "Back to your own sphere of rights and duties, back to the things of God!" Or, in like manner, should the State or its officials, in law or in act, step beyond the frontier of temporal jurisdiction and dare lay hands upon the things spiritual and divine, the answer is: "Beware, touch not the things which God has reserved to his duly appointed representatives in the spiritual order."

A recent proclamation from an anti-Catholic association in America reads: "We hold that no citizen is a true patriot who owes superior temporal allegiance to any power above that of his obedience to the principles of the Constitution of the United States." The shaft is hurled against a supposed tenet of the Catholic Church; it pierces the vacant air; it is a mis-sive of pitiable ignorance.

Is the issue that of the temporal sovereignty exercised for ages in a part of Italy by the Roman pontiffs, and still claimed by their successor as an international right? But in the States of the Church the pontiff was king as well as pontiff. To his own kingdom his temporal rule was strictly limited. Beyond the frontier of his own States he claimed no civil or political power; none was allowed him by the most Catholic of nations, by the most loyal of Catholic believers.

Is the issue that of happenings in ages when bishops and Popes, the sole visible tenants of authority able to wrest tribes and peoples from chaos and anarchy, were compelled, by social needs and popular appeals, to sit as civil lawmakers and judges — when the crozier and the tiara were the sole arms to stem the onslaught of imperial and regal despotism, and peoples in despair cried to them for help — or of happenings in ages when Christendom was of one creed in faith and morals, and special gifts of power were made to the papacy, willed by all as an international arbitrator and peacemaker — when special op-

portunities for beneficent intermingling of the spiritual and the temporal in the life of nations were created for the papacy, to which it was bound to give heed under penalty of betraying the behests of charity and of justice and turning back from the face of the earth the upwelling stream of culture and civilization?

Into past ages I do not now hold the field glass of scrutiny, although, were I to do so, I would be readily able to descry glorious work done by the papacy, and to the wondering eye of a modern world show it to have been ever the guardian of personal and social rights, ever the foster-mother of popular liberty and popular justice, ever the resplendent mirror of Him of whom it was written: "He passed by, doing good." My contention is—when and where, as in America, a new social order has arisen, within which the State or the nation wills to live of its native life and rights, the Church, freed from burdens imposed upon it by social phases of other times and other places, willingly betakes itself to the folds of its own mantle, to the circle of its own spiritual orbit, saying with its Founder and Master: "To Caesar the things that are Caesar's; to God the things that are God's."

And now in America some do say that the Pope of Rome is ambitious of temporal rule over America, of planting here the Yellow and White instead of the Star Spangled Banner; that priests and bishops are active agents of his yearnings; that Catholics dream of the day when his command in civil and political matters will sway the White House and the Capitol; that to do this secret associations are nightly befitting themselves by sanguinary oath and secret drillings to murder their fellow-citizens and in the name of a foreign potentate take forcible possession of the land of the brave and the home of the free! I allude to such wild lucubrations of diseased brains only

to ask, in unanswerd wonderment, how such follies can be thought out and acted upon, even by a handful of men, in the twentieth century in America? But of course the insane are ever with us, and all the insane are not put into safe keeping.

The partition of jurisdiction into the spiritual and the temporal is a principle of Catholicism; no less is it a principle of Americanism. Catholicism and Americanism are in complete agreement.

The Constitution of the United States reads: "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." It was a great forward leap on the part of the new nation towards personal liberty and the consecration of the rights of conscience. Not so had it heretofore been on the soil of America. Save in Maryland while there reigned the spirit of the Catholic Lord Baltimore, and in Pennsylvania under the sweet-tempered rule of William Penn, religious freedom was barred by law in the colonies, Protestant creeds warring one with the other, all warring with the Catholic. But it was decreed that the new flag must be unsullied by religious persecution, the new nation must be, on every score, the daughter of freedom, the guardian angel of personal rights in each and every American.

The proclamation of the Constitution was as the Milanese edict of the Emperor Constantine. Before the time of Constantine all things, even the things of God, were Caesar's. The State made and unmade divinities; it was itself a divinity; its highest representative, the emperor, claimed place among the Olympians, and incense was burned before his statue as before that of a god. The personal conscience was allowed no recognition. The subject must worship as Caesar ordered. It was servitude most absolute. But at last the conqueror

of the Milvian bridge spoke; liberty triumphed in the triumph of the Labarum. "We have determined, with sound and upright purpose," said Constantine, "that liberty is to be denied to no one . . . that to each one freedom is to be given to devote his mind to that religion which he may think adapted to himself." Conscience was made free in the Roman Empire by the Milanese edict; it was made free in America by the Federal Constitution. In the one and in the other it is the injunction of the master: "To Caesar the things that are Caesar's; to God the things that are God's."

By the terms of the Federal Constitution as by the teaching of the Catholic Church no room is given in America for discord between Catholicism and Americanism, between my Catholic faith and my civic and political allegiance.

America is a Republic; the spirit, the form of government is democracy — the government of the people, by the people, for the people. Is there not here, it is asked, at least a touch of conflict between my religious faith and my civic and political faith? I tread upon easy ground, so plain are the teachings of the Catholic Church in favor of the rights of the people in matters of civic and political government. I again quote from the encyclical letters of Leo XIII. The pontiff writes: "There is no power but from God. The right of command, however, is not in itself linked to any one form of government. One or the other form the commonwealth may rightly give to itself, provided such be really promotive of the common welfare. . . . No reason is there why the Church should prefer one form of government to another, provided the form that is chosen be just in itself and favorable to the common good. Therefore, the rules of justice being duly observed, the people are free to adopt that form of government which befits their temper, or best accords with their

traditions and customs." America declared itself a Republic; its government is organized democracy. In America, according to the teachings of the Catholic Church, the Republic is the sole legitimate government; to the Republic Catholics are in conscience obliged to yield sincere and unswerving obedience.

God is the Source and the Giver of all power; of themselves men have no authority over other men. The authority of the parent over the child is from God, who created nature and so created the family; the authority of the State is from God, who willed that men should live within the fostering embrace of a social organism. In this sense, but in none other, a government, whatever the form, rules by divine right. God gives the power, but the people choose those that hold it and mark out the conditions under which they do hold it. This is supreme democracy; it is the dogma of Catholicism.

In America the government is the Republic—the government of the people, by the people, for the people. With you, fellow Catholics, with you, fellow Americans, I salute the Republic. I thank God that the people of America are capable of possessing a government of this form. The Republic—it is the fullest recognition of human dignity and human rights, the fullest grant of personal freedom, that due respect for the rights of others and the welfare of the social organism may allow. Permit the barbarous onslaughts of lawlessness and anarchy to undermine its foundations, or loosen the cement binding together its walls? Never, so long as life still throbs within our bosom! Alter it to empire or monarchy? Never, so long as our lips may praise it or our hands wield arms in its defence!

Would we alter, if we could, the Constitution in regard to its treatment of religion, the principles of Americanism

in regard to religious freedom? I answer with an emphatic no. Common sense is ours. Common justice is ours; a regard to our own welfare and safety is also ours. The broad fact is that the American people are divided in matters of religious belief; to the American people, to the whole people, does the country belong. What else, then, could the framers of the Constitution have done, what else since their time could the legislators of the land have done, in equity towards all, in equity to the country as one nation, to its people as one people, but solemnly decree, as they did, as they continue to do, equal rights to all — rights to all, privileges to none? Necessarily religious freedom is the basic life of America, the cement running through all its walls and battlements, the safeguard of its peace and prosperity. Violate religious freedom against Catholics, our swords are at once unsheathed. Violate it in favor of Catholics, against non-Catholics, no less readily do they leap from the scabbard.

Does Catholicism in America suffer from religious freedom, allowed equally to Catholics and to non-Catholics? Compare the lot of Catholicism in America to that of Catholicism in so many transatlantic lands, where the tenets of pagan Caesarism, as to the supremacy of the State over the conscience of its subjects, do still prevail. There manacles bind hand and limb the bride of Christ; here she walks, in queenly mien, free and unfettered, putting forth, without let or hindrance, the full exuberance of her native force and beauty, proving at every stepping that her life is all her own, since she lives it without outward help or prop; that her blossom and fruit are all her own, since they spring exclusively from her bosom and of their own vigor defy triumphantly darkening clouds and battling tempests.

Had the Catholic Church not lived and thriven in freedom,

truth were not her armor, grace from heaven were not the comeliness of her countenance.

They know us little who accuse us of coveting civil and political power that we may dim the splendor of the fairest flower in the garden of Americanism. Our combats, if combats there be, are never against the liberty of America, but in defence of it; never against Americanism, but against such of its sons whose souls never yet have thrilled in full response to its teachings and inspirations.

The charge is made, if not anti-American the Catholic Church is un-American — it is in America an alien institution. More definitely the charge is this: the Catholic Church does not bear the stamp "Made in America." It is un-American to go across the Atlantic or the Pacific for aught that America uses or needs — even for its religion. Now the head of the Catholic Church is the Bishop of Rome, a foreigner; her general councils, composed of men of all nations — foreigners in the majority, Europeans, Asiatics, Africans — legislate on faith and morals for America. Why not a Pope strictly American? Why not councils, as those of other religious bodies, exclusively made up of Americans — capable, as only Americans may be supposed to be, of interpreting the American mind and guiding the American aspirations?

The late Bishop Doane of Albany once wrote: "It is hard to find any other word [than that of 'alien'] which describes the whole communion of a Church which owes its highest allegiance to a single head, who is a foreigner across the sea." A few weeks ago, in the *Yale Review*, the secretary-general of the university, while treating of what he is willing to call the helpful influence of the Catholic Church over recently arrived immigrants, complains: "But it [the Catholic Church] links them [the immigrants] with their past rather than with

that of the United States. It has been outside the main currents of the Anglo-Saxon progress. Its emphasis is neither on freedom nor on democracy; so unless it proves untrue to its own ideal it will not satisfy the American people." To Bishop Doane, Catholicism is "an alien" in America, objectionable to Americans, because its sovereign pontiff is not an American, living in America. Anson Phelps is sure that Catholicism, to satisfy Americans, should have been woven in a loom-room even of Anglo-Americanism. In the late June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* a writer heads his article with this caption, "Reasonable Hopes of an American Religion," and actually delineates a creed suitable in his judgment to the people of America.

Faith and morals made in America on a design strictly American! Great and good as is America, it must not arrogate to itself the realm of the Almighty God, that of faith and morals. Shall we call the Almighty God a foreigner? Yet He is not exclusively the God of America. Shall we call the Saviour of Calvary a foreigner? Yet He was neither a native nor a naturalized American, and His message was: "Teach all nations" — instead of teach only America! And now shall we call the Bishop of Rome a foreigner, "an alien," because he stands before the world the universal teacher, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, teacher of all nations, teacher of the whole human family?

Argue that the Almighty God is not the supreme Author and Norma of an eternal righteousness, that Jesus Christ is not the proven Revealer of the thoughts and the love of the Almighty God, that the Bishop of Rome is not the historic successor of Christ's apostolate, then, perhaps, you may counsel an American-made Church for Americans, an American-made code of faith and morals. But religion is not a product of

the mind of the individual man or of the environment within which he lives; it is not a sheer human growth, changeable as the seasons of the year, fitful and capricious as the likes and dislikes of men and of peoples.

Religion is the mind and the will of God, existing, as God exists, objectively outside of men and of peoples, superior to all in men, exacting from men the obedience due by creatures to the Creator. The question is never what is it that suits a man or a people, but what is it that God has imposed upon men by the eternal laws of His supreme righteousness, or by the teachings of His historic revelations? What Americans require is not an American-made, but a God-made religion. And so, at the bar of American common sense itself, the proposals of the writer of the *Atlantic Monthly* must only be, as he himself despairingly inclines to term them, "dreams that are the shadows of hopes, hopes that are the shadows of dreams."

The Catholic Church is extra-American, supra-national, begotten for all nations, not for America alone; its supreme pontiff is extra-American, supra-national—a foreigner on no spot of earth's surface, everywhere at home, as the spiritual father of all tribes and of all peoples who seek divine truth from a universal God and a universal Saviour.

And this the beauty, this the grandeur of the Catholic Church—that it is Catholic, as the eternal God is Catholic, as the salvation given by Jesus Christ is Catholic. Narrowness, provincialism in religion, in faith and morals, on the first face of things, is a perversion of God's eternal law and of the revelation given to men nineteen hundred years ago. The days of tribal religions are past; they must not be revived in America.

Another charge of un-Americanism—the attitude of the

Catholics towards State schools. My answer is quickly at hand. The State takes to itself the task of instructing the children of its people in branches of secular knowledge; in order that this be done the more efficiently and the more generally, the State pays from the public treasury the financial cost of the schools opened under its patronage. Do Catholics make objection to the task or to the financial expenditures it entails?

Convinced they are, as the most zealous supporters of State schools, that no child, whether for its own or for the sake of the State, should grow up without an adequate share of secular knowledge; and convinced no less are they that it is right and proper on the part of the State to disburse its funds in favor of universal secular instruction. What, then, our claim? One that we most licitly put forth on behalf of America itself — that this secular instruction be given so that the religious creed of the least of the little ones be not made to suffer; that it be given so that the influences of religion — influences, however much outside the direct grant of the civil power, still vitally necessary to the social life and security of the State itself, as they are to the spiritual life of the souls of its citizens — be not contaminated or nullified. Not against State schools, as such, do I raise objection, but as to the methods in which they work — methods that, whatever the theory, do in fact consecrate secularism as the religion of America, and daily are thither driving America with the flood-tide of a Niagara. Somehow secular knowledge should be imparted to the child so as not to imperil its faith in God and in Christ. Prove to me, I say, that this contention does not fully fit into the Constitution of the United States, that in making it I have not in mind the welfare, the salvation of America — prove this before you denote me as un-American.

A pernicious mistake is made regarding our complaint of the methods in which State schools are conducted. It is that Catholics are looking exclusively to themselves and to their financial interests. Not so at all; we look to ourselves, but even more so we look to the people of America, to the Republic of America. We need not be much concerned for ourselves. We have our Catholic schools; to-morrow we shall have them in greater numbers, where our children receive secular knowledge without peril to faith and morals. Nor do we count the cost of maintaining those schools, in view of the priceless protection they give to faith and morals. But the vast population around us are limited to schools of secularism — and in this way secularism is fast becoming the religion of America. Say what you will, to-day in America the evil is the decay of religion and, in logical sequence, the decay of morals. In both instances a major cause of the decay is the enforced secularism of the State schools. Others than Catholics, heedful observers and intelligent thinkers, admit the evil, admit the cause, and give the alarm. I trust to the awakening common sense and patriotism of the American people to discover the remedy. Meanwhile in telling of the evil and of the cause, my right hand on my conscience, I rank myself among truest and most loyal Americans.

An axiom of Americanism is equal rights for all, fair play, "the square deal" as it has been termed. That and naught else is the demand of Catholics in America. Catholics demand their rights — all the rights guaranteed to American citizenship by the letter and the spirit of the Constitution; and for the acquisition and the preservation of those rights they shrink from no means or methods allowed by the Constitution and the laws of the land. Were they to act otherwise they were the unworthy sons of America. The rights of Catholics

are the rights of the personal conscience of the Catholic citizen. It is not the Catholic Church in its official name that comes into issue; it is the American citizen, whose religious faith is the faith of the Catholic Church. Not to know one's rights is low-mindedness, not to defend them is cowardice. The true American, differing from us in religion, would despise us if we laid down our arms before bigotry and injustice, and by so doing disgraced the shield of Americanism, ever vowed to justice and to valor.

Do we, however, demand special privileges not accorded to other citizens of America? No — never — no more than we would allow to others special privileges not accorded to ourselves — less even than we would allow such privileges to others. If the members of a Church, or a religious or a semi-religious organization of any kind arise in America calling for special privileges, be the shame of un-Americanism their portion. Such a contention never will be the disgrace of Catholicism. The common law of the land Catholics propose for themselves, it is what they propose for others.

Catholic fellow-citizens, claim your rights — the rights given by the Constitution of the land, the American spirit of fair play, the laws of American citizenship. But in doing this be on your guard, lest even in slightest semblance you give offence to men too ready to take offence. Be sure before you act that reason and justice are with you. Act always in calmness, certain always that, upon proper presentation of your case, sooner or later America will deal rightly with you. Remember that your complaint is not with the American people, but with individuals, or small classes of men who, whatever their nominal Americanism, are beyond its sweetest whisperings, below its rapturous elevation of thought and sentiment.

Of the American people this must be said — I say it from my heart, in full knowledge — a people more deeply penetrated with the sense of civic and political justice, more generous in concessions of rights, where rights belong, more respectful of their every brother, their every fellow-citizen, is not in existence on the broad surface of the globe. This my tribute to the American people, the verdict my fifty years of private and public commingling compel me to pronounce.

Good citizenship is the need of America, the basis of its safety, the spring of its hopes. It is the imperious law of Catholicism. I say the law of Catholicism — the law, consequently, of all who live its spirit, who obey its mandates. Those who bear the name of Catholic, but are faithless to the injunctions of their religion I disown. They are bad citizens despite their creed, which with all the forces innate in it makes for good citizenship. To the Catholic obedience to law is a religious obligation, binding in God's name, the conscience of the citizen: "Let every soul be subject to higher powers; for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation."

I do not discuss the hypothesis of laws wrong in morals, clearly beyond the province of the civil power, violations of the rights of the personal conscience. Such laws were not ratified by the supreme Master of righteousness. Personal conscience is the ultimate asylum of the soul in presence of civil or of ecclesiastical authority. Both Americanism and Catholicism bow to the sway of personal conscience.

It is Americanism that the ballot box is the sanctuary of good citizenship, opening its doors only to the weal and honor of the country. A sacrilege it is to step towards it with bribe

in hand, fraud in mind, to reach towards it the offering of selfishness or of injustice. None more careful of the unstained ballot box than the good Catholic, loyal to the Catholic faith; America is the sole issue before him—its weal and honor. Aught else in mind or in heart, he is a traitor to his creed as he is a traitor to his country.

The best man for the office, whatever the religious creed of the man. To put a Catholic into office merely because he is a Catholic, though otherwise unworthy and incapable, is a crime against America, a sin against the Almighty God.

In choosing his candidate the Catholic voter is the freest of the free. It is a calumny that we deeply resent, to say that in civic and political matters Catholic voters are under the influence of the Church. Priests and bishops do not dictate the politics of Catholics; if they strove to do so their interference would be promptly repulsed. It is of public knowledge that the Catholic vote is distributed among the several political parties of the country. To speak of myself, privately and publicly as a citizen, I give my allegiance to a particular political party. Do I dare preach from my pulpit the tenets of that party to the discredit of another? Do I dare allow that, if heeded at all by others, my choice of a ballot should or could receive other attention than that due to its civic and political merit? As a matter of fact legions of Catholic voters in America believe me hopelessly wrong in politics. As a citizen I may regret that my political influence is not wider; as a Catholic I am glad of the independence of the citizenship of America.

There is in America no Catholic political party nor should there be. As a matter of course, were a special issue raised in which rights of Catholics were menaced, the conscience of Catholics would be impelled to defend those rights on the

ground of American fair play itself. That — and nothing more.

Now and then I myself made the complaint that in America Catholics are not represented in the higher offices of the land proportionately to their numbers. My words were interpreted as if I had urged Catholics to take political control of State and nation in the interest of the Catholic Church. Nothing is further from my mind. My sole contention is that seemingly Catholics are lacking in legitimate civic ambition or in high civic qualifications, else their fellow Americans would have been more willing to honor them. Is this position not squarely American — equal rights to all, provided the merits be equal? I repeat the lesson to Catholics who now hear or may later read my words. For your own sake, for the sake of America, upward be your march in social and political ambition, in ability to render service to the country, in moral worthiness, in intellectual culture; then trust yourselves to the social and political justice of your fellow Americans. Some Catholics there are who complain that hostility to their religion keeps them in the dark vale, while too often the fact is that their own shortcomings forbid them to ascend to the sunlit hills.

Either they have not fitted themselves for high positions, or they have been without the legitimate ambition to honor themselves by giving to the country highest and best service. I have said: "Trust to the justice and fair play of your fellow-citizens." Should, however, the particular case arise where it is plain you are set aside solely because you are Catholics, then, in the name of Americanism, protest — so loudly that never again will similar insult be offered to your American citizenship.

I have told of the American Catholic in time of peace.

Shall I tell of him in time of war? Here I proffer no argument; I relate an historic occurrence. It was at Gettysburg, fifty years ago, the second day of July, 1863. The command is hurried to the Irish Brigade to check the onrush of General Anderson's Confederates. The chaplain, the Rev. William Corby, leaps to the top of a large boulder stone: "The Catholic Church," he shouts, "refuses Christian burial to the soldier who turns his back to the foe or deserts his flag," adding that he is ready to impart sacramental absolution to those who in their hearts make a sincere act of sorrow for sin. All are on their knees; General Hancock in his saddle, removes his hat; the absolution is given; the charge is made; the Confederates flee backward.

Gettysburg is but one of a hundred instances my tongue could easily name. Somehow Catholicism and Americanism commingle graciously their intertwinings when the honor of the Star Spangled Banner is in peril.

As a religion Catholicism is in the arena with the spiritual arms forged by its Founder — faith, hope, and charity. It is avowedly expansive and propagandist. What else, so long as the divine commission read: "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations!"

Is America to be Catholic in religion? Fain would I have it so. I am not, however, so ignorant of history and of present conditions as to imagine that the goal is within near reach. But Catholicism in America, all consideration given to ebb and flow, is growing apace. I will not deem myself in error when I estimate the Catholic population of the United States to be eighteen millions, to which figure are to be added nearly ten other millions, if we number all whom to-day the flag owns or protects.

Need America fear the spread of the religious creed of

Catholicism? In reality the question is none other than this: Need America fear the spread of the Gospel of Christ? If the Catholic Church wins in the battle with unbelief or with the present varied forms of Christianity, it will only be because it demonstrates in itself the perpetuity of the Kingdom of Christ, to which solely it makes its appeal. Its doctrines, its life and action must be those of Christ, else, as it should do, it vanishes from the scene. Argument in opposition to its claim as the religion of Christ it calmly awaits. Of arguments it does not complain. It only asks that passion be absent from the contest, that calumny and misrepresentation be not made use of — promising on its part that its tactics of offence will be no other than those of truth and charity — the methods of the Lord Himself. The work of expansion, as done by the Catholic Church, will be the work of peace and love. No social discord can come from it, no break in the harmony that should sweeten the ties binding together fellow-citizens and neighbors in the common service of a common country.

To the civil and political institutions of America no harm can come from the spread of Catholicism. Yea, to those institutions Catholicism brings elements most vital in their life and growth — those of a positive, authoritative religion. Never does materialism beget or sustain a well-ordered social organism; never does a vague uncertain Christian sentiment give to it strength and cohesiveness. The Catholic Church puts forth a clear and definite message; it speaks with authority. In its dogmas and enactments it is thoroughly social, laying supreme stress on the principles of law and order, so necessary to society, especially in a free democracy. It teaches that disobedience to law is a sin against God; that society is from God; that to undermine the foundations of society, to make null its purposes and mission, is to resist the ordi-

nance of God. It teaches the sanctity and the indissolubility of marriage, setting its whole power in restraint of the terrible plague of divorce, so ruinous to-day of the family hearthstone, the fundamental unit of the whole social organism.

And it teaches most firmly and most imperiously those principles of moral righteousness that repress passion and self-interest, the fatal foes of the social organism; and it teaches also, as the final outcome of earthly struggling, the inspiring doctrine of hope in another life which alone dispels the pessimism of despair, the ferocious thoughts and acts to which this pessimism must needs give birth. To-day society — blind they are who do not see the awful peril — is close to precipice and abyss. The cause is the decay of religion. Salvation for the social organism is in the name and the power of the ever-living God; the potent agency to preach God and uphold His authority is the Catholic Church.

I repeat my profession of faith — my religious faith, Catholicism; by civil and political faith, Americanism.

Some twenty years ago, on a memorable occasion, an illustrious prelate, at that time the official representative of Pope Leo XIII, said to the Catholics of America: "The Gospel of Christ in one hand, the Constitution of the United States in the other, go forth to work and to victory." Our signal of combat! It is the word of Francis Satolli — Catholicism and Americanism.

THE RELATION OF CATHOLICS TO CIVIL GOVERNMENT

ADDRESS BY THE RIGHT REV. AUSTIN DOWLING, D.D.

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I SUPPOSE there is no more honestly or, if I may use the word, innocently patriotic portion of our population than is the present generation of American Catholics, who were born and brought up in this country, know no other and can conceive of no other to compare with it. They are jingoes in their bristling impatience to let all the world comprehend the full measure of an American citizen. Let them assemble in numbers for a festivity or celebration of no matter what event, they are sure to display the Stars and Stripes as their most distinctive decoration. He would indeed know a Catholic audience but poorly who could not arouse his nodding listeners by the praise of the land they live in, and no voices rise higher in the thrill of genuine enthusiasm than do those of a group of young American Catholics, who without prompting set themselves to sing the so-called national anthems or hymns, which from a merely musical point of view have so little to recommend them. If, as sometimes happens, our young ecclesiastical students go abroad to make their clerical studies in some college or seminary of the old world, in some city of treasured memories and artistic wealth, as Rome or Paris, the fire of patriotism, far from being quenched by the sight and presence of so much that is new and splendid and incomparable in the realm of art and letters, of philosophy and civilization,

rather flares up to rekindle the youth's enthusiasm for the glorious land of his birth. With comic superiority he, at first, belittles all that he sees and hears, because it is foreign. The language, the customs, the manners of his new environment amuse him, as if all his life he had known better and now merely tolerated his exile because somebody or other in authority had the strange notion of sending him abroad. It is said that the English youths in the Roman College at the time of the Armada cheered the news of the defeat of the Catholic Spaniards, though their victorious sovereign Elizabeth was at that very time setting high the gallows on Tyburn Hill for their own necks when they should return — so wonderful a thing is patriotism! Yet one could readily believe this story of the sixteenth century who made the acquaintance of American Catholic students on a holiday's tramp or pilgrimage in some of the picturesque little towns that rise like beautiful gardens out of the bare Campagna, for he would go far indeed to find more outspoken lovers of the Stars and Stripes, more boastful Americans, more bristling patriots than they.

Yet some there are among us who tell us that it is impossible for a Catholic to be a sincere lover of the institutions and the principles that are represented by American citizenship, and who maintain that if a man is honest in his patriotism then he does not understand either the history or the principles of his religion, or if he is an intelligent Catholic then is his patriotism feigned or fictitious. Last Sunday evening¹ I endeavored to trace the history of that bogey of anti-Catholicism which has so often appeared in this country, but which in fact is English in its origin, political in its purpose, mendacious in its charges, and cowardly in its methods. To-night I shall deal with another aspect of the subject, especially in relation to

¹ See vol. II, page 125.

the oft-repeated assertion that Catholics on principle are opposed to our democratical form of government.

It is not always the beetle-browed bigot of our fancy who brings this charge against us. Many indeed who have no sympathy with religious quarrels point to the words of Catholic publicists and orators, especially in Europe, who for the better part of the nineteenth century wrote and spoke as if the Church was behind every political reaction, who moreover never missed an occasion to denounce a republican form of government, to clamor for the union of Church and State, and to show their discontent and dissatisfaction with modern progress. There were, indeed, Catholics in all these countries who opposed these extreme views, but it is claimed that they were in a minority and apparently did not represent the Church. Does anybody, we are asked, suppose that either Pope Gregory XVI or Pope Pius IX had any toleration for popular government? Just a little over fifty years ago the famous Syllabus, or list of eighty condemned errors, sixteen of which dealt with the relations of Church and State, appeared with the sanction of pontifical authority as if to confirm the suspicions of the Church's enemies that she was hopelessly reactionary and that, as it was said, in her blindness to the modern world she was about to commit suicide. I have not to revive the controversies of a half century ago or to enter into the discussion of the doctrinal value of this document. Theologians themselves were at the time divided as to its character, though all agreed that whether *de fide* or not, it expressed the mind of the Church towards the assumptions and pretentions of the liberal school of statesmanship, then in the apogee of its popularity, though now fallen on evil days. The papal condemnations were startling in the direct issue they made between secularism and Christianity, annoying perhaps to the Christian apologist who diplomatically

seeks to harmonize his creed as far as may be with the thought of his day and to avoid awkward declarations which bring negotiations to an abrupt end; yet there is no doubt that, like the great encyclical of Pius X condemning Modernism, for Catholic and non-Catholic alike, they clarified the atmosphere by cutting away the verbiage in which thought is so frequently disguised and principles so commonly obscured. Whatever their immediate effect or impression, they but reaffirmed the Church's ideals and traditions, which without break of continuity Pope Leo XIII amplified and developed in his magisterial encyclicals on labor and the social problem. Pope Pius IX condemned the anti-religious tendencies of modern secular governments — a subject that is beginning to arouse considerable interest in quarters that by no means receive their inspiration from Rome. In the face of the boastfulness of the nineteenth century statesmen who spoke and acted as if they had discovered the solvent of the political and social difficulties of all the ages, he pointed out that modern civilization and modern society, which are the direct result of Christian thought and tradition, cannot be interpreted and may not be successfully governed by those who abandon Christian principles. And if Pope Leo XIII spoke in another vein, it was only because he saw and encouraged whatever was Christian in the great and generous thoughts that underlie our modern forms of government.

To understand the condemnations we must go back to that great political cataclysm which we call the French Revolution. It accomplished so much, or rather the boon of enfranchisement which it brought to the masses has been so overestimated, that we forget its anti-Christian origin and its tyrannical excesses. Long as the preparations for that upheaval were under way, yet it came with the suddenness of a shock. The *bon*

mots of the *salons*, the cynicism of the critics, the scepticism of the philosophers had unsettled minds temperamentally unfitted for action. The old order retained all its glamour even when it had lost all its spirit. The king, the nobles, the clergy, and at a distance the people made up the four estates, once, though separated by degrees in the social hierarchy, yet bound in brotherhood by the ties of religious communion; then, however, sharply riven one from another, or if related then as parasite to victim, the idle aristocracy battered upon the helpless poor. Ominous rumors of disturbance had many a time before but proved the fascination which an order established in remote antiquity exercised over even the unquiet spirits who dream of revolution. The throne and the altar stood side by side, the one supporting the other as of old. The storied past cried out from the stones of the cathedrals the victories and glorious feats of arms of other days.

Then suddenly in the summer of 1789 the whole magnificent pile came tumbling down, apparently as unpremeditated as it was unexpected, and the words Liberty, Equality, Fraternity became a creed and an evangel. The enfranchised people, apt pupils of their new leaders, men who had never been heard of before, made short work of the aristocracy which had been their undoing. The nobles fled or on one pretext or other were thrown into prison. The hierarchy with many of the clergy followed in their train or, staying at home, shared their fate. At last the throne fell, and with it fell the altar. Drunk with liberty, the nation heeded neither equality nor fraternity. All the world knows the wild excesses of that period — the furious defiance of the past it engendered, the blasphemous rejection of God it encouraged, the frantic lust for blood it aroused. Yet in the very orgy of destruction it showed forth the power of creative ideas. Madmen as they seemed to be, they were

nevertheless filled with the enthusiasm of the young, and in the chaos of disorder were able to organize the armies which carried to victory the tricolor of the Republic on far fields never known to the lilies of France. Twenty-five years and it was over, and Napoleon was pacing the narrow walks of his lonely prison at Longwood on the bleak distant rock of St. Helena, while the Powers of Europe, agreeable to their Convention at Vienna, were bending every effort to undo the Revolution.

The troubler of the world's peace was gone and things should now go back to where they were before the terrible summer of 1789. They little knew the march of ideas who thought to stay the progress of the Revolution by treaties and family compacts and the chicanery of diplomacy. But exhausted by their mighty effort, bled of strength by the debauch of liberty, the children of 1789 now bowed their heads to the sceptres of what was called the Reaction. The kings returned from exile, having learned nothing, having forgotten nothing. For them and their counsellors the Revolution would forever remain a nightmare recalling that carnival of crime which was typified by a Parisian mob and a Committee of Public Safety during the September massacres of 1790; while on the other hand the people, unaccustomed to bondage and quickly forgetting the excesses of the past, again fretted for freedom and glorified the principles of the Revolution. Thus the lines were drawn between the feeble monarchs whose only title to loyalty was that of a broken tradition and the proud youthful spirit of revolt which swore to undo the past and in the new day of universal liberty to make all things new. The conflict thus engaged fills almost the entire nineteenth century, passed from country to country, from people to people, from tongue to tongue, till all Europe was touched with the fire that flashed from the Declaration of the Rights of Man and thrones fell

on all sides or, if they stood, stood now only as symbols of the new monarch called the people.

In the clash of that great quarrel the voices that were heard with most favor were those of the infidel philosophers of the eighteenth century, and especially that of Jean Jacques Rousseau. It would be difficult indeed to calculate the far-reaching influence of this most plausible of writers on the politics and even the pedagogics of the last one hundred and fifty years. His book, *The Social Contract*, was more epoch making in its way and far more influential than Darwin's *Origin of Species*, which it resembles in deriving all its weight from an unprovable hypothesis. It was the *vade mecum* of those who drew up our own Declaration of Independence and the framers of our most important political constitutions. It was the stone of the law of the theorists of 1789 and it established a school of political theory in Europe during at least the first half of the nineteenth century that directed the policies of the greater part of the civilized world. Its phrases and its reasonings are the familiar commonplaces of our political vocabulary, accepted generally though not understood, applauded everywhere though nowhere realized. For Rousseau, man was an abstraction and not a human being; therefore he could say that "Man is born free and is everywhere in chains." The ideal man was a savage, free and untrammelled, who, not knowing when he was well off, of his own spontaneity joined with his kind as he thought for his own betterment, but as it turned out for the undoing of the great masses of men. Nature was Rousseau's familiar deity, not exactly the nature of the great open spaces twixt earth and sky, but the nature of artifice and prettiness so greatly in vogue in the pre-Revolutionary *salons* of France and so faithfully depicted in the nymphs and naiads and graces

of artists like Watteau and Fragonard, of whom it has been said that they seemed to have escaped from a boudoir. If, then, the man of Rousseau's abstractions is to rid himself of chains, he must go back to nature, which teaches him to be free. Society exists to restore man to his birthright of freedom, and its problem consists in finding "a form of association in which the person and the property of the individual shall be protected and defended by the force of the community and wherein each individual, while united with all, may nevertheless remain as free as before and obey none but himself."

Such a thing, of course, is practically impossible. One cannot enjoy the advantages of association and retain the privileges of isolation. One cannot be a member of any civilized community and be as free as he would be were he some Robinson Crusoe on a desert island. To get over this difficulty Rousseau suggests that each individual must "make an offering of himself to the supreme and universal will and receive in return the offering of the rest." From this offering emerges the State, and each individual has therefore two personalities, one derived from his share in the fiction called the sovereign people, the other from his private and individual properties.

The thing sounds prettily enough, but it has no correspondence with fact. The sovereign people can never exercise its rights. In the best of democracies it is always more than half paralyzed, for it is the majority which rules, and we know how small a proportion of citizens it takes at times to make an electoral majority.

In the same way the equality of man disappears except as a theory, and nature it is which is largely responsible for it. She does not make men equal either in body or mind, and the economic experience of the last century and a half shows that

even a formal declaration of a highly respectable body of men does not make them any more equal than before.

In Rousseau's theory "man is essentially good and consequently his tendencies are likewise good." The pursuit of his individual happiness makes for the betterment of all. Prompted by selfish interest to exert himself, his activity always redounds to the good of the community. Yet in fact there is not one of these bland statements which is not open to denial or serious qualification. Almost every sane legislator, pagan as well as Christian, has taken for granted that the ideal man curbed and restrained his tendencies, which are usually evil, and that virtue consisted in the exercise of self-control rather than in self-indulgence. Our courts, moreover, are busy now explaining to industrious and enterprising citizens that the pursuit of their individual happiness frequently militates against the interests of the people and exposes them to the pains and penalties of the Sherman Act.

I linger over the theories of this eighteenth century philosopher partly because of their wide acceptance among us, partly to explain why it appears that the Church has seemed at times to be out of touch with modern conditions of secular government. To the Church society is no factitious accident, but a part of a divine ordinance which, having established man as a social being, provided him with the rights and duties which the pursuit of his temporal happiness requires. All power is from God, said an apostle in speaking of a pagan government, and civil government, which is of the first necessity for society, comes indirectly from God through the people. None taught a doctrine more opposed to the divine right of kings than did the old Catholic schoolmen of the thirteenth century and the later theologians who developed their thought. It is the Angel of the Schools, St. Thomas Aquinas, who says:

"Law properly regards the order that is to be taken towards the general good. Now to order anything towards the general good belongs either to the whole people or to the public representative who has care of the whole people. For in this as in all other things the ordering of the means belongs to him to whom is committed the carrying out of the ends as his special function. . . . Coercive power belongs to the multitude or to a public personage to whom it is competent to inflict penalties."

Suarez in his *De Legibus* says :

"Wherever lawful authority is found in any one man or prince it has proceeded from the people and commonwealth, either proximately or remotely, and cannot be consistently held otherwise."

The Catholic Church is a perfect society with a mission to preach the Gospel to all men, and provided by her Divine Founder with the means necessary to attain that object. Her end is directly and primarily spiritual, namely, the eternal salvation of souls. Her kingdom is not of this world. Her chief activity must always lie in the realm of the spirit, in preaching and teaching the truths committed to her charge, in dispensing the sacraments and other means of grace, and in the government and direction of the body of the faithful. Indirectly the Church must come into contact with the civil government, as every external society does. As far as her mission is concerned, she can exist under any form of government, under the persecutions of Roman emperors or the oppressive rule of czars or sultans, in the free States or the military feudalism of the Middle Ages, in despotic monarchies, in tolerant democracies. Her work is to save souls. To save souls is a work of order, an invitation to the observance of law. She therefore indirectly affects civil government by preaching the respect for law in all things that do not oppress conscience. For within its field her mission is supreme and does not brook interference. It was St. Peter who said to a temporal ruler of old : " We must obey God rather than man." There are occa-

sions, of course, when the Church seems to conflict with the civil government. Thus she regards marriage among her subjects as a sacrament, to legislate about which is entirely within her competence. While therefore observing in secular States the prescriptions of the civil law as regards the details of the marriage contract, she yet considers her own laws superior to those of any temporal legislature. In the same way she deals with the education of her children as part of the fulfilment of the command to teach all nations. She is a teacher by divine commission.

Of course while able to discharge her essential duties under any form of government, there are some conditions more favorable to her growth and development than others. All things being equal, a Catholic government would be more favorable than a non-Catholic—a State that took its inspiration at the same source as she does rather than one which ignored the Deity and persecuted religion. If society comes from God, then it is conceivable that the most perfect society is one that takes a common viewpoint with hers, whose customs and forms and methods would agree with hers. But that is an ideal, and bitter experience has instructed the Church that merely Catholic rulers do not form a Catholic State, that she has often been betrayed in the house of her friends, her liberty curtailed, her activities restricted, her influence annulled. While therefore it is still indisputable that a union of Church and State is conceivably the most desirable, still so many conditions for its accomplishment are lacking in every government of the world that the thesis may well be relegated to the limbo of defunct controversies.

If we would know what form of government the Catholic Church most favors, we shall have to go to the times and places where she was most free to accomplish what she desired.

The Middle Ages have an evil name, especially with those who know least about them. They are supposed to be periods of grovelling superstition and benighted ignorance. They were, in fact, something very far different. They were a period when the Church's thought entered into the daily life of the people and, marvellous to say, they were a period of flourishing democracy. Everything mediaeval is communal — the Church, whose highest officer is elected, chosen not from any aristocracy or caste, but on merit and worth; the monastery, which elects its abbot, the guild, which chooses its master, the town its burgher. The Church was indeed then the Church of the poor and informed all society and civil government with love for the poor and needy. Two great thoughts run through the flowering period of the Middle Ages — a modified liberty which gave the word "freeman" its glory and dignified individuals with the freedom of cities. But even more prominently there appears in all things mediaeval a corporate consciousness, which I am very much mistaken if it is not again that very modern desideratum of altruism called community consciousness, of which President Wilson in the New Freedom is the eloquent advocate. What, after all, is this teaching of his, that society is an organism and not a bit of machinery, but in a way the mediaeval concept that all were members of one family and that one could not be in want or suffering but all should be concerned?

For a century and more the doctrine of unlimited freedom has been taught by statesmen and economists. Men have been told that they were born free, only to discover that they presently became economic slaves. The long and the short, the weak and the strong, the old and the young have been made to toe the same tape and told that they were equally free to win the same prize. Asking for bread, they have been given

this stone, so artfully colored that they thought until they tested it that it was bread. In disgust men now reject the freedom which has brought to pass the establishment of the present day aristocracy of money. But we may feel satisfaction in the thought that the Church has had no hand in the foisting of this gross deceit upon the public, and that now, when a remedy is being promised, it is along the lines which she laid down in the days when without suspicion or interference she took her stand in the market place and in the school, as well as in the pulpit, to give her counsel to her children as to the Christlike way of making His kingdom to come on earth even as it is in heaven.

UNVEILING OF MEMORIAL IN HONOR OF SPANISH WAR HEROES

ADDRESS BY THE RT. REV. W. T. RUSSELL, D.D.

We are met to-day in memory of those who, in a critical hour of their country's need, responded to their country's call.

*"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."*

Ours be it now to beseech the Giver of every good gift to grant them eternal rest ; ours be it to pay a just tribute to their devotion, and in doing so to set up an example of patriotism for our emulation. They went forth to war ; they left their homes, severing perhaps the dearest ties that bind strong human hearts, sacrificing the comforts and luxuries which habits of life had made necessities, subjecting themselves to hardship and privations in unaccustomed surroundings, with the prospect of meeting death in its most hideous shape. For this we offer them a nation's grateful tribute.

They went forth to war. Loyal defenders of your country's flag, ye went forth amid the encouraging shouts of your fellow-citizens, with banners gayly flying and martial music thrilling your generous souls. How different the scene at Chickamauga, Montauk Point, and Knoxville, when I saw you in the struggle unto death with wasting fever, your shouts of joy changed to groans of pain, when martial music had given place to the noiseless death watch, when your vigorous forms which had gone forth in the strength of manhood were reduced to shadows of your former selves, when after serving your country you possessed naught but that for which you

had striven, your country's stainless flag. To-day we greet you with a nation's praise and gratitude. You went forth to war, in obedience to your country's call, in obedience to the choice of authority. The voice of authority! In peace and in war it is ever the same — the voice of God. Imagine the world without it. The army degenerates into an irresponsible mob, the State is but a struggling mass of warring humanity, social existence becomes a chaos. Authority speaks, and lo! as when the Almighty breathed over primeval deeps, there is order. The voice of authority is the voice of our country, the voice of God. Obedience to authority is patriotism in the truest sense. To-day we honor those who proved their patriotism by weary march, by hunger and thirst, by chilling sleep nigh the flickering camp fire far removed from the comforts of home.

But let us not be misled. The patriotism of the bugle's blare, of fluttering flags and bombs bursting in air, is not the only patriotism, nor even the highest. The patriotism of peace is essential to the prosperity of our country. He who upbuilds a nation's welfare in all that makes for its development in civilization; the man who by patient tact preserves the integrity of his home, by self-sacrificing efforts rears his family by the peaceful hearthside, as well as the mother whose aspirations soar not after notoriety, but reach out after duty; the citizen incorruptible in the exercise of his political privileges, as well as the ruler whose integrity is unimpeachable; the capitalist who spurns the itching inclinations to circumvent, overreach, or trample under foot his fellow-man, not less than the toiler who triumphs by law-abiding patience rather than by lawless destruction — all these are the truest, the most consistent, the most necessary elements of a nation's prosperity and glory. These make a nation; the soldier destroys a threatening foe. To the honor of those who survived the chances

of war be it said that their patriotism in war has been enhanced by their patriotism in peace.

It is most fitting that this celebration should be under the auspices of religion. For just as it is true that real patriotism consists in obedience to authority, it is equally true that there will be little or no respect for authority without the motives which religion inspires. Eradicate the sense of the obligation to God's authority and you destroy the chief and most potent reason for obedience to the State. For when

"Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
Then unawares morality expires.
Lo! thy dread empire Anarch is restored,
Light dies before thy uncreating word."

He who recognizes in the voice of constituted authority the voice of God is the truest American patriot. While there is no official union between Church and State, we recognize all the more forcibly the fact that the State needs religion to uphold her authority, and the Church needs the State to guarantee the peace and liberty necessary to exercise her sacred calling.

The splendor of this occasion is enhanced by the presence here to-day in large numbers of that representative organization in the Catholic Church, the Knights of Columbus. They are here to speak for the three hundred thousand members throughout the United States. The Cross is their emblem and patriotism is their watchword. Ye patriots of the sword! the patriots of the Cross salute you and offer their tribute of honor and grateful appreciation. To-day we unite under one banner, whose motto is "Our God and our Country."

The vast majority of those here present are one in religion with him who brought this Western Hemisphere into relation with the civilized world by planting the Cross upon its shores; are one in religion with those Maryland pilgrims who first

proclaimed upon these shores the national principles which to-day we prize most highly and guard most jealously — freedom of conscience and the right of every citizen to vote. Our loyalty has sometimes with cruel injustice been called into question. With the immortal Carroll of Carrollton, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, we can say, "We remember but to forgive." Thank God, we have never flung back the foul slanders that tended to besmirch our character.

It is a worthy occasion for us in this presence to testify our submission to the apostolic command, "Obey your rulers." As Peter spoke, so speaks Pius. The true Catholic sees in the Cross as well as in the Stars and Stripes the symbol of the same divine authority — the Church exercising authority in things spiritual, the State in things civil. No man can be a true son of the Catholic Church who is disloyal to the constituted authority of his country. It is meet that in the shadow of the monument dedicated to the Father of his Country, in the midst of surroundings which speak for our nation's past and prophesy her future, here in the presence of those who suffered and fought for the flag, we should be given an opportunity to testify our devotion and loyalty to our country.

Peace, be still, ye who would sow unjust suspicion of your fellow-creatures to reap discord and bitterness in a land now flowing with the milk and honey of contentment and fraternal benevolence. Peace, be still, ye troubled waters of bigotry, ye foamy billows of prejudice; the spirit of Christ pervades this land protected by the Stars and Stripes. Peace, be still, as in this capital of our country, in the midst of surroundings of our country's honor and glory, with the flag in one hand and the Cross in the other, we bow with unfeigned faith and loyalty before our God.

CENTENNIAL OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS

ADDRESS BY THE REV. E. C. DE LA MORINIÈRE, S.J.

It is just and wise and in striking harmony with the traditions and early chronicles of our state and city that we should crown our laudable and successful efforts to commemorate the centenary of one of the most fateful events in the history of our own ever-cherished Louisiana with the august function at which we are assembled this Sunday morning, the tenth day of January, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifteen.

The attentive gravity, solemn appearance, the dignity which I behold in this crowded audience, fill me with the conviction that my sentiment is the sentiment of all. None indeed but the most irredeemably perverse or the most unaccountably ignorant — thank God there are none such in this fair land! — could question the right of the Catholic Church to consecrate by the splendor of her ceremonies and the pomp of her ritual the consummation of these centennial festivities.

For along the vista of years more remote even than those on which our glance is to-day bidden to rest we catch glimpses of her authority, mark her influence, and trace her activities on our shores. If the spirits of the dead, the spirits of those sturdy pioneers whom America and the world have inscribed on the beadroll of their matchless benefactors, were, by the fiat of Omnipotence, to clothe themselves in living flesh and stand in our midst to-day, they would tell us, in tone more eloquent than

the most thrilling, that it was the assurance that she would be at their side, within their reach, in the person of her ministers, ready to strengthen them if they grew faint, to cheer them if they drooped, to shrive them if they fell, to open heaven for them if they died, which gave to many a youth born and bred in luxury, basking in the sunshine of comfort and smiles of fortune, the courage to leave home and native land, sever the strongest ties of blood and friendship, forego the laughter of mirth and the gay revel of ancestral halls, in order to brave the baneful effects of unwholesome climes, plough the broad bosom of the ocean and the unfriendly surface of inland lakes, plod over the Indian trail through summer's blistering rays and winter's ice-laden blasts — in a word, to dare the deeds and achieve the feats which have rendered their names famous. They would tell us that it was that rough cross of wood raised in confidence over their heads that made unflinching their resolve, unyielding their nerve, stout their heart, strong their arms, and unwavering their step in their irksome march and perilous enterprise; it was the hands of the Church clasped in supplicating prayer that crowned their efforts, seemingly unavailable, with ultimate and un hoped-for success; it was her selfless devotion which oft shielded them from harm and encompassed them by night and day like a mother's unspoken benediction.

The Spanish hidalgo of those early days would point to the pages of history, not romance, and we would be made to see, whether we willed or no, the hood and the cowl, and the robe of brown and gray and black, mingling their sombre hue with the refulgent brightness that shot or glanced from the burnished armors and polished weapons of the sons of Spain. We would be made to see through the leafy avenues of slender pines and stately oaks which covered the virgin soil of hitherto

unexplored Louisiana the pennant of Castile fluttering low before the emblem of salvation, lifted above the sweeping pageantry of iron heels and gilded spurs.

We would be made to see at the trumpet signal the plumed and crested warriors giving knee to the adorable Victim of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, offered at an improvised altar reared beneath the swaying boughs of the vast silvan solitude.

To the same pages would point the French cavalier, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the head of the St. Lawrence we would see gowned priest and belted knight marching hand in hand to the conquest, civilization, and evangelization of new worlds.

And if you ask why I should reawaken these slumbering memories of an almost forgotten past, I will tell you that it is to give point to the statement that the Catholic Church rightly claims the place of honor in whatever celebration is connected with the early history of Louisiana.

And coming to days which are nearer to us, we cannot con the records of our own nascent city of New Orleans without observing how strong is the link that binds the history of the Church and the State. Our illustrious historian, Charles Gayarre, who loved this spot of God's earth as few ever loved it, with a love that filters through every line of his brilliant narrative, has with magic pen sketched for us an unforgettable scene — the glad and enthusiastic welcome given to their first resident chaplain by the first French settlement in Louisiana at that little post built by Iberville at Biloxi. Uncontrollable emotion shook the frames of strong men and bathed with tears of joy and gratefulness the cheeks of frail women when they realized that there now was among them one who could soothe their sorrows, share their trials, a priest who could pardon their sins, baptize their children, join them in Christian

wedlock, anoint them in their last illness, and whisper over their freshly dug graves the blessings of the Catholic Church.

And when in 1718, at the command of that peerless organizer, Le Moyne de Bienville, whose searching glance had marked the glorious possibilities and foreseen the future greatness of our emporium, fifteen gigantic sons of the forest were laid low to make room for the foundations of New Orleans, what was it that led to the projected city the dwellers of the Mississippi Valley? The facilities for import and export doubtless, which the plan afforded, but, I believe, chiefly the eager wish of their Catholic hearts to build their rough homesteads within the shadow of those sanctuaries which they knew must, at no distant period, dot that strip of promised land. They were not doomed to disappointment. The wooden crosses erected in the fields and public thoroughfares and roads soon yielded space for the construction of churches and chapels, and the year 1723 saw on the street named Chartres, after the ducal son of the French regent, and within a stone's throw of the fronting Place d'Armes, a wooden cross.

Swept away by the breath of the hurricane, this was replaced in 1725 by a more elaborate structure, from whose ashes the munificent bounty of that philanthropic prince, Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, made to spring in 1793 that pride and boast of our city, that faithful depository of our traditions, that majestic witness of all the memorable events of our history, that venerable theatre of the most glowing scenes in our civil and religious annals, the St. Louis Cathedral, within whose storied walls we are now assembled, under the aegis of our distinguished archbishop, to invoke the divine blessings on our Southland. Such was the spiritual status of the Crescent City in the days of her cradled infancy.

Here sentiments surge to my lips which I would scorn my-

self for suppressing. Let me then say this morning, with all the earnestness of which I may possibly be possessed, that you might as well try to shear the sun of his beams and to strip the moon of her silver mantle, you might as well try to pluck by the roots yon Rocky Mountains, to check the flow or drain the basin of the Mississippi River, as to sever the tie which binds the Catholic Church to Louisiana since the moment when the settler's axe cleared her tangled forests and the navigator's sail opened to the traffic of the world her countless watercourses.

I tell you that if we Catholics were ever regarded as aliens in a city founded by Catholic brains and Catholic energy, industry, and perseverance, Catholic trials and sufferings and self-denial, and Catholic heart's blood, then would history have been a network of mendacity, or the word "justice" and the word "gratitude" would have fled forever from human lips and should be blotted out from the lexicon of human speech.

But that day, we feel assured, shall never dawn in so enlightened a community as that in which we live. Hence am I the more justified in saying that had we turned a deaf ear to the voice of duty which inspired this religious portion of our programme, another voice, yet more potent than those we have just heard, would have risen from the past to brand us with craven disloyalty—the voice of the man who, whilst stretching out his strong right arm to aid us in our peril and repel an invading foe, whilst mingling with the undaunted valor of our native bands his own fearless bravery and military genius, declared, when the last battery of the enemy had been dismantled and their last gun silenced, that to the right hand of the Almighty was the victory due—the voice of Andrew Jackson.

To the God, then, whose power the hero of New Orleans

so readily acknowledged; to the God whose help he so confidently entreated in that touching appeal for prayer to the Ursuline nuns of this city; to the God whose miraculous intervention he so openly avows in a memorable message to the same consecrated women, whose suppliant hands had been raised by night and day for the success of our arms; to the God before whose throne he bowed low when, with brows bound with laurels, he was welcomed by clergy and people into this very sanctuary of the St. Louis Cathedral, and, amid the booming of cannon and the pealing of bells and the solemn chant of the "Te Deum," laid at the foot of her altar the emblem and trophy of his exploits; to that God, in union with the departed spirits of our ancestors, we offer a hundred years after the tribute of our grateful homage.

I can hardly be expected to detail from this pulpit in their fulness the causes of our joyful paeans, yet not to touch upon the most salient were, I feel, to leave my task woefully incomplete.

By an act of Congress of April 8, 1812, and after much heated discussion, the territory of Orleans, with a population of seventy-five thousand inhabitants, had been admitted into the Union as the State of Louisiana, with the same privilege as the thirteen original colonies.

Under the prudent leadership of Gov. William C. Claiborne, whose sterling integrity had withstood all the attacks of his political enemies and baffled all their plans, New Orleans was calmly pursuing her course of self-aggrandizement when the storm, unlooked for and unforecast, broke over her head. Thunders of a war between Great Britain and the United States shook our new-born nation.

Unaccompanied by the grim fierceness and appalling fatalities of the present colossal conflict beyond the seas, in which

millions of troops are grappling in a life and death struggle unparalleled in the history of all the worlds, it nevertheless for three years doomed the country to that accursed blight which followed in its train. Our merchant ships, the white doves of commerce, were driven from the sea or turned from their purpose to be the ministers of destruction; the threads of social and business intercourse which had become woven into a thick web between the two countries since the Declaration of Independence were suddenly snapped asunder. The resources of the land were drained by taxation. Villages on the Canadian frontiers were laid in ashes. The metropolis of the Republic was captured, her capitol given to the flames, while gaunt disasters raged everywhere within our borders.

But these were only the first shadows of the momentous eclipse, the twilight usher of the darkness to be broken only by the blazing lightnings of the battle and the siege.

And the battle and the siege were at our doors. The flower of Britain's chivalry landed on our coast, and the followers of Wellington and his kinsman, Packingham, learned to their cost of what mettle a Louisianian is made. They learned a lesson which their prowess on foreign fields had failed to teach them—that the man who fights for his hearthstone, who fights in defence of those who call him father or brother or husband or son has the strength of ten, and that his valor is not to be measured by any known standard of soldierly courage. He is a true patriot, and not the man who revels in carnage through sheer lust of blood or follows a flag in quest of adventure or hope of advancement or expectation of spoils.

One of the great lessons of every war is that it is impossible for a people without military organizations to withstand the inroad of a veteran army. What defence, then, could be made by the inhabitants of a rising town mostly built of wood?

Such was New Orleans in 1815. What could a population of men, however high-spirited and resolute, but unskilled in the use of arms, do against powerful artillery and batteries of rifled cannon planted on every commanding eminence? What could they do against the onset of trained veterans led by skilful chiefs? What could our forebears do? What, with the help of their brothers from Mississippi and Kentucky and Tennessee and under the spell of Andrew Jackson's inspiration, we know they did do—they won.

Now, when we remember that it was when, with freighted keel, the first steamer had glided down the Ohio into the Mississippi; when King Cotton had just donned his diadem; when vast imports and exports, made possible by this new means of communication, were filling our warehouses and flooding our markets; when the Crescent City, as yet in her infancy, was saluting with lustrous wondering eyes, with glad smiling lips, the star of her prosperity rising above the on-rushing waters of her mighty river, that the bolt sped and struck which might have shattered all her hopes and quenched forever that gleaming orb; when we reflect that that engagement which began on the plains of Chalmette and closed in the heart of our city might have resulted in a defeat or, if in a protracted though victorious struggle such as was witnessed fifty years later; when we reflect that it came to an end in a few days, with so small a loss of life on our side as to be the marvel of all generations past and to come, have we not reason, think you, to give thanks to that beneficent God to whose right Hand—in the language of Andrew Jackson, which we should never tire of repeating—was due the victory? To that victory is to be ascribed the peace, concord, and love which now exist between two great nations, and that peace, as our programme takes special pains to emphasize,

forms the basic ground and motive of this centennial demonstration.

That gracious Providence which overrules all things for the best, "from seeming evil still educing good," as the poet has it, has so constituted our natures that the violent excitement of the passions in one direction is followed by reaction in an opposite direction, and the sooner for the violence.

If it were not so, if injuries inflicted and retaliated led of necessity to new retaliations, with forever accumulating compound interest of revenge, then the world would have been years ago turned into an earthly hell. But it is not so; all history teaches a different lesson. It teaches that when the last curtain falls on the tragic drama of war, anger yields room to sympathy, and animosity to friendliness. No wonder, then, that when the cloud had rolled away and the Treaty of Ghent had been signed, England and America locked hands and hearts in a clasp never, we trust, to be loosened any more. And nothing was more natural than such reconciliation, for the source of their strife and alienation was only transient, whereas perennial are the bonds of union between them, the bonds between children of a common ancestry, speaking the same language, soothed in infancy by the same words of love and tenderness, and hardened into vigorous manhood under the bracing influence of institutions drawn from the same founts of freedom.

It is well in these our times, when a moral night seems to enshroud the earth and to plunge it into the abyss of a well-nigh universal sanguinary strife; when war is stimulated by a selfish and exaggerated love of country, whose sole aim seems to be enlargement of territory and mastery and monopoly of commerce at the expense of other nations; when it is but another name for hellish licentiousness or high-handed despot-

ism; when it is visibly a part of the policy of statesmen to kindle the unholy fire of a spurious patriotism working havoc under the cover of love of country—it is well to plead the cause of peace and the cause advocated by the Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XV, the cause of a higher, purer patriotism.

It is well to think that if those in whose hands are the fate and destinies of empires and republics would cease to enthrone the soldier and idolize the sword; if they would pause long enough to remember that the sons of the soil are, above all, the sons of a heavenly Father who, sooner or later, will avenge every drop of His children's blood shed in wantonness, then would the grandeur of mortal rulers be discerned in the blessings which they have secured, and not in the hecatombs which they have driven to the shambles; in the triumphs of benevolence, and not in the ravages of machine guns; then would the voice of peace, crying from countless blood-sodden battlegrounds, crying from a wilderness of entombing trenches, be heard in the world; then would be forged the first link of that mighty chain in which all humanity is riveted to the throne of its Father and its God.

If, reviewing the trials of Louisiana through the century that is gone, I turn from the thoughts of peace suggested by the present occasion to the crimson records of another war, through which it was decreed in heaven she should not pass unscathed as in 1815, it is because I deem it my duty not to leave unspoken to-day the tribute of our state—yea of the South—to our gallant dead fallen in a conflict far more disastrous and memorable than that which we are recalling on this anniversary. I owe it to myself and to everyone present here to say from this sacred rostrum, to say in the presence of God, that we keep alive no personal enmities, no feud, no antagonism. We have recovered from the humiliation of

defeat and, forgetting its bitterness, have come back with strong hands and earnest hearts to that Union which our forebears helped to build.

Emerging from that four years' night of gloom and despair, we press forward with our brothers of the North to promote the interest and fame of our common country. In every patriotic endeavor and aspiration they have found us at their side, sharing the same dangers, bearing the same hardships, and revering the same flag. We give God thanks for all this.

We give Him thanks that, when the image of Southern independence vanished forever behind the storm cloud of battle, in its stead arose before our tearful sight the vision of Columbia calling her sons of the South back to their place of honor and service by the family fireside.

I shall not rehearse the material losses entailed upon our Southland in the giant struggle of half a century ago. For — again to God be the glory! — we have repelled in these decades the poverty and destitution which, after the most disastrous campaign for which soldiers ever buckled on armor, had invaded our stronghold. We have recaptured as if by storm that prosperity which once was ours, and thus was fulfilled the prophecy of Alexander Stephens that our waste places would, at no distant day, blossom as the rose. Yet, though devotion to the Commonwealth, a filial love of its flag, its progress, and expansion is the all-absorbing feeling of the South now, not all the rains that fall upon the sides of the Alleghanies, not all the swift tides and torrents that swell the banks of the Potomac or the Rappahannock or the Cumberland or the Mississippi, can wash away from our Southern hearts the memory of the Southern blood that was shed for our defence in the dark days of 1861. No mountain can hide from our eyes those graveyard highways.

"Where every turf beneath the feet
Hath been a soldier's sepulchre."

No river can sink beneath its bed the white bones that once choked its channels. Hence it is that, with those memories deep in their breasts, those who wore the gray and their children's children will yearly gather till "earth and seas and skies are rended" to proclaim in the face of the world that they have not forgotten, will never forget, can never forget their Confederate dead.

Nor do we forget, nor can we forget those glorious women who rose like the maids of Saragossa or the mothers of Sparta or the foremothers of the American Revolution and conjured men whom they loved more than life, but less than honor, to leave them to poverty and penury and speed to the front and woo a soldier's death, if need be, under the sacred shadows of the Stars and Bars—the women of Louisiana and the South, the women of the days of the Confederacy. We bow low before the heroism of that aged Louisiana mother who, on the eve of the Battle of New Orleans, wrote to Governor Claiborne: "My four sons are at the front with Andrew Jackson. I regret having no others to offer my country. I am bent under the load of years, but if my services in caring for the wounded should be thought useful, command me, and in spite of age and distance, I shall hasten to New Orleans." That lofty sentiment found a response in thousands of women's hearts through the long dark hours of the early sixties.

The presence of their sympathies and of their aid, the potency of their prayers, and the eloquence of their smiles and their tears were priceless in the inspiration which they brought and more effectual than an army with banners.

And when the struggle was over, in loving memory of the noble slain, they dotted our land with soldiers' monuments,

gathered the sacred dust, mounted guard by unmarked graves, and kept in freshness unfading the remembrance of the martyrs who had fallen during that eventful epoch.

I have conjured from the past the story of these trials and sacrifices that we might remember to what achievements we have fallen heirs and, remembering, give thanks to God for so glorious a heritage.

Would that the cessation of two wars and the sheathing of the sword had closed the chapter of Louisiana's afflictions! But it was not to be. The Angel of Death once more wielded his sceptre of destruction, and the breath of pestilence ruffled the tide of our peace.

A dread scourge was busy making desolate many a home in our fair city. It smote youth in its prime, manhood in its struggle, womanhood in its bloom, old age in its decrepitude. It smote the choicest of all victims. It smote an archbishop, the chief pastor of the diocese in the midst of his flock, and threatened to make of Louisiana a leper among her sister states, a home to be shunned by all who prized the boon of life and health. Commerce was crippled, finance paralyzed, avenues of traffic closed, social intercourse checked or forbidden.

We ran our eyes each day along the fatal list and went to our business, trade, profession, haunted by the tears that were shed, the hearts that were breaking, the agonies of the stricken, the grief of the bereaved. But when the danger had vanished and our fears fled, and we attributed our deliverance from the monster to sanitary measures, did we see the hand of God, stretched, at last, in mercy? Did we hear His voice bidding the ghostly harvester: "Put up thy sickle, spare, and strike no more"? Did we give thanks to Him who in His own appointed crucible had tempered the strength of our state and

endowed her with a new vigor, to speed onward in her march of amazing progress?

For progress there is all around us, written as in an open book which all may read. It is good to emerge from the shadow, once and for all, into the light of our triumphs.

Truth to tell, we have before us the prospect of greater perfection and advance in all the branches of material industry, greater than any which it has been our lot to witness or accomplish. We feel that those who are to come after us will look upon the days in which we have lived, as we now look upon those that are gone, as the prelude to a mighty concert, as the harbinger and herald of achievements of which we dared not dream; but we do not envy them the hidden vision, we are content with the triumphs we behold. Mine is not the task to unfold these triumphs, to unfold the giant strides made in the course of a century by the intellectual civilization of which the bar, the medical profession, the literary and scientific circles, nay every class, every interest, every fireside, gives unquestionable tokens. I turn to thoughts more in accordance with my theme. I trace the luminous finger of God in the progress of His Church in Louisiana through those hundred years that divide us from the Battle of New Orleans.

To you, Catholics, I say look around you, and while you marvel at the contrast between now and then, while you marvel at the growth and development of your religion in the city of New Orleans, let your hearts brim over with gratefulness, let your lips hymn forth a song of praise "for the things which the right hand of the Almighty hath done in Zion."

Count your number and be glad that from a mere handful it has swollen to 375,000 in this archdiocese. The roll of the Catholic clergy, which counted 46 in town and country, boasts

of more than 240 faithful shepherds, tending the flock of Jesus Christ in those 210 churches sprung from the soil under the magic wand of charity and zeal.

Twenty-two thousand four hundred and sixty-three is the number of young people under Catholic care. Five colleges and academies for boys and seventeen for young ladies train your sons and daughters in the higher grades of study. Orphan asylums and hospitals and homes for the aged poor shelter the sick and the weak and destitute.

A hundred years! And how the little grain of mustard seed has sprouted up and branched forth into the wide-spreading tree! A hundred years! And the Catholic Church, that great creation of God's power, stands in this land in the pride of place.

She energizes through ten thousand instruments of power and influence. She wears her honors thick upon her venerable brow, enthroned among us in a see which is second only to that of Baltimore. In a moment the voice of pontiffs, priests, and people will rise to the throne of mercy in humble acknowledgment of favors received and in fervent pleading for new blessings.

When the strains of that solemn "Te Deum" shall be wafted under the vaults of this cathedral, on the very spot where it floated high one hundred years ago, it behooves us every one, of whatever creed, it behooves us as patriots and citizens, avoiding all exultation in the prosperity which has enriched our land and the extending influence of the blessings of peace, to turn our thoughts inward and consider how our vices may be corrected and our virtues strengthened.

If, in surveying our past history, we could catch larger and more exalted views of our civic and religious duties and responsibilities; if we could be lifted to a loftier sense of our

relations to ourselves, our fellow-men, and our God; if we realized that the want of good men is a heavier woe to a land than the want of great men — our centennial year would not only be signalized by splendid ceremonials, but it would be the auspicious promise and pledge of a second century, more glorious than the one which has just drifted into eternity.

Hence if I could hope, without presumption, that any humble counsels of mine on this hallowed anniversary could be remembered beyond the hour of their utterance, I would urge upon every man to bethink himself that the true sovereign is he who rules over his own life, his temptations, and his passions; the real conqueror he who resists the corrupting influence of intemperance, extravagance, and luxury. I would implore every citizen to remember that if he would have this second century of Louisiana's history go on safely and prosperously to its close, without scars and blemishes on its front, he must guard against political intrigue as well as personal licentiousness and look to principle and character, rather than mere party allegiance, in his choice of men to rule over him. I would call upon all to foster and further the cause of education, to encourage and sustain all those noble institutions of charity which are the crowning grace and glory of our Southern civilization.

But I could not stop at these civic duties, obligations, and responsibilities. I could not fail to appeal to the religious instinct of our common nature and entreat all to remember that if we would teach the world what to imitate and not what to avoid, there should be, in our city, some renewal of that old spirit of obedience to the divine laws which has been her security in the past. The word, the day, the house, the worship of an unseen but all-seeing, all-controlling Ruler of the universe must be sacred to the young as they have been

to their elders, sacred to the children as they have been to their fathers.

When Andrew Jackson bade farewell to this city, which honored him as a saviour, to continue that career of distinction which raised him to the presidential chair of the United States, his last words were: "God bless and prosper New Orleans!" I would prolong this short but noble prayer. And the last phrase to pass my lips at this hour and to take its chance for remembrance or oblivion in years to come, as the conclusion of this centennial oration, shall be: God bless and prosper New Orleans and keep her among all the cities of this American continent, among all the cities of the earth, the most loyal in her fealty to Himself and His own Blessed Mother, Our Lady of Prompt Succor, at whose intercession He gave our forefathers the victory a hundred years ago.

FOUNDATIONS OF CALIFORNIA

ADDRESS BY CHARLES B. TURRILL, ESQ.

WHEN Columbus, in the cool dimness of an October morning, sighted the indistinct outlines of an outlying island of the western continent, the star of Christian hope for the peoples of the newly found lands appeared above the horizon of the great sea the Spanish explorer had crossed.

The navigator and the priest stood together on the deck of the Santa Maria that morning as the beams of the rising sun illumined the shores before them. In the same boat they landed upon the wave-lapped beach. Surrounded by a wondering people, the one reared aloft the standard of Spain and took possession of the country in the names of his sovereigns. The other elevated the cross and offered to the natives the tidings of great joy his Master had commanded His followers to carry to all peoples. Amid the struggles of ambitious men and under the fluctuations of political antagonisms the haughty standard of Spain has passed from the world Columbus gave his patrons. Through all the storm clouds of the centuries in these lands the cross has stood firmly, the only beacon of human hope.

By the orders of the monarchs of Spain the inhabitants of the newly added provinces were to be treated as human beings with souls to save. Other conquerors have not always shown so Christian a spirit. The historian does not deny that military commanders, far distant from the central government, vainglorious in the power delegated them, and greedy for the gold they craved, disregarded their instructions and some-

times overlooked or even authorized deeds of the greatest barbarity. No invading nation ever met more peaceful, confiding, simple-minded opponents to its advance. The annals of Spanish conquest in America are written in the blood of slaughtered nations. Those who gladly greeted the strange people coming from beyond the great water, brought the gold of their home land to barter for the prized tinsel of the strangers. The demoniacal greed of the Spaniards was raised to fever heat, and the simple natives soon learned the bitter lessons of violated trustfulness, and too late sought to protect their homes and their loved ones from the fiends whom they had greeted as gods. Through all the terrible events of that barbarous conquest the humble priest alone stood forth as the champion of the conquered, and while his power was not always great enough to stay the sword dripping with blood, the mind cannot imagine the lengths to which the soldiery, drunken with power and crazed by the lust of gold, might have gone had it not been for the restraint of the Church.

Delving amid the accounts of the horrible butcheries of those dark days, we marvel that any of the conquered became converts to the religion the aggressive, heartless conquerors professed with their lips and violated with their swords. The firm establishment of the Christian religion among the native inhabitants of America is a miracle wrought by divine interposition through the labors of the humble priests of the various orders who strove to convert, to educate, and to civilize with the civilization of Europe the inhabitants of America. We cannot understand any human power strong enough to accomplish such a work in the face of the examples set by the military leaders and soldiery except through the agency of a miracle.

Why the Divine Ruler of the world permitted the acts of

slaughter at the hands of the Spanish conquerors we cannot understand any more than we can comprehend why He permits a tempest to destroy a forest or drive a humanly freighted boat upon the cold, unfeeling rocks of destruction. No brain is capable of grasping all human knowledge. Neither can human brain presume to fathom the designs of Omnipotence. Reviewing the pages of history, we can see that the sword and the cross have been equally prominent in the early conquest of this continent. The followers of each have labored to subjugate in their diametrically opposite ways. We can see that the wielders of the sword have failed and the flags they followed have disappeared from the territory over which they flaunted in the wind. We can also see that the humble, prayerful bearers of the cross, following the teachings of their Master, seeking not for themselves, but trying to save the souls of men, have gloriously triumphed and the religion they taught is firmly established.

Carping critics may find much to condemn, but they are destroyers rather than constructors. They seek to demolish, but erect nothing. In their great eagerness for notoriety they condemn, but can offer no better substitute for that which they deride. And in a little time their several individual howlings are forgotten; their deeds are as ephemeral as the froth the sea waves toss and leave upon the shore.

Let us rather with clear minds and pure hearts strive to study the pages of history, on which the dried stains of human blood hide many words, that we may learn the deeper lessons the annals of human endeavor teach. Let us, seeing the pits into which others, blinded by the passions of the time and seeing not, stumbled in, so shape our course that we may avoid the mistakes they made and, by noting the trail marks leading to the clear mountain tops that others have

"blazed," seek the purer air and more expansive views from the heights of human achievement. May we not learn from the perusal of the story of Spanish conquest that the banner of the sword, of military aggression, leads to destruction and that the banner of the cross, of human love and helpfulness, leads to peace and life? The human father oftentimes permits his sons to commit foolish acts that they may the better see the evil of them. So may not our Divine Father permit the cruelties of His children that mankind may learn the consequences of their acts and grow into nobler, better men?

The bloody deeds of the Spanish conquerors were confined more especially to Mexico and Peru. In time the wild sanguinary revel brought satiety and its own cure. The devastating forest fire finally exhausts itself and leaves but a mass of ashes where stately trees had stood. But those ashes enrich the soil for another cycle of plant growth. In some of our pines fierce fires are the only means by which the tightly clasped scales of the cones are relaxed to liberate the seeds of a new growth. So the fierce era of devastation was succeeded in Mexico by a milder government, and under that the settlement of our state began. There is probably no other section of the world in which civilization was introduced at the cost of so little human blood.

The Spanish Government was actuated by two motives in urging upon the authorities in Mexico the exploration and settlement of the Californias.

When Balboa, descending from the heights of Darien, took possession of the great South Sea, as he called the Pacific, he also took possession for his sovereigns of all the shores and islands it washed. Magellan had sailed along the coast of South America and through the strait that bears his name and entered the great South Sea. Crossing it he discovered

the Philippines and there lost his life, though his vessel was navigated by the surviving crew back to Spain around the Cape of Good Hope—the first to circumnavigate the earth. A commerce across that great South Sea had sprung up between the Spanish colonies on the far-distant sides of the Pacific. The richly laden galleons were tempting prizes for English freebooters like Drake, Cavendish, and others. Cavendish returning to England in September, 1588, publicly announced there: "I have navigated along the coasts of Chili, Peru, and New Spain, where I made great spoils. I burned and sunk nineteen sail ships, small and great. All the villages and towns that ever I landed at, I burned and spoiled." Incidentally it may be noted that for such deeds those daring navigators were knighted and given preferment. Perhaps all the deeds of blood of that period may not be justly charged against Spain.

These English pirates made use of ports in Lower California, in unsettled and unprotected Spanish territory, as harbors of refuge in their attacks on Spanish commerce.

We must remember that at that period all vessels were propelled by sail, and such ships, small of size and oftentimes poorly constructed, were at the mercy of unknown wind currents over uncharted seas. All fresh water had to be carried in barrels and in long voyages many times became so impure as to be undrinkable. The lack of green vegetables (and there were no canned ones in those days) led to the dreaded scurvy among the crews of all ships. In the instance of one exploring vessel which entered San Diego Bay for the first time there were not enough men on board free from the dread disease to lower a rowboat that the sufferers might be carried to the shore. That the demands of ships for water and fresh food might be met, led to the earlier attempts at colonization in Lower Cali-

fornia in order that depots of supplies for the Philippine galleons might be provided. The needs of that commerce made settlements to the northward imperative. Here we have one great cause for the exploration and settlement of what has now become our state.

When other nations began the exploration of the Pacific Ocean and its shores, Spain realized that she could maintain her territorial claims only by settlement. The navigators of her hated rival, England, were seeking the northwest passage around North America, which all believed to exist and the finding of which would have given England dominion of the North Pacific. Russia had carried her domain across Asia, and indeed had established settlements on the mainland of America. From there she was sending her fur hunters farther and farther south into the domain claimed by Spain through discovery, but not held by settlement. Thus we have the second cause for the establishment of Spanish settlements in our state.

Only fifty years after Columbus had sighted America the Spanish explorer Cabrillo had entered our bay of San Diego, which he called San Miguel. Sixty years later the Indians of Southern California, recalling the traditions of their fathers, sighted another birdlike apparition appearing on the western ocean and Viscaino sailed into the bay to which he gave the name San Diego.

Cabrillo discovered Monterey Bay Nov. 17, 1542, but did not land on account of the heavy surf. The first Spaniards to set foot on the shores of Monterey Bay were those of the Viscaino expedition. In December, 1602, the Carmelite Fathers on his ship celebrated Mass under an oak tree on the shore of Monterey Bay, for the first time in our California.

It may interest some of our friends who trace their ancestry

to old New England stock to recall that their Cape Cod was discovered only six months earlier than our Monterey and that their Pilgrim ancestors did not land in America until eighteen years after that first Mass in California. But it was not until one hundred and sixty-seven years later that the causes which have been referred to led to a determined movement to colonize our state.

For two hundred years efforts had been made to establish permanent colonies on the peninsula of Lower California, which has been fittingly called by one writer "The Mother of California." The futility of establishing colonies under the rule of the soldiers had been proven in those Lower California experiments. A few poor Missions existed, but the natives had been corrupted by the soldiery in many places, so the Missions were little more than names. A few natives possessed herds, and some agricultural development had been carried on in some places. In travelling in that little known part of the world I have seen the remnants of dams for the impounding of water for irrigation built by those first settlers, and also traces of the ditches through which the vivifying liquid was carried to wake to fruitful life the dry plains of an almost desert section.

Orders had come from Spain to Don José de Galvez, visitador general in Mexico, to fit out expeditions to colonize San Diego and Monterey and other points in what became known as Alta California and which has become our state. Two expeditions by sea and two by land were sent to accomplish the purpose, and the friars of the Order of St. Francis were given the work of converting the Indians and introducing the arts of civilization. Of course military Spain and Mexico could not overlook the soldiery, and officers and men in leather jackets were sent to protect the missionaries, but in reality

made trouble for them in their dealings with the Indians. Later on it was found expedient to remove the Mission at Monterey to the mouth of the Carmelo River in order that the converts might be removed from the example and the practice of lazy, vicious soldiers. The great value of soldiers as a protection against any attacks from Indians on the Missions is shown by the fact that usually a lieutenant and one, and in some cases two, privates were detailed as a guard for the good Fathers in case several hundred Indians should wish to do them harm. At Dolores as well as in other Missions these valiant military protectors were quartered in distant buildings, and the Indians, had they been disposed, might have killed the priests and left the neighborhood of the Mission before the slothful soldiers were awakened from their cigarette induced siestas.

The two land expeditions visited some of the Missions of Lower California and took from their herds cattle for the food of the soldiers and colonists, as well as all church ornaments that might be spared from the meagre store of those poor isolated peninsular Missions. Indeed the period of economy seems to have come on Mexico, and California was to be settled not at the expense of the national coffers, but by levies on the supplies of the Missions and from the diversion of the Pious Fund, collected for the sole use of the missionaries in extending the work of converting the Indians, to the payment of useless soldiers. So our state owes its first settlement not so much to the valor of Spanish arms as to the patient, unpaid, and hard-working priests. If the good Fathers could have been permitted to have brought with them stuffed effigies of Spanish soldiers which would not have eaten their small stores and would not have interfered with their work, the lot of the priests would have been much easier and the expense would have been greatly lessened. The Spanish sol-

diery in California was about as useful as a job lot of Kentucky colonels.

It is difficult for us to realize the privations of those good Fathers who resigned the ease of the European cloister and gladly came to California that they might save souls of Indians by the sunset sea. We hear much in modern times about the wealth and luxury of the California Missions. The English explorer George Vancouver, who visited our port in 1792 and was a guest at Dolores, Santa Clara, and other Missions, tells in his story of the voyage that he gave the Fathers who had entertained him all the cooking utensils he could spare from his ship when he saw how little the good Fathers had of such things. Not only did this stranger to their country and their religion leave with them the things to make easier their physical lives, but he also gave them casks of wine that they might have it for sacramental purposes.

There is not time this afternoon to speak of the twenty-two Missions these Franciscans founded and maintained until Mexico, rebelling from Spain, deprived them of the fruits of their labors by the Act of Secularization and either drove them from the country or left the few scattered ones impoverished. At first the Missions were built of the crudest materials. As time permitted and the Indians had been instructed in the making of adobes, more solid structures were erected, a day's journey by horse from each other. Here, in such structures, those good Fathers toiled and sowed the seeds of better things and nobler aspirations in the Indians. It is difficult for us to appreciate the isolation of those cultured men, and perhaps no words have ever been written that are more pregnant of the feeling of aloofness from the world than those which Father Junipero Serra in 1700 wrote to his friend in Mexico. Writing from San Carlos, he said:

"As it is a whole year since I received any letter from a Christian country, Your Reverence may suppose in what want we are for news, but, for all that, I only ask when you can get an opportunity to inform me what the most Holy Father, the reigning Pope, is called, that I may put his name in the canon of the Mass; also to say if the canonization of the beatific Joseph Cupertino and Serifano Asculi has taken place; and if there is any other beatific one or Saint, in order that I may put them in the calendar and pray to them, we having, it would appear, taken our leave of all printed calendars. Tell me, also, if it is true that the Indians have killed Father Sala in Sonora, and how it happened, and if there are any other friends deceased, in order that I may commend them to God; with anything else that Your Reverence may think fit to communicate to a few poor hermits, separated from human society."

Those were the heart-racking words of one who was the most noted of teachers and lecturers in his old home, who had left behind all that humanity holds dear — popularity, family, ecclesiastical advancement, friends — all but his God, for whom he was laboring diligently in a new and strange land, teaching ignorant Indians the rudiments of industry and making of them something better than they had been, and so endearing himself to them that the precepts he inculcated and the example of his holy life were their guiding stars to salvation.

Despoiled of the money provided for their work through the Pious Fund; opposed, frequently, in that work by the soldiers sent to guard them; apparently abandoned and forgotten at their labor; surrounded by an idle and ignorant population native to the country, these good Fathers toiled and patiently suffered and rejoiced over each soul brought to salvation as a precious pearl gathered from the deep and dark recesses of the sea of paganism. How can we of this generation, surrounded by every convenience and luxury, in constant touch with friends in any part of the world by telephone and telegraph, with nothing to oppose us in any good work we may find it not too inconvenient to do, pay a sufficient tribute of praise to those worthy friars of St. Francis?

Long since have they lain down their precious lives, hallowed in the service of others. Years ago their half-starved bodies were placed in the grave beside those of the Indians whose souls they toiled to save. The simple civilization they founded has been trampled in the hurried rush of alien feet chasing after the wealth of the world. Their homes and churches were confiscated and sold by political schemers to adventurers. The sheltering roofs, where any wayfarer might find shelter without money and without price, have fallen in decay. A few crumbling walls of adobe mark the places where they toiled. Their lives and their dust have made sacred the land where they struggled to plant firmly the standard of the Cross. The soldiers, who lazily revelled, are also gone and are forgotten. Their swords have rusted into uselessness. Around where the old Missions stood, the farmer of to-day in ploughing turns up some rudely fashioned instrument of husbandry made by Indian hands and used by them in tilling the soil in those almost forgotten days of an earlier period of industry and happiness.

It has become a fad to be interested in our old Missions. A few have been "restored" out of all semblance to their simple beauty. Those who do these things are the worshippers of wood and stone and adobe. Far better to seek to restore the work done where those deserted altars lie. Far better to make each site a rallying place for continuing the work the good Padres began, until through all our land all men shall learn the simple lessons of Christian helpfulness and brotherly love.

The standard of Spain had been replaced by the emblem of Mexico. The years of Mexican supremacy had been dark ones for the Church in California. And yet its work and its influence were not entirely crushed by adversity. The tree

planted by the good Franciscans was buffeted and torn by tempests, but its roots were so firmly established that it resisted every storm of injustice and wrong. So when the United States took possession of the country, and by the Constitution of the newly formed state freedom of worship was guaranteed to all, the storm-racked and battered tree put forth new branches, and under the shade of its evergreen boughs tired wayfarers on the road of life may find rest and refreshment.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848 produced a new order of things in our state. Men of every creed and every walk of life hurried hither to seek the wealth which would make easier the hard struggle for existence. California of her abundance gave an impetus to the entire country from the effects of which it has not ceased to benefit.

Then also began a new era of usefulness for the Catholic Church. Again the monastic orders were of the greatest usefulness in providing a successor to Father Junipero Serra. New conditions were to be met and met in a different way. No longer was a Government to be the grudging almoner of those who went forth to labor at the foot of the Cross. The contributions of those who were Catholics were to extend the work of the Church. But that such work might be effective and the foundation might be broadly laid for future work of salvation and human usefulness a directing man of especial ability and fitness must be found. Under the direction of Father Serra, a Franciscan, the foundation had been laid. The erection of the superstructure of the Church called for great ability, forbearance, diplomacy. Many Catholics had come to California in the first gold rush, and these, seeing the inadequacy of the Church establishment, appealed for the appointment of a bishop who would have the ability and the authority to provide for the

spiritual needs of a rapidly increasing and heterogeneous population. The white-robed Order of St. Dominic provided a young Spaniard who had spent ten years in America, Joseph Sadoc Alemany, who came to San Francisco Dec. 7, 1850. What a strange city it must have seemed to that active young man who was to shape the destinies of a diocese larger than many European kingdoms. Every nation of the world was represented on the streets of the young bustling city of tents and board shacks, filled with men who had come far from their homes and the religious influences of established civilizations to make their fortunes and then return whence they had come. But what a manhood that was! Perhaps the world has never seen its equal. And there was a bluff hospitality and sturdy manliness that must have appealed to the young bishop.

Here let us pause a moment to consider how each denomination of Christians sent hither good, able, and earnest preachers. It remained for a later and more effete period to produce the revilers of religion and fashionable preachers. Those roughly dressed men recognized and valued true manly worth and courage. When the young man with the clear eye and honest handgrasp came among those men, he was tendered a public reception, and the little church of St. Francis, the only Catholic church in the city (for Mission Dolores was three miles away and almost a day's journey over the sand distant), could hold but a quarter of the throng who gathered to welcome him. Following the long-established American custom, there was an address of welcome, to which the bishop replied in words that went to the souls of his auditors. But in those days receptions were marked by more than words. It was necessary that journeys should be made to the distant mining camps and throughout the vast diocese. A purse of thirteen hundred and fifty dollars was there handed the bishop to defray

his travelling expenses in establishing churches in his broad diocese. We of the cities who have watched small congregations increase in size and statelier churches supersede hastily constructed smaller structures, which have been speedily too small for growing parishes, can have but an inadequate idea of the importance of the work carried out by Bishop Alemany. Not only were the spiritual needs of those in the cities looked after as rapidly as priests could be gathered from all parts of the world, but in the small mining communities the priest soon became a loved and revered friend, mingling with the crowds upon the long crooked street following the gulch in which the camp was located. Who can measure the good that was done by those earnest men! Soon rough board structures surmounted by a cross were landmarks in all the leading mining towns. The priest was busier with funerals than with weddings, for the hard toil and privations of those early mining days decimated the ranks of the living. I have in mind a little rough board church in an old mining town in the northern part of the state, even now far removed from routes of travel, around which is the burying ground, filled to overflowing. When the church was built and the cemetery consecrated, land that was not being mined was set aside for them. That soil, like all around it, was filled with the gold men sought. The gold lies there to-day, a metallic shroud for the mouldering bodies of those who wandered there in the long ago. So much gold is known to be in that cemetery that thousands of dollars have been offered for the privilege of mining within that cemetery fence. But be it said with praise that the bodies of those who rest there are safe from the shovel of greed. There they lie, where the priest said over them the last offices for the dead, and no money can buy nor influence induce the priest to permit the desecration of their sepulchre. We, in this

city, rich and powerful with acres of unoccupied lands, have been shocked at the attempts of unscrupulous real estate speculators to remove the bodies in our cemeteries that they may speculate upon the few blocks of land where rest the ashes of many of those who have made our city the metropolis it is.

The work of Bishop Alemany was greater than has been laid on the shoulders of any man in California since the days of his prototype Father Serra. Not only were parishes to be set off and churches erected, but every varied activity of Catholic charity must have its needs attended to. And the conditions under which this work must be done were arduous and peculiar. It seemed that all were calling for attention at once. In other dioceses these things have been matters of gradual growth. Population has increased slowly and each asylum, each charitable organization has grown up slowly and naturally from small beginnings. Here with great need, a quickly assembled multitude to be ministered to, with a constantly increasing demand for workers and an inadequate and far-distant supply of laborers, and with only the few remnants of the work done by the Franciscans which had escaped the era of church robbery, that had succeeded the secularization of the Missions and preceded his arrival, on which to build, and with scanty supplies of needed money for any work, the miracle is that he did so much and so well the work that made him honored and respected by all, whether Catholics or not.

The magnificent personality of the man drew to him faithful workers and the hearty assistance of all. The several religious Orders each took its place of greatest usefulness under his direction. In the basement of the cathedral a school was established that grew into St. Mary's College. Father Nobili and a few of his Jesuit brethren established the little school

which has become the great University of Santa Clara, which has given to the state some of its ablest men in all walks of life. Among the remote sandhills, near what is now the corner of Market and Fifth streets, good Father Maraschi was laying the sturdy foundation of St. Ignatius University. Under the guidance of Bishop Alemany houses of Sisters were established, each to do its appointed work of charity, of mercy, of good.

Years did nothing to lighten the labors of the man who came here in the full active vitality of youth. The great diocese was reduced by the formation of others, but the growth of a large city, and others of little less need, whitened the dark locks of him who planned for the best interests of each. Thus for more than thirty years did he who came as bishop, and in less than four years was made archbishop, labor alone. His endurance of labor was noted by all, though age marked him with its insignia. Then his helper and friend came to lighten the load upon his willing shoulders and gradually to accustom himself to the heavy burden which he in turn has but recently laid aside. On Dec. 28, 1884, Archbishop Alemany resigned and retired from the world to a monastery in the land of his birth. Having faithfully labored in the heat of the day, he rested there in holy contemplation; again wearing the snowy habit of his order, he awaited the end of his useful and eventful life.

For more than thirty years did Archbishop Patrick W. Riordan round out, extend, and perfect the work his predecessor had begun in the wild days of California's early rush for gold. During his administration he saw many of the churches and institutions under his rule swiftly destroyed, and it was the crowning glory of his active lifework to plan for their restoration. When death laid icy fingers on his brow and

the tired brain and warm heart ceased their offices, through his labors the devastation of hours had been replaced by hard years of endeavor. He has left to his successor an important diocese with stately churches, hospitals, and asylums and all the magnificent and smoothly working machinery that means so much for the real and everlasting betterment of the community.

Through all the annals of the Church in California three great figures stand prominently forth—Father Junipero Serra, the founder of the Missions; Joseph Sadoc Alemany, the founder of the Diocese of San Francisco; Patrick W. Riordan, the developer and rebuildier. How different in personality each of these great men! How perfectly adapted for the work to be done by each was the one who was called to the labor! Can we not see in each that working of the Divine Father who has directed all for good? The names and the memories of these three who have done much for mankind in our state are revered not only by Catholics but by all for the great good they have done for all. California is fortunate in the vast number of able men who have given of their abilities for the good of the state and her people. Many of those have been professed Catholics, and there are none but have been strengthened in their good works and encouraged by the examples of their Catholic associates and co-workers.

As we look forward to the future of our state we cannot but see the great work that can be done by the Catholic Church. California has been prolific in inventions and achievements, in every activity of human endeavor, which have been useful to mankind and which have been the means of greatly developing industrial enterprises in all parts of the world. Since the Cross was first planted in California the

most important human changes and achievements the world has ever seen have taken place. During that period there has unrolled for mankind "a new heaven and a new earth." Everything points to great changes in the near future. The universal unrest and dissatisfaction with conditions, that have been the outgrowth of all the material changes of the world during those years, are but the handwriting on the wall that warns of changes important in the future. The embattled nations, led to ruin and death by the iron hand of selfishness, must, it would seem, convince those who suffered through the destruction wrought by the domination of the sword that there is nothing but death, sorrow, and widespread devastation for the world that marches behind the banner of military aggression. Under the banner of the Cross and through the thoughtful, efficient, and harmonious administration of the Catholic Church, teaching and practising that all men are human beings with souls requiring attention and instruction, shall the knotty problems of humanity be solved through the simple rule that "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

FREDERICKSBURG

**ADDRESS AT BANQUET OF VETERANS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE,
ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG**

BY JOHN G. COYLE, M.D.

FIFTY years from Fredericksburg! The red tide of fratricidal strife has long since receded, the blood-stained story of the Great Civil War has been bound up for the judgment of history, the darkness and horror of those years of imperiled union have been succeeded by glorious peace, a perfect union, and an unexampled prosperity.

But through the haze of the lengthening years memory throws the beams of illumination. Five decades have passed since Dec. 13, 1862, but by universal consent the fight of the Irish Brigade at Fredericksburg stands out as one of the unforgettable incidents of the war, a tragic and glorious episode in American history.

The Union troops were under the chief command of Burnside. An attempt to cross the Rappahannock by pontoon bridges, to be built under protecting shell fire, failed. Volunteers in open rowboats bravely crossed the river under withering fire, attacked, and drove out the Confederate guards, and the Union Army then built the bridges.

Three grand divisions prepared to attack the Confederates, Franklin at the left, Hooker at the centre, and Sumner on the right. The battle front was several miles in length. The morning of the thirteenth was foggy, and firing in the fog was

wild and aimless, but a general firing began, with sharp engagements between the Confederates and Franklin's division. Towards noon the fog lifted and the tragedy of Fredericksburg began.

At the centre, commanding Fredericksburg, now occupied by the Union troops, were Marye's Heights, on the crest of which were between fifty and one hundred guns under Colonel Walton. These guns commanded the city of Fredericksburg and also the approach to the Heights. Below the Heights, near the foot of the hill, was a stone wall, behind which were posted many guns and a heavy force of Confederates under the chief command of Longstreet. In front of the stone wall were ordinary fences, protected by earthworks and defended by Confederate soldiers.

To drive the Confederates out of their secure position on Marye's Heights seemed to Burnside the need of the day. Shortly after the noon hour General French's division, comprising three brigades, numbering thirteen regiments, moved forward against the approach to Marye's Heights. The road was narrow, and as the troops marched to the front they were subjected to a double fire, from the guns upon the Heights and from flanking artillery. As they came into sight of the fences and earthworks they were likewise subjected to a terrific fire from the Confederates posted in a sunken road.

The result of this murderous fire was that General French's division was forced back in a very short time, with the loss of nearly half of its numbers. Hancock's division was then ordered forward, with the remnants of French's troops. General Hancock had three brigades, comprising seventeen regiments. The second of these brigades was the Irish Brigade, composed of the 69th New York, the 88th New York, the 63d New York, the 28th Massachusetts, and the 116th Penn-

sylvania. The road was so narrow that but one brigade at a time could make the fighting against the Confederates behind the breastworks. Zook's Brigade attacked and was turned back, then the Irish Brigade moved forward.

General Meagher well knew that the attack that day was a desperate one. He well knew that Irish soldiers were in the Confederate lines behind the breastworks. He knew the difficulty of picking out dead men on a bloody and crowded death field. He plucked a sprig of boxwood and put it in his cap. The word was passed to follow suit. The men plucked the sprigs of green and placed them in their caps. The Catholic chaplains passed down the line to bless the men and give them conditional absolution. The first man that Father Willet, French-Canadian chaplain of the 69th, blessed was the Protestant colonel of the regiment, Robert Nugent.

Over the narrow bridge crossing the mill race passed the Irish Brigade under a withering fire. The battle line was formed after crossing. Two companies of the 69th under Captain James Saunders, totalling three officers and forty-six men, were ordered to deploy as skirmishers and to remain behind. The stone wall was about a quarter of a mile away. The field was littered with dead and dying. The men of Zook's Brigade had tried and failed. The Irish Brigade stood ready, and then it charged.

Forth belched the guns from behind the earthworks. The fire mowed down the Irishmen, but the thinned ranks closed up and the men went on. The artillery from the Heights swept the columns with heavy shot and shell. The guns behind the breastworks boomed their death hail, but on went the melting Irish columns. They gained the first fence and dashed madly forward with renewed speed and frenzy. They reached the second fence, from which the Confederates fled. The Irish

soldiers struck forward, few but daring, desperate in their naked courage, towards the stone wall. Then from every gun upon the Heights, from the reserves behind the stone wall, from the flankers in the road came an awful rain of fire, grape and canister, solid shot and shell, and the unceasing hail of the rifle balls. No human troops could stand it. The leaders staggered and fell. The men went down like grain in the wind. The advance was checked. It tottered, then broke — and the Irish Brigade had failed.

For hours the slaughter continued. The bodies of the slain were heaped upon the ground. General Howard's division, with fifteen regiments, came on and was driven back. Getty, with two brigades and eleven regiments, attacked and failed. Sturgis, with two brigades and eleven regiments, came to the assault, and, like all others, was beaten back. Behind the wall were the Confederate defenders. Above them were the commanding batteries on the Heights. Union troops were slaughtered hour after hour, and still General Burnside sent fresh regiments in. At nightfall General Humphries, with four thousand men, was sent to make a desperate bayonet charge. Bravely his men went forward, but near the stone wall they were met with the same awful fire, leaving one-third of their number on the field in fifteen minutes. When that last desperate attack had failed, General Burnside ceased the assault on the Heights outside of Fredericksburg.

The dead and wounded in front of the stone wall at Marye's Heights lay out on the field, under the stars, on the bleak December night. The men from many parts of America were one in death and danger. But those who were nearest to the wall, those who had gone the furthest forward to the foe, those who had given up and died at the last point that human courage could drive men to were the men of the Irish Brigade.

The figures of the losses tell the story of the amazing slaughter. The 69th Regiment, within whose walls we sit to-night, had 19 officers and 214 men on the day of the fight, of whom 3 officers and 46 men were not in the charge. Of the 16 officers who took part in the charge, every one was wounded or killed, while of the 168 men of the 69th, 112 were killed or wounded. The 63d New York had 17 officers and 145 men. The regiment lost 8 officers and 37 men. The 88th New York had 23 officers and 220 men, of whom 12 officers and 115 men were wounded or killed. The 28th Massachusetts had 16 officers and 400 men and lost 7 officers and 149 men. The 116th Pennsylvania had 17 officers and 230 men and lost 12 officers and 77 men. The Brigade, but a skeleton, at the beginning of the fight numbered 89 officers and 1,168 men in action, of whom 55 officers and 490 men were killed, wounded, or missing.

The Union loss was 13,771, the Confederates' but 5,400. Longstreet's men, who were defending the stone wall and the advance to the Heights, lost but 1,899 men. The attacking forces under Sumner and Hooker, the men who tried to capture the Heights, lost 9,042 men.

The Irish Brigade was led by the brilliant, intrepid, and eloquent Thomas Francis Meagher. The 69th was led by Colonel Nugent, who was wounded, his pistol shattered by a rifle ball which also entered his body. The green flag of the 69th was missing after the battle. This caused great anxiety, for the regiment had never lost a flag since it joined the Brigade. The day after the battle the color sergeant was found dead, sitting against a tree trunk. Near him lay the staff of the flag. Clasped to his breast was the green flag, and through its folds had gone the bullet that struck his heart.

Fifty years from Frederickburg! The survivors of the

Irish Brigade are with us, venerable reminders of a glorious past. Living they tell to us, even though they speak not a word, the story of the Irish Brigade. Their comrades speak to-night as truly as if in the flesh. From every silent grave, from every patriot's tomb, from the field at Fredericksburg, where friends, relatives, and countrymen died, comes the message of the men of Irish blood who have given of themselves to America. Their message is one of high devotion to purposed duty, of noble yielding of self for the common good, of unfaltering allegiance, and of unquestioning sacrifice for the preservation of civil and religious freedom.

CATHOLICISM AND PATRIOTISM

**"PRO DEO, PRO PATRIA" — FOR GOD AND COUNTRY —
THE MOTTO OF ALL AMERICAN CATHOLICS**

ADDRESS BY THE REV. JOHN J. FORD, S.J.

It is certain that a Christian must forgive, forgive always, forgive all, forgive everything. The religion which he professes, the Gospel which he venerates, the doctrine which he practises, the image of the crucified God whom he adores make forgiveness for him an absolute command, ever repeating to him, as they do: "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you."

Sublime religion of Christ, were there no other proof, this precept alone of the forgiveness of our enemies should suffice for all men to show thee divine! For only a divine religion could impose on our poor human hearts a sacrifice so excruciating as to love even the barbarian who wounds it in its most delicate and sensitive fibres.

We are Catholics, and on account of our religious profession we embrace without exception, and we practise without human respect, all the teachings of the Catholic Church. And for this, for this only, we are branded as enemies of our country by not a few of those who style themselves Christians and Americans.

Enemies of our country, we Catholics? This calumny is too serious, this insult is too great, this wound is too deep. To pardon those who thus outrage us we need all the strength of our faith and of grace divine.

This is not the first time, though, in the history of our country that we have been calumniated on this point. During the

Know-Nothing excitement which preceded the Civil War, Catholics were on all sides accused of being enemies of the Government and plotting its overthrow. On that occasion Rev. Dr. Charles Constantine Pise, the only priest ever to act as chaplain to the Congress of the United States, wrote in reply a beautiful poem entitled "The American Flag." Dr. Pise, walking down historic Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, happening to see the flag floating from the capitol, was inspired by the sight to compose the following poem, the sentiments of which, often felt though never so well expressed, voice the sentiments of every true Catholic, by birth or adoption American.

"They say I do not love thee,
Flag of my native land;
Whose meteor folds above me
To the free breeze expand,
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

"They say I would forsake thee,
Should some dark crisis lower;
That, recreant, I should make thee
Crouch to a foreign power;
Seduced by license ample,
On thee, best flag, to trample.

"They say that bolts of thunder,
Cast in the forge of Rome,
May rise and bring thee under,
Flag of my native home,
And with one blow dis sever
My heart from thee forever.

"False are the words they utter,
Ungenerous their brand;
And rash the oaths they mutter,
Flag of my native land;
Whilst still in hope above me,
Thou wavest — and I love thee!

"God is my love's first duty,
To whose eternal name
Be praise for all thy beauty,
Thy grandeur and thy fame;
But ever have I reckoned
Thine, native flag, my second.

"Woe to the foe or stranger
Whose sacrilegious hand,
Would touch thee or endanger
Flag of my native land.
Though some would fain discard thee,
Mine should be raised to guard thee.

"Then wave, thou first of banners,
And in thy gentle shade,
Beliefs, opinions, manners,
Promiscuously be laid;
And there all discord ended,
Our hearts and souls be blended.

"Stream on, stream on before us,
Thou labarum of light,
While in one generous chorus
Our vows to thee we plight;
Unfaithful to thee — never!
My native land forever!"

But let us forgive them and examine the question philosophically. Is Catholicity the enemy of our country? Can one be a good Catholic and a good American citizen?

Love is not only the most delicate and exquisite, but also the most necessary of the affections. For in whatever being there is a will, there must be love. Love, therefore, is found in God and love is found in man, but differently. To love is to wish some good to the object loved. God loves by giving all things their being, and infusing into them, as the Supreme Cause of all, the goodness which is the object of His love. Man loves by desiring, willing, and forcing himself to preserve and increase in the object beloved the good that moves

his will to love. Hence there can be no rectitude in our act of love unless the goodness of the object correspond or be proportionate thereto.

Consequently to love what is not good or worthy of our love, or to love what is worthy but more than it merits according to reason, is always a reprehensible act, an act not of true but of false love. False love, too, is that which contents itself with barren affections, however tender and ardent; with empty words, however high-sounding and magnificent. No, this is not love, but its counterfeit. For true love wishes the good, the real good, of the object loved and does all it can to procure it. To wish and procure for the object loved a fallacious, dishonest good, a good contrary to the law of God and reason, is, therefore, not to love truly. This would be hatred rather than love.

The true lover does not seek himself, but the object of his love, which he studies to benefit by all ways and means, by preserving for it the good it already possesses, and obtaining for it what it still lacks. For the true lover, far from stealing from the object beloved its treasures, far from impoverishing and draining it of his own advantage, generously shares with it what belongs to him and despoils himself to enrich it. For charity, or true love, is unselfish, says St. Paul, "seeketh not her own," aims at nothing, asks for nothing, longs after nothing but the real good of the object loved. From these characteristics of true love we can judge at first sight the difference between the real lover and the false.

To sum it up, true love is only the love of what is worthy of being loved. True love wishes the beloved only a reasonable and honest good, and it wishes it all the more intensely and abundantly as it sees the beloved more deserving. True love is not contented with mere affections or words, but throws

itself generously into deeds and does not consider its own interest, but that of the beloved. True love is giving, not getting.

To apply this idea of love to our country, who can doubt that our country is worthy, most worthy of our love? For from whatever point of view we regard our country, she offers us the sweetest and tenderest incentives to love. She is the blessed spot of our birth, she guards our cradle, our home, the dear scenes and pastimes of our childhood, the sad headstone under which repose the bones of our father and mother. She is the sweet bond of a family of brothers and sisters that speak the same language, follow the same customs, that share with their whole heart in our joys and our hopes. Our country is the sublime symbol of a nucleus of traditions, some joyful, some sorrowful, all most dear, that through vicissitudes of history have distinguished our people from all the other peoples and nations of the earth, stamping upon their brow a special character that shall never be effaced. Why not, then, love our country?

And when I say our country I do not mean necessarily the Government, or what is sometimes called the State. The State or Government is not necessarily our country, for the origin and destiny of the two are entirely different. The State or Government is not always the nation or the country or even part of it. For it may well happen, as in the case of France, Italy, Portugal, Mexico, and some of the South American Republics, that an overbearing oligarchy, styling itself the nation or the country, may make a mockery of it, drain it, and in the name of fatherland tyrannize over it and bring it to ruin. Now when such is the case, would you say that he who opposes such an oligarchy opposes his country? And yet this is what Catholics are accused of doing in those coun-

tries by the Freemasons and socialists who rule there despotically, and the charge is repeated by the Freemasons and socialists of this country, by the bigots and even by those so-called Catholics who have the unhappy tendency of believing anything and everything said against those who should be their own.

And may it not well happen, as it frequently did at Athens and Sparta, that a faction get into power and become tyrants of their country? An oligarchy, therefore, or a fraction of a State or Government as described, in itself and objectively taken, is wrongly confounded with country or fatherland. To bring it home to you I ask: Is the English Government in Ireland an Irishman's country? Now to call a Government in this sense a Catholic country because it tyrannizes over a great many Catholics, and to attribute to Catholics the acts of such villains, is to exemplify the idea of Talleyrand that speech was given us for the express purpose of deceiving.

Fatherland, as is clear from the etymology of the word, is the blessed cradle of those we call our fathers either because of commonalty of blood or because of that vast but not less noble commonalty of affections and traditions. Our country or fatherland in this meaning is most worthy, not only of our love, but of our very special love. For though our affection should take in all humanity, reason wishes that it should go out more intensely and fervently to those who are nearest to us and whom, besides universal brotherhood, stronger and holier reasons constrain us to love, amongst which no one can deny that in addition to commonalty of blood comes commonalty of fatherland.

Hence St. Augustine has said that we should love all men, but that our hand should go out solicitously to help those chiefly who share with us the closest ties. And St. Thomas

has laid it down as a maxim that by the law of charity we should love those most who are most closely united to us, not only because the affection of our heart naturally goes out more intensely to such than to others, but also because for a greater number of titles they are deserving of our love according to the various ways in which they are bound to us in particular friendships. And investigating with his usual insight the relation of these friendships to supernatural charity which elevates us even to God Himself, the Angelic Doctor observes that all honest friendships are ordained, as to their end, to that Supreme Good on which charity is founded, and that accordingly from charity proceed the acts of each one of them. Thus by no less an authority than the prince of Catholic scholars is sane patriotism made to depend on the very love wherewith we love God — thus is the love of our earthly country linked to the love of our heavenly.

But we have no need of any special authority. Let all the peoples of the earth come forward, and they will tell with what veneration the love of country has always been preserved amongst them, they will tell to what magic poetry, to what generous resolves, to what sublime enthusiasm, to what heroic sacrifices the sweet love of their native land has at all times given birth. Even the savage dweller of the woods, after wandering long in search of prey, gladly returns to his own dear den; and on the summit of the steep mountains, amid perpetual snows and the horror of precipitous caverns, the shepherd leads more joyful days under the roof of his native hut than in the midst of the comforts of a wealthy city. For men do not count it a misfortune to have a poor and despised country, but to have none at all; and he who has a country, whatever it may be, naturally loves it, defends it, and prefers it to the choicest spot on earth. As the poet sings:

"On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamchatka's plains,
In pale Siberia's desolate domain; . . .
O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods,
In California's pathless world of woods;
'Round Andes' heights, where Winter, from his throne
Looks down in scorn upon the Summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where Spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink,
'Midst weeping willows on Euphrates' brink,
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,
Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves; . . .
Man through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest!"

Nor has the holy religion of Christ come to condemn or suffocate this natural sentiment of the human heart. This religion, on the contrary, has purified it, sanctified it, elevated it, grafting it on to the celestial affections of charity. How many saints of Christendom have left inimitable examples of love for their country, thus meriting in the sacred solemnities of the Liturgy, in the hymns of the Church, and the canticles of the Divine Office to be invoked as fathers and mothers of their country.

Above all unspeakably sublime is the example of the Saint of Saints, of the Divine Founder of the Church, Christ Jesus. The Gospel represents Him with sorrowful look contemplating the city of Jerusalem — Jerusalem, the royal city of David, His forefather according to the flesh, Jerusalem — the holy city of His people and nation, Jerusalem — His own city. It represents Him weeping bitter tears over the future ruins of

Jerusalem, "seeing the city He wept over it." They are the prophesied ruins of His own dear country.

And after the example of the Master, the Apostle St. Paul makes public profession of his patriotism, protesting that he is second to none in prizing his nationality and the nobility of his race. Hence we hear him warmly repeat: "They are Hebrews: so am I. They are Israelites: so am I." And on another occasion he proudly announced that he was a Roman citizen by birthright.

It is but natural and just, then, that we should love our country, especially when it is so grand and beautiful as our own America.

America — I mean our own United States with its possessions — is the heir of grandeurs and glories all its own, grandeurs and glories military and civil, political and religious, artistic and scientific; America is the land of promise opened by a beneficent Providence to the oppressed of the nations; America is the garden of the new world. So liberally, in fact, has God scattered His blessings here that they have beautified the heavens, fertilized the soil, lent enchantment to the hills and mountains, to the valleys and the lakes and the streams. America from one end to the other of her long and broad and free domain is covered with wonders of all kinds. To America may be well applied, the few necessary changes being made, the words of John of Gaunt in "Richard the Second":

"This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set twixt the silver seas,
Which serve it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, America."

Why, then, should we not love our glorious country? We certainly do love our country with our whole heart, but we try to love it as it is proper for those to love an earthly country who look forward to a heavenly country, always mindful that we have not here a lasting city. We can be true Catholics and true Americans, secure that nothing of what we should love and defend with all the strength of our souls as the patrimony of our Mother, the Catholic Church, can ever harm this other mother of ours—our country—not the doctrine of the Church, not her precepts or her counsels or her hierarchy. For as Leo XIII, in his famous encyclical "On the Chief Duties of Christians as Citizens," said, "the supernatural love of the Church and the natural love of country are twin loves, daughters of the same eternal principle, God Himself being their sole author and originating Cause."

True, it is the teaching of the Catholic or Universal Church that her children should love all men without distinction of country, speech, nationality, or customs, because they are all the image of God, created by God, redeemed by God, and all form one great family of brothers and sisters. Hence no reason could ever justify hatred of his fellow-man by a Christian, so much so that we are commanded to love even our enemies, to do good to those who persecute and calumniate us. And Christ, our Founder, gave a splendid example of this on the Cross when He prayed to the Eternal Father for those that put Him to death. Such is the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Have you ever, perchance, found it contrary to the love we owe our country? Surely not; for this Catholic principle of universal or cosmopolitan charity does not hinder us in any way from bearing in our hearts a particular love to our own country and to our fellow-citizens.

They will say, perhaps, that many of the laws and precepts

of the Church are often in open contradiction to those of country. This is not so in our case. But should it ever happen that an ecclesiastical law did contradict a national law, reason enlightened by faith should infer that the law of secular power is against the rights of God and opposed to our conscience. In that case ought we not follow the command of Christ: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's"? And ought we not "obey God rather than men"? Or can a law opposed to God and our conscience bring anything but harm to our country? In such a case, therefore, the ecclesiastical law, far from being contrary, would be favorable to the love of our country. And hence Leo XIII could frankly proclaim that "there are no better friends of their country than true Catholics."

Nor are the counsels of the Catholic Church, sacerdotal celibacy, for instance, virginity, and claustral poverty and obedience, an impediment to the love of our country. These counsels were given by Jesus Christ and they are recorded in His Holy Gospel, and through the practice of them the Catholic Church is holy with a holiness not rarely heroic, and always admirable, and fruitful in innumerable advantages to the State itself. But the idolaters of the State rise up and falsely accuse Catholics on this account of all sorts of crimes, and among them lack of patriotism.

Scoundrels! Yes, you, who have no faith in anything but wealth and pleasure; you, "whose god is your belly"; you, who by calumniating pure men and women do but give to the world a filthy photograph of your own filthy mind; you, who unless you change your ways shall lie howling when the chaste nuns you slander are ministering angels in heaven as they are now on earth; yes, you can well afford to lie about your neighbor as you do. But do you imagine for a moment that

you love your country? You do not love it. For you hate your neighbor, even though he be a fellow-citizen, hate him with a detestable, shameful passion unworthy of Christians, nay even of civilized and cultured men and noble minds. You hate your neighbor, and therefore you do not love God. For "if any man say, 'I love God,' and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God, whom he seeth not"? You do not love God, and therefore you do not love your country truly.

If you only knew the Catholic Church and her priests and sisters as they are in the Eternal Mind of God and in the lofty minds of many of their fellow-citizens, and not as they are in the small camera of your own little minds, you would surely think, and you might talk, differently. But such a vision, blind ones, is hidden from your eyes and most likely always will be, till you meet the good men and women you have so often maligned here below before the judgment seat of that just God they are striving to love and serve so well.

Every type of human need has called forth a generous response in the souls of these noble, disinterested men and women. They have undertaken the education and alleviation of all classes of society without distinction of creed. The very deaf mutes have their own congregation of teachers; the aged, the orphans, the foundlings, the sinful, the wayward, the insane, the sick, all have their ministering angels sent to them in human form by God. No part of our vast possessions is too remote, no hardships can intimidate, persecution has no deterring power, the martyr's crown for the faith or for charity or country is eagerly coveted, no sacrifice can be too great for these lovers of the Crucified. It may be the slow martyrdom of a class-room, it may be the care of thankless erring ones fretting against the restraint of salutary rule, it

may be the often dangerous attendance on the sick, it may be the daily contact with untutored savages, it may be the climate of the Philippines or Porto Rico or Hawaii or Alaska; what would deter a worldling does but whet the desire of Christ's true followers, for whom to live is Christ and to die is gain. What would America have been without these real heroes and heroines?

Nor is the hierarchy of the Catholic Church any obstacle to the true love of our country — that venerable hierarchy through which all peoples, all nations, all tongues are united from pole to pole in one profession of faith, one rule of conduct, one cordial obedience. One only is the head, the Supreme Pontiff, who sits at Rome upon the Chair of Peter, and from him as from the heart of the Church through the bishops, as through so many arteries wisely interlaced and arranged, there flows to all the members, even the last and least, the vivifying blood of grace and faith and hope and charity. Is the smallest member of this mystical body in sorrow? The Head suddenly feels it and goes out to that member in sympathy. Is the Head in sorrow? The whole body and each member grieve with him. Oh hierarchy of the Catholic Church, how I admire thee! How sublime thou art! Truly art thou the work of infinite wisdom, power, and love!

But there exist in the world mean persons, persons who would slink back to their tribe and never strive to rise to the dignity of being contemptible, persons who are incapable of understanding, much less of loving, what is truly beautiful with a beauty supernatural and divine. Such rush like mad dogs upon the Catholic hierarchy, imagining they see in it the most formidable enemy of patriotism. But their fancy and their prejudice and their bigotry blind them. For the obedience of Catholics of whatever race or country to the Roman

Pontiff, inasmuch as he is the Vicar of Christ, the Supreme Teacher of faith and morals, regards souls and the spiritual interests of souls, which are above every earthly consideration of race, nationality, kingdom, republic, and empire. This obedience, therefore, is altogether different from that which the people of every country owe their temporal rulers in licit matters, civil and political.

How, then, could this kind of obedience be ever hindered or weakened by obedience to the Pope? In one case only could this happen, and that is when the secular power would command a thing against one's conscience. But in this case all matter of obedience by the very nature of the things would cease. For there could be no law then, since the first condition of a law is that it be just, that it do not violate liberty, that it be not oppressive of right nor opposed to moral and religious duties.

The Pope is a sovereign also, a true sovereign, the sovereign of all peoples, the Father of all, and the authority he exercises is supernational, supermundane, supernatural. The Pope is no foreign prince. He is no alien. He is the Vicar of Christ, who is over and of all nationalities and countries yesterday and to-day and forever, and in this sense not only are all Catholics, whatever their race, children of the Pope, but they are also Romans like the Pope, who, to whatever nationality he may belong personally, is always the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter.

The Church does not, therefore, in any way oppose true patriotism, and he who says she does utters a barefaced lie. There is a false patriotism, and this she does and always will oppose. This kind of patriotism wishes to one's country an inordinate and fallacious good, and it is treachery. Or it does not wish in reality any good to it, but contents itself with

empty words, and it is hypocrisy; or under the pretext of love of country it seeks the satisfaction of its own ambitions, and then it is egotism. Whether egotism or hypocrisy or treachery, whichever of those three it may be, it is a crime against one's country and not true love thereof.

Whatever our calumniators may say, the true history of our country, whether written by Catholic or non-Catholic, attests that we have been second to none in the love of our country.

Catholics disloyal to America? No! by those of our forefathers in the faith who fought in the forefront at Bunker Hill and Lundy's Lane and Fredericksburg. No! by those other generous souls who were the first to raise both voice and pen against the greatest enemy our flag has yet known — socialism! No! by the noble sentiments that beat in the bosoms of millions of Catholics here and make them ready at a moment's call from their country to lift up sword or voice or pen in her defence! Those sentiments have all been enshrined by one of our number — James Riley — in the following poem, the finest poem ever written on the American flag.

"That ocean-guarded flag of light, forever may it fly!
It flashed o'er Monmouth's bloody fight and lit McHenry's sky;
It bears upon its fold of flame to earth's remotest wave
The name of men whose deeds of fame shall e'er inspire the brave.

"Timbers have crashed and guns have pealed beneath its radiant glow,
But never did that ensign yield its honor to the foe!
Its fame shall march with martial tread down ages yet to be,
To guard those stars that never paled in fight on land or sea.

"Its stripes of red eternal dyed with heart-streams of all lands;
Its white, the snow-capped hills that hide in storm their upraised hands;
Its blue, the ocean waves that beat round freedom's circle shore;
Its stars, the print of angel's feet that burn forever more!"

THE CATHOLIC AMERICAN AND THE ANTI-CATHOLIC CRUSADE

ADDRESS BY JOHN G. COYLE, M.D.

UNFORTUNATELY for the peace of American communities a flood of religious bigotry directed against the Catholics of the country has again been loosed. These outbreaks are periodic. On each occasion when the fanatic furor is subsiding both the Catholics and the large majority of the unbigoted non-Catholics, who equally decry such anti-Catholic attacks, comfortably believe that the last has been seen of such un-American religious animosities and that permanent freedom from such controversies has been assured by the quieting down of the blaze.

But experience shows that in twenty years or less a new anti-Catholic movement will arise, during which will be revived all the old anti-Catholic slanders and assaults against the Catholic Church and its priests and against the business or political fortunes of Catholics, and revived with an intensity and a fervor as great as anything that has been shown in preceding years.

We should study the history of these anti-Catholic movements, including the present one, and while we take such necessary measures to put an end to this as may be required, we should strive to make such permanent additions to the knowledge of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens as will tend to prevent future outbreaks or lessen the intensity of those that cannot be prevented.

First of all, sensible people will admit that the Catholics are here in such numbers, and possessed of such rights under our constitutional guarantees, that they cannot be expelled for their religious beliefs, hence the country must put up with them. The great majority of the Catholics are citizens and possessed of equal rights with other citizens to protection of life and property, against discriminations forbidden by explicit statutes and constitutional declarations.

But do these Catholics rightfully belong here? Are they merely the invited guests of the non-Catholics, to be ousted at will or after a specified term of years? Have they intruded here and do they remain here because of the exercise of force on their part or because the non-Catholics are not strong enough, although willing, to expel them? Are these Catholics here in pursuance of any rights? When did they come, how did they come, and why are they now here?

Lands are occupied by right of discovery or by right of claim when abandoned and open to settlers. Territory is acquired, though not always rightfully, at times by conquest.

Examination of the facts of history reveals that Catholics were the white discoverers of this hemisphere. The epoch-making voyage of Columbus was under the patronage of a Catholic queen, financed by Catholics, and commanded by the zealous Catholic admiral, Columbus. Catholic monks and priests were in the Catholic crew. Columbus planted the Cross with the standard of Castile on the soil of this Western Hemisphere, and Catholic worship was celebrated here long before any other white men had here praised Almighty God.

The numerous explorers who followed in his wake were Catholics. The Cabots, who explored the New England coasts; De Leon, who found Florida; Balboa, who reached the Pacific; Champlain, who found the great Canadian lakes and

rivers; Verrazzano, who saw the lordly stream eighty-five years before Henry Hudson, whose name it bears; De Soto, Joliet, Marquette, Cartier, and hosts of others who explored or colonized North America were Catholics.

Catholics came into the present territories of the United States of America as white discoverers and settlers. They acquired land by discovery, by purchase, and at times by conquest. Their treatment of the aboriginal inhabitants, the Indians, was far more generous and just and Christian than was that of the majority of the non-Catholic settlements. The French and the Spanish lived at peace with the Indians, intermarried with them, and undertook precisely the solution of the "Indian question" that Thomas Jefferson when President declared to the Indian chiefs would be our national policy, namely, to protect, preserve, and civilize the Indian and with him as a component part develop an American race.

During the colonial development of this country Catholics were not desired in most of the colonies. The so-called Reformation had broken out in Europe. Individual creeds were springing up. The new sects were persecuting each other, but they united in persecuting the Catholics. Maryland, founded by Catholics, gave religious toleration to all Christians, as did New York under its Catholic governor, Thomas Dongan, during his brief term of five years, which was ended by the outcome of the English Revolution, the accession of William III and the proscription of Catholicism.

Pennsylvania gave religious toleration, so did Rhode Island, but elsewhere, and in Maryland when Protestants had control Catholicism was not wanted. In fact Mass could be publicly celebrated nowhere in the colonies during the greater part of the eighteenth century except in Pennsylvania. Private celebration was permitted in Maryland, but even there the Catholic

could be fined one hundred dollars for not attending the Church of England service. Nowhere in the thirteen colonies could a Catholic hold office. In most of the colonies during the reign of Anne and the Georges there was "toleration for all religions except the Papist." Priests were forbidden by law to enter the colonies of Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia.

The Continental Congress in 1774 declared that "the act establishing the Roman Catholic religion in the province of Quebec" was one of the "INFRINGEMENTS AND VIOLATIONS OF THE RIGHTS OF THE [AMERICAN] COLONISTS" and that the repeal of it was essentially necessary to "restore harmony between Great Britain and the American colonies."

The Continental Congress in 1775 gave to the world its apology for revolution in its "Declaration of the Causes and the Necessity of Taking up Arms." In this solemn statement Congress described the establishment of the Catholic religion and a new government in Quebec as "erecting in a neighboring province a despotism dangerous to our very existence."

Catholics were numerically few at the time of the Revolution in consequence of these oppressive conditions. Yet they had entered the country as settlers of their free will, unobjected to, though denied the right of worship and debarred from public office. Some had come sold as slaves under Cromwell's rigorous persecution and exile of the Irish Catholics. Some had come as bond-servants, spending years in service to acquire freedom. Their work in redeeming the wilderness was useful, their services in defence of the colonies were accepted. They were doing all that other colonists did to upbuild, protect, and defend the country.

When the American colonists went forth to Revolution, their cry was "No taxation without representation." Yet

what they demanded for themselves they denied the Catholic. He was taxed and could neither hold office nor vote for officers. It is noteworthy, therefore, that the Catholics who joined the Revolutionary cause were fighting for liberties in which they had no share. They were battling for rights that non-Catholics demanded for themselves and denied to Catholics.

The services of the Catholics were brilliant and enduring. John Barry commanded the best ship and in time the entire Continental navy; Stephen Moylan commanded cavalry; the Catholic Poles, Kosciusko and Pulaski, came thousands of miles to help Americans win political freedom; Fitzgerald, secretary to Washington; Lafayette from Catholic France; the Catholic regiments called "Congress' Own," with Thomas Fitz Simons, Father John Carroll, Charles Carroll, and other men in public life and on or off the fields of battle aided the American colonists.

The Catholic King of France went to war with Great Britain in aid of America. He sent five fleets, more than thirty thousand men, arms and ammunition, and millions of money to aid the cause. The Catholic clergy of France lent their King six million dollars to help this war, which loan was never repaid, owing to the French Revolution. Cornwallis surrendered to the combined forces of the Americans and the French. The Catholic King of Spain joined the war to make America free and harried Great Britain on the seas. Every historian of the Revolution declares that without the aid of France American success would have been impossible.

Out of the Revolution came a new nation. But the hatreds founded upon religious differences were slow in dying. The constitutions of the States were written during the Revolution. All, of course, were formulated after independence had been declared. The war had been in progress for fifteen months

before the colonies declared themselves free and independent. Despite the record of Catholic service, despite the assistance sought from Catholic countries, the old anti-Catholic feeling showed in the State constitutions.

Connecticut, Massachusetts, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Maryland, New Jersey, and New Hampshire either debarred Catholics from office or taxed them for support of Protestant ministers. New York adopted a naturalization oath no Catholic could take. None but Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and Rhode Island gave the Catholic equal rights with all other white citizens.

Prejudices were slowly removed, but American sentiment pierced the darkness of intolerance and ancient feuds. The sufferings and sacrifices of all patriots had drawn men of all religious beliefs nearer together as Americans with a common destiny in the development of the nation. Georgia admitted the Catholic to office in 1789; South Carolina in 1790; New York struck out its offensive oath in 1806; Connecticut admitted the Catholic to office and ceased taxing him for Congregational ministers' support in 1818; Massachusetts gave him equal rights in 1821; North Carolina allowed him to hold office in 1836; New Jersey removed the bars against the Catholic in 1844, but it took until 1876 before New Hampshire would permit a Catholic to be a member of the legislature or to hold higher office.

The fear of popery gradually diminished. Even when religious grounds furnished legal debarments in various States by reason of their constitutions, the United States Constitution, more accurately reflecting the rising American sentiment, had decreed in the body of the instrument that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any public office or public trust under the United States." The incongruity of

a condition whereby a Catholic could be duly eligible to the office of President, Representative in Congress, Senator in Congress, United States Judge, Ambassador or Envoy of the United States, but could not be alderman in his city or legislator in his own State did not at first strike the American public. But a growing spirit of toleration and a confidence in the Americanism of all the citizens led the citizens with the voting power to remove the restrictions, gradually to be sure, but with inevitable certainty.

It is in the first amendment to the United States Constitution that Congress is forbidden to "establish" any religion or to "prohibit the free exercise" of a religion. While the language applied to Congress only and no attempt was made thereby to take away the restrictions then imposed by various State constitutions on Catholics, the Federal Constitution's first amendment testifies to a sense in the American people that Catholicism was not a despotism to be feared.

The Catholic faith developed in the States, slowly at first, then more speedily as Catholics became free. That the religion or the lives of its priests or religious might be in any way a danger to the American people seemed to be in no one's mind until the Irish immigration to the United States set in, during the middle third of the nineteenth century.

There had been Irish immigration from the earliest days of the colonies. It was largely Protestant Irish who came. The Catholics who came here, either as free immigrants or as slaves or redemptioners, had been largely swallowed up in their anti-Catholic surroundings, except in Maryland and Pennsylvania, where Catholic worship had been tolerated. But in the thirties of the last century began a tremendous wave of Irish Catholic immigration.

These people were miserably poor. Their forefathers had

been deprived of the right of office in Ireland, of the right of education, of the right of free worship for almost a century prior to 1790. A price had been set on the heads of their priests. The Catholics were treated almost as outlaws in the British realm of those days. They could follow no profession but medicine, no occupation but handling flax. They could not sue or be sued at law, could not own a horse worth over twenty-five dollars, could not inherit property, could not educate their children as Catholics, could not send their children out of the country to be educated. A Protestant could not hire a Catholic to teach school. And denied education, deprived of any means of livelihood, denied office, oppressed, hunted, and treated with the utmost contempt by a ruling minority, the Catholics had lived in Ireland, had held their faith, had sheltered and disguised their priests, had won back some of their rights, yet always had to pay for the support of a faith (the Anglican) in which they did not believe and for the support of ministers who were foisted upon Catholics for the express purpose of making Catholics pay for the ministers' keep.

These miserable Catholic Irish lived in the utmost squalor. They spoke Gaelic. Their English bore the marks of the English of Elizabeth's day, now called a brogue. The numbers, the ignorance, and the poverty of these Catholic Irish, who were, perforce, driven into the poorest quarters of the cities, not only made them objects of curiosity, of ridicule, and of contempt, but likewise brought their religion into an unfavorable light.

These exiles came to America, seeking freedom, opportunity, the chance to work for their sustenance, the immigrants' share in that liberty and opportunity heralded around the world as the shining jewel in the coronet of Columbia.

But they met hatred, contempt, and religious persecution.

They were derided as "foreigners." Sensational and malicious preachers, aided and abetted by Orangemen who had numerous lodges here, attacked the Catholic Irish. Their priests were ridiculed and aspersed. The houses of the religious communities, under a series of attacks against the Catholic Irish, were looked upon with suspicion as sheltering misdeeds. The fires of bigotry were suddenly lighted in Massachusetts. Rev. Lyman Beecher, father of Henry Ward Beecher, a man in the public eye, preached three times on Sunday, Aug. 10, 1834, denouncing Catholicism and attacking the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown as a place that ought to be destroyed. The very next day a mob, under cover of darkness, attacked the convent, set it on fire, and drove the nuns out of the convent. The children boarding there, some of whom were non-Catholics, were likewise forced to seek shelter where they might. One of the nuns died from the exposure and fright. The barn was burned, the tombs of the nuns were opened, their coffin plates were wrenched off, and the remains exposed to the winds.

For this infamous attack upon privacy, person, and property but one miscreant was convicted. Some of those acquitted subsequently confessed their participation. Similar outrages occurred in Philadelphia, where trouble had arisen because the Catholics wished their children in the public schools to be free from hearing a Protestant version of the Bible read to them. The cry of "No popery" was again raised. The Pope was pictured as a foreign adventurer ready to invade America or to seek control here by insidious means. He was called "anti-Christ." The Catholic Church was viciously attacked from every viewpoint. People who had little or no religious belief themselves suddenly joined the anti-Catholic crusade. They were stirred into frenzy by preachers, some of whom

were merely ignorant, others of whom sought sensational notoriety, and others yet deliberately contriving to bring about a religious war for various reasons, such as personal advancement, pecuniary profit through sale of books and pamphlets, and political preferment.

A wave of hysteria swept throughout a great part of the country. Like the man who did not know of what religion he was, but was very "sure he was not a Papist"; like the old Scotch woman who did not know what the covenant was, but "would die for it," there were thousands who were literally swept away from their moorings of reason about Catholic teachings or doctrines and joined this tremendous anti-Catholic movement. St. Michael's Church in Philadelphia was burned. St. Augustine's Church was burned. The crash of its falling walls, the smoke of its woodwork, the blaze of its altars, its paintings, and its draperies made a picture which was gleefully cheered by the bigots who danced around the perishing building. But suddenly the wind lifted the smoke. The walls were falling and the standing parts were black, but out from the smoke and darkness gleamed the letters on the wall near the altar, "The Lord Seeth."

It was an omen. The crowd felt the mystic message of those words. That wall did not fall. The words remained above the ruin and desolation of St. Augustine's. Yet public Catholic worship was suspended for a time in Philadelphia by the bishop's command. He feared for the safety of the people.

In the combined hysteria against foreigners and Romanism many of the best men in the country joined, men who years afterward were sincerely sorry for their participation. A Native American party was formed, whose principal tenet was to allow no foreigners, and particularly no Romanists, to hold public office. One of the Philadelphia mobs started for New

York to burn St. Patrick's Cathedral. But there were different-minded Catholics in New York from the Philadelphia non-resisters. They organized, under their great Bishop John Hughes; they tore up the streets near their cathedral; they secured arms; they made night watch and day watch in the churchyard and nearby streets; they announced that they would not depend upon the militia, who had miserably failed in Philadelphia, to protect Catholic property. The New York men said they would protect themselves.

When the Philadelphia church burners arrived and saw the preparations, they never advanced down the street that led to St. Patrick's. They went back very quietly to Philadelphia. They were brave enough against unarmed and non-resisting citizens, but it was a very different matter against determined men with arms in their hands.

For about ten years this great wave proceeded to batter against Catholic progress and to hinder Catholics in obtaining decent treatment throughout a large portion of the eastern territory of the United States. Then gradually the anti-Catholic movement subsided. The great Mexican War was fought, and many Catholics served nobly for their country against the Catholic Government of Mexico. One would think that an instance of this kind would forever satisfy non-Catholics that Catholics are loyal citizens, but periodically the slander against Catholics' loyalty can be revived and take a tremendous lease of life.

A few years after the war with Mexico another vigorous movement against Catholics sprang up. Immigrants of anti-Catholic spirit from Protestant parts of Germany and from Italy spread hatred of the Catholics. A papal legate visiting the country aroused suspicion as to his mission, merely because he chanced to come at a time when this new anti-Catholic

movement was beginning to sweep forward on a path of destruction. This prelate, Archbishop Bedini, was actually forced to remain in hiding to save his life and to depart secretly from the country. The new movement was called the Know-Nothing movement. It was the old Native American movement, but in a more virulent form.

The Know-Nothings were a secret society, bound by oaths. Their constitution was adopted on June 17, 1854. A member had to be twenty-one years of age, a believer in a Supreme Being, "a native-born citizen, a Protestant, born of Protestant parents, reared under Protestant influence, and not united in marriage to a Roman Catholic." The object was "to resist the insidious policy of the Church of Rome and other foreign influence against the institutions of our country, by placing in all offices in the gift of the people or by appointment none but native-born Protestant citizens."

The member had to promise that he would "not vote for nor give his influence for any man for any office, unless he be an American-born citizen, in favor of Americans ruling America, nor if he be a Roman Catholic." The member took an oath that if elected to any office he would "remove all foreigners and Roman Catholics from office, and in no case appoint such to office."

So great and so intense was this form of hysteria that many members afterward acknowledged that their feeling against Catholics had been so virulent, owing to the anti-Catholic teachings they had read and heard, that they actually believed that it was meritorious and altogether a patriotic act to destroy Catholics' property or to injure Catholics in business or even in personal assault.

Nothing better illustrates the danger of kindling religious feuds than these frankly made statements. Frenzy or exalta-

tion, under strong religious motives, may be one of the most powerful instruments for good in the world. Utilized for evil purposes, to set neighbor against neighbor and friend against friend, to cultivate bitterness and hatreds in a community, it can become one of the most destructive forces in the world.

What excuse, therefore, for the well-informed educated citizens who deliberately pander to such passions? What excuse for ministers to take a prostitute, like the so-called Maria Monk, write for her or arrange for her the book called *Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*, and put it before the public? What excuse for the well-known house of Harper Brothers to publish the book, using an assumed name for the purpose? These acts, all revealed in the unquenchable light of truth, all exposed by sincere Protestants who investigated the facts, or brought out in sworn testimony in court, when the men who had procured Maria Monk to lend her sanction to the alleged disclosures fell out over the profits — these acts show a malice, a diabolical perverseness, an enmity towards Catholicism of such intensity as to unfit the perpetrators for life among their fellow-citizens, who are ready to live in amity if freed from such seditious strife and passion-provoking appeals.

Many outrages against priests, churches, and convents were perpetrated by the Know-Nothings. Their political activities continued in the fifties, up to the Civil War. That great struggle put an end to such propaganda for the time.

All creeds met in the army. The Catholic priest marched with his regiment. At Fredericksburg Father Willett gave the 69th New York absolution before the charge against the stone wall of Marye's Heights. At Gettysburg Father Corby pronounced the absolution for the Irish Brigade before that gallant remnant went into the fight. At Camp Scott Archbishop Hughes confirmed four hundred men of the Corcoran Legion.

The Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of Charity nursed the wounded. The comradeship of the battlefield brought non-Catholics, nurtured in ignorance and hatred of Catholicism, face to face with its devotion to duty, however dangerous, with its men and its women, with the unquestioned patriotism of Catholic soldiers. Rosecrans, Thomas, Sheridan, Corcoran, Meagher, Shields, Guiney, and thousands of brave Catholic officers served the cause of Union as did unnumbered thousands of Catholic soldiers. The erstwhile Native Americans and Know-Nothings were often represented at the front by the despised foreigner and papist. One-sixth of the Union Army was composed of native-born Irishmen, and the Irish of 1861 to 1865 were almost exclusively Catholic. Thousands of German-born Catholics as well as Catholic men from British America and other lands fought for liberty and Union and the striking of the shackles from the black slave.

When peace came it seemed as if religious bigotry had perished with the fall of slavery and the darkness of the Civil War. Yet about twenty years after the end of the great war arose the American Protective Association, the well-known A. P. A. Again all the old charges against Catholics were renewed. The movement took organized form. Lodges were spread throughout the country. Catholics were this time politically proscribed. Their number and their influence were too great to permit of any such attacks as thirty to fifty years before. None dared to burn Catholic churches, none dared to assault defenceless women or to attack priests in person.

So the campaign took the form of speeches, circulars, secret communications, newspaper attacks, and the like. Despite all the history of the past, this movement obtained tremendous strength. The coming of the first papal delegate duly accredited to the United States hierarchy and priesthood of the

Catholic Church, Archbishop Satolli, added fresh fuel to the fire. This was alleged to be a move to make America a vassal of the Pope, in the language of the A. P. A. apostles. Catholics were actually defeated for office because of their Catholicity. A. P. A. mayors, governors, and other officials removed Catholics whenever possible. The Middle West was a hotbed of the vicious anti-Catholic propaganda. The A. P. A. boasted that two United States Senators, some thirty-five or more Congressmen, and about forty mayors of cities were members of the greatest anti-Catholic society since the days of the Know-Nothings.

But in time the A. P. A. died. The common sense of the American people returned. The wild and baseless rumors against Catholics, the alleged plans of Catholics to rise at a given signal and murder their Protestant neighbors — for that was one of the often repeated A. P. A. reasons why Protestants should “protect” themselves — gradually assumed their true proportions and a general religious peace seemed to have come for good. It seemed more certain now because there was a growing indifferentism among non-Catholics. There were evidences of disintegration of various Protestant creeds. Ministers were exchanging pulpits. A preacher whose creed declared that baptism was necessary for salvation could preach something — if not his gospel, something agreeable — in a church where the believers held that baptism was not necessary at all. The man who held that mere faith saved a believer’s soul could preach in a church where the congregation had been taught that faith without works was useless. The general breaking down of Protestant creeds seemed to indicate that Protestants would care little about what Catholics believed since the Protestants cared so little about what they themselves believed.

But suddenly the new anti-Catholic crusade appears. This time it is the Guardians of Liberty. Always in the sacred name of liberty do the bigots strive to prevent the guaranteed liberties of the Catholics. It is just the bigots' kind of liberty that the Guardians and others of that kind seek to fix as an American standard.

The Knights of Luther, the Junior Order of American Mechanics, and various other societies, many of them secret and others not ostensibly so, united, with vile publications such as the *Menace*, the *American Citizen*, the *Peril*, *Tom Watson's*, and others, to revive all the methods which have been so successful in the past in creating hatred and political and personal antagonism to Catholics. Even the *Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk* are reprinted by the *Menace*, as well as other well-known lies, perversions of the truth, and utterly false and often disproved accusations.

The existence now of a strong Catholic society, the Knights of Columbus, rich in money, strong in spirit, far-reaching in organization, and devoted in its Catholicity, causes the guns of the anti-Catholic un-American phalanx of bigotry to be turned against this Catholic society as well as against priests and prelates generally.

If there is one organization in the country that can take up such a challenge, it is the Knights of Columbus. Its members are typical of Catholic citizenship in general. They include rich and poor and the great middle class. They include some of the best minds in the country. They number in their ranks Americans of several generations. They are patriots to the core. They can play any game that the bigots try, although they will never stoop to the deliberate invention and spread of falsehoods tending to injure their non-Catholic neighbors and fellow-citizens.

There is no doubt whatever of the issue of the present anti-Catholic crusade. It will fall, and ignominiously fall, before the quiet judgment of the American people. The methods of attack are the methods of deliberate falsehood. The Knights of Columbus, for example, has as its fourth degree teaching the necessity and virtue of patriotism. Before a Knight of Columbus in the United States may receive the teaching he must go to Holy Communion. In his fourth degree he takes the same oath that the Constitution of the United States requires the President of the United States to take, namely, to defend and protect the Constitution.

But the anti-Catholic bigots have invented a so-called Knights of Columbus oath, unbelievably hideous, in which the Knight is represented as swearing to hold himself ready to attack non-Catholics on signal, to rip up the bodies of women, and to commit foul murder. Hundreds of thousands of copies of this forgery have been printed and offered for sale by the *Menace*, the anti-Catholic paper published in Missouri. When indignant Knights of Columbus have caused circulators of these forgeries to be brought before the State courts, and the pedlers of the infamous falsehoods have sought to secure authenticity of the alleged oath from the *Menace*, that organ has coolly answered them that it has no means of ascertaining the truth of the so-called oath. But it advertises to sell further copies of its printing!

Various Protestant bodies of ministers and of Freemasons and others have examined the Knights of Columbus rituals and have certified that these ceremonials do not contain anything un-American, offensive, or not worthy of commendation. The *Menace* and other publications know of these examinations and certificates, but make no effort to correct their own false statements or to correct the delusions that they have

created in the minds of their readers by their unchristian and unholy work.

To-day, as usual, the Catholic Church is generally accused here in our United States, by these anti-Catholic crusaders, with certain intentions and certain acts against the common weal. When the Pope prays to "make America Catholic," the bigot alleges that to "make America Catholic" means "the destruction of Protestantism, the absolute rule of the Pope in civil and spiritual affairs, the persecution of heretics, the abolition of the public school, a fettered press, and a closed Bible."

This language is the exact form used by one of the sincere anti-Catholics. With such profound ignorance and deep-seated prejudice it is hard to deal. Such men accept declarations from haters of Catholicism as unquestionable truth. Their minds are saturated with anti-Catholic miasma. Their education or their lack of knowledge is so one-sided or so deficient, as the case may be, that no ordinary means of reaching them exists. They listen eagerly to anything said in derogation of Catholicism; they hear anything said by an exponent of the old faith with incredulous and suspicious impatience. They distort the most ordinary statements into monstrous utterances, born of their own suspicions and perverted imaginations.

But it cannot too often be repeated that with sincere bigots great patience must be shown. To dispossess some of the conceptions these unfortunate beings have is difficult. One must be satisfied with repeated, carefully contained statements that are incontrovertible, and one must try, slowly as need be, to provide such enemies of Catholicism with light and truth.

The monster of the bigot's imagination, an America pre-

dominantly Catholic and *therefore* "with absolute rule of the Pope in civil and spiritual affairs, persecution of heretics, destruction of Protestantism, abolition of the public schools, a fettered press, and a closed Bible," is so impossible that a Catholic might smile at it were it not that thousands of Americans are being taught to believe just such things and, consequently, to hate their Catholic fellow-citizens either openly or secretly.

Either form of hatred brings trouble into the community. It begets malicious opposition, political strife, injection of religious hatreds into ordinary affairs, and a general disunion that hampers all progress, municipal, state, or national. Hence we must be prepared to say again and again that even were America Catholic, the Pope could not rule in our civil affairs. Not only would our Constitution stand in the way, but were even this changed to permit it, the fact remains that the Pope does not rule in civil affairs in Catholic France, Catholic Portugal, Catholic Italy, Catholic Spain, Catholic Bavaria, Catholic Belgium, and Catholic Austria, including Bohemia. France broke her treaty with the Vatican and no one has seen any army of invasion commanded by the Pope trying to teach France that a treaty cannot be torn up like a scrap of paper.

The destruction of Protestantism will never be attempted by the Catholic Church in or out of the United States except by trying to teach the truths of Catholicism. Protestantism is decaying in this country, not from attacks against it from without, but from weakness from within. Non-Catholics are religiously indifferent. They do not attend church and many of them regard one church about as good as another. Even these anti-Catholic attacks do not strengthen any particular creed of Protestantism. Almost always, as Catholic doctrines are presented more frequently by reason of the anti-Catholic

attacks, investigation of Catholicism takes place on a wider scale, and the final result is an increased number of converts to the Catholic faith. These crusades do not drive any Catholics out of the fold. Persecution and attack have always strengthened the faith. Such attacks make many somewhat indifferent Catholics champions of their religion.

But the attacks do weaken Protestantism itself. Every form of Protestantism has arisen through men's individual interpretation of the Bible, the word of God. Men quite agree that for safety of government every individual cannot be allowed to interpret civil law for himself and act in accordance with his interpretation. Courts decide what the laws mean and citizens find it necessary to accept the construction of the courts upon the meaning of the civil laws.

The Catholic believes in a Supreme Court on the Bible. His Supreme Court is the teaching body of the Church, which began with the very men whom Christ addressed, before whom He performed His miracles, to whom He recited His teachings. In one unbroken line from the days of Galilee and Judea come the Catholic teachers of the meaning of the Bible. What the teaching body of the Catholic Church declares to be the meaning of the Bible the Catholic takes as his meaning and interpretation. No Christian creed compares with the Catholic in antiquity, in extent of its apostolic teachings, in its adherence to the creed of the apostles.

The Catholic is no advocate of a closed Bible. But for the Catholic Church there would be no Bible. Her priests and religious copied the Bible over and over again. She was the custodian of the New Testament. With such love, such reverence, and such affection did her children preserve the Bible that the priceless treasures of illuminated missals and gospels everywhere sought by lovers of the beautiful exist in many

centres of learning and of civilization to prove how faithful were the priests and monks who spent their hours in such loving and devoted work as the preservation of the word of God.

When the barbarian hordes from Northern and Central Europe overran the early Christian civilization and the Goth, Viking, Vandal, and Hun swept over Europe's rich plains and cities, the monks and priests yielded up the gold and silver vessels, rich ornaments, and glittering treasures to the unlettered invaders, but they secreted and guarded with their lives the copies of the Gospels and preserved them from destruction. But for the Catholic Church there would be no Bible in existence to-day.

Pontiff after Pontiff has urged the faithful to read the Bible and promised rich spiritual rewards. The average Catholic knows his Four Gospels very well. At every Mass he hears read a portion of the Gospel and of the Epistles. Nine out of ten of the sermons to which he listens are expositions of the Bible. He takes the Bible as the sacred word of God.

The Catholic was responsible for issuing over eight hundred editions of the Bible before the so-called Reformation. The first prohibition of the Bible, in the English-speaking world whose people colonized most of the Atlantic seaboard, was issued by Henry VIII after he had abjured Catholicism.

The Catholic is not opposed to education nor the public school as such. Public education is one of the duties of the State as constituted in modern civilization. The history of the Catholic Church has been one of education. Most of the great universities of Europe were founded by Catholics and won their distinctions when under Catholic control. Education—the leading out of the mind—was one of the duties of the Church from the beginning. And to impart the knowledge of

Christ and His doctrines became part of the work of the Church. Around the monasteries sprang up the schools. To-day where are there teaching bodies who surpass the religious Orders of the Catholic Church?

The Catholic American complains when the public school system, paid for by all the people, is utilized to teach alleged history or doctrine which is inimical to the faith of his children or is insulting to the priests of his Church or to his own beliefs. Whenever so-called facts are imparted to children which malign or distort the record, the aims, and the history of the Catholic Church, that public school becomes anti-Catholic; that public school is destructive of the religious equality now well fixed in our American institutions of government and directly implied in our Federal Constitution; that public school becomes a sectarian institution in that it permits attack and recriminations upon a religious body; and such a public school is violative of the rights of the Catholic citizens and baneful in its influence upon the public mind by cultivating sectarian hatreds and prejudices.

The Catholic American asks that public schools be so conducted that nothing shall be permitted in the curriculum that will array one set of future citizens against another. The Catholic American asks that the public school, paid for by all denominations, be not employed to injure any set of citizens in their religious beliefs.

It is a well-known fact that in the public schools large numbers of Catholic teachers are employed and that these Catholic teachers fulfil their duties with a skill and devotion equal to that of their non-Catholic associates. Where is there any evidence that any Catholic teacher in the public schools has sought to undermine the faith of the non-Catholic pupils? There is none. The Catholic in this responsible public office fulfils his

or her duty with a regard for the public welfare not excelled by any other believer or non-believer.

The Catholic American has always supported the United States. His patriotism is as devoted as that of any other religionist. He has faithfully filled very exalted stations — justices of the Federal Supreme Court, governors of States, senators and representatives in Congress, ambassadorial and other foreign posts, commanders in the army and navy. His Americanism has been put to every test. He has fought against Catholic powers because of his duty to his country, to our country. The name of a Catholic is stamped on the country. A thousand other names recall Catholic effort, devotion, sacrifice, and faith.

The Catholic American is to-day one of the strongest forces for the preservation of law and order in this country. He belongs to a faith that numbers over eighteen million believers in the continental United States. They do not require "go to church Sundays" to compel them to attend divine worship. By their faith they go to church every Sunday. And every Sunday and every day in the year in the great central act of worship, the Holy Mass, the prayer is offered by the celebrant and echoed from the people's hearts in the responses, the prayer for the preservation of authority and the continuance of the rulers. The Catholic faith far outnumbers any other Christian community in the land. On Sundays practically eighteen million Catholics are in prayer and at worship. What faith, in all this land, can match that spectacle of eighteen million people praying for the preservation of government?

The Catholic American is a member of a Church well fitted for a land of democracy. In that Church the humblest member may reach the most exalted place. Pope Pius X was the son of a poor peasant.

The Catholic American is here by every right that any other citizen has. He has fought for this country. The blood and the sacrifices of his co-religionists helped to make America free. He has helped to build the land industrially. He has endured hardship and sacrifice. He has aided in redeeming the vast continent from the wilderness. He has helped to mould and upbuild its fortunes.

The Catholic American respects his neighbor. He maintains his home. He is part and parcel of the American people.

The Catholic American seeks liberty under law and he asks his non-Catholic neighbor to join him in putting away religious hatreds, to live in peace, and to seek a common destiny of glory and prosperity for the country and an eternal happiness with God.

THE CATHOLIC CITIZEN

ADDRESS BY THE HON. BERNARD M. PATTEN
SENATOR OF QUEENS, N. Y.

Is this wonderful demonstration not a testification that should swell the Catholic heart with pride, to visualize this remarkable gathering of the sons of Holy Mother Church, whose golden link of fraternity is reverence for the Holy Name of the Founder of the Church of which we are proud to be members? We are justified in unfurling her banners to the world and proclaiming our fidelity because of her divine institution. Nineteen hundred and fourteen years have passed away since its creation, and the Church is as fresh and unchangeable to-day as when Peter preached his first sermon. Many ages have passed away; everything else on earth has changed in some form. The history of the Catholic Church is the history of the world, for what she was yesterday she is to-day and will be to the end of the world.

It cannot be affirmed that anything good has been produced intellectually, morally, or politically without the exalting influences of the Roman Catholic Church, and the day will come when all the society of this world will cry out to the Catholic Church with a mighty voice for its succor. And though she has been prosecuted through all the centuries, she still comes to us with her sanctifying influences, with her glorious dominion over king, potentate, and subject, to save them from the ruin which they have brought upon their own heads.

For years the charge has been made that we of that old faith have been unloyal and unpatriotic, and have been con-

stantly seeking to dethrone properly constituted human authority, in spite of the fact that when the pages of truthful history are scanned they will be found replete with an army of names of those of our faith that scintillate in the firmament of men of heroic deeds of valor, in defence of God and country.

To-day, when we peer into that maelstrom of slaughter which unhappily is devastating the fertile fields of Europe and destroying beautiful cities, tearing manhood's best from the industries of peace and from those they love, who dare rise in his place and assert that the sons of the Church are not saturating again and again those fields of carnage with their blood and sacrificing their lives on the altars of their country's security? They will continue to do so until the end of this gigantic struggle, though hoping, in common with us to-day, that the dawn of that day is not far distant when the great Prince of Peace will wave His golden sceptre of love over the belligerent nations, and regenerate them once more into a new life of peace, concord, and contentment.

Not alone, however, on martial fields of all nations of the earth have the men and women of our faith given their best, but in every channel of human endeavor have they been found moving forward according to the divine programme of progress. Whether in art, science, literature, politics, or anything else contributing to the sum total of human advancement and happiness, she has illumined the darkness of every century, and wherever civilization has penetrated, the Catholic Church has planted the ideals of Christianity and democracy.

There has never been a single period in the history of these United States when the people of your faith and mine have been found wanting in loyalty and devotion to our country's ideals. The Catholic citizenship of this nation, from the days of the draughting of the Magna Charta of our liberties, nearly

a century and a half ago, down to the present day, needs not the presentation of any defence to these compatriots of ours of other denominations. Rather do we cherish as Catholics and citizens an opportunity to exhibit our history in the light of God's sun in order that others may emulate it.

The great Cardinal Gibbons, the venerable primate of our Church in the United States, has said: "Here in this country, thank God, we have liberty without license, authority without despotism, where our Government holds over us the aegis of its protection without interfering with us in the God-given rights of conscience, and where we cannot compel another to worship as ourselves." This is guaranteed to every citizen under the provision of our Constitution.

Yet there are thousands who call themselves citizens of this Republic who still cherish those narrow prejudices that come from denominational bigotry, and who have failed to recognize the virtues and deeds of those great Catholic heroes of the past and present and fail to appreciate their accomplishments. Like snakes in the grass they stealthily proceed to sow the subtle poison of hatred and bigotry. Afraid to bask in the sunlight of publicity, to stand up and be counted, they court the shadows of a debauched journalism to preach their propaganda of prejudice. Those are truly great who spread life, culture, and activity along the highways of history, but these self-styled patriots would sow ruin and discord and destroy the national energy in which we are proud to have a part. In recent years they have declaimed, through press and forum, that we of the old faith should be prevented from holding positions of public trust and otherwise enjoying those privileges which the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States covenant with all citizens, irrespective of the creed they profess.

They have hurled their insidious shafts at our splendid priesthood — the ambassadors of Christ, the heralds of true civilization — who labor incessantly, in season and out, in God's vineyard in the work of evangelization, who are continuously raising new spires to heaven in the prosecution of the work of Christianization, educating millions of the future citizenry of this nation, not only with respect for law and order but likewise training them to accomplish the destiny that awaits them. They have levelled their shafts of derision at the sanctuaries of the cloisterhood, at those thousands of noble women whose only "crimes" have been the continuance of devotion to the God of their faith, a burning zeal in the training of the minds and hearts of the young committed to their care, the management of countless hospitals and institutions where the solaces of physical and spiritual comfort are extended to all who request it, without regard to religious belief.

What shall be said, too, of the sixteen million Catholics of this country who believe in the supremacy of God's law and because of this faith have a deeper regard for the ideals of our nation? Have they ever unheeded the call of their country, from the days of the Revolution down even to the Vera Cruz incident of one year ago? Is it not palpable that they have erected and maintained thousands of schools where the hearts of their children might be cultivated, where secular education of a high order may equip them for the supreme battles of life, and where a deep and abiding respect for law and authority is inculcated in them, and yet are paying their proportionate tithes for the secular education of the children of other religious beliefs?

I say unhesitatingly that whether it be in the field of individual accomplishment or in the doing of those things in a nation's life which can be done only by the masses, the Catho-

lics of these United States never have been and never will be found wanting. Let me say to those who scoff at the religion we profess, and seek to destroy the comity of a united people, that our patriotism and morality cannot be successfully impugned, and that to-day we stand ready to walk with the President of the United States in the full blaze of our national glory and national freedom.

We renew again to-day our pledge of allegiance to the land of our birth or adoption, and in these days, when it would seem as though the horizon were to be darkened by the clouds of strife, we pray that the light of divine grace may be with those who to-day bear the burden of our country's responsibility, and that the Ship of State may be guided safely into the harbors of peace, there to be anchored forever under the protection of God. If this shall fail us, then once more will the Catholics of the United States bare their bosoms to the blade, and bleach their bones in the sand in defence of their country. Let, too, the day never dawn when the attempt shall be made to hush the voice of the Catholic Church, because then it shall become your duty and mine, proud of our lineage and traditions, to meet face to face those who would regulate her teachings according to their personal views.

Oh yes, my brothers, we who were born of her womb and nurtured at her breast know the grandeur of her mission, and now we pray that the day may soon come when all nations shall be pillowed on the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

In the words of Chateaubriand, my brothers, "Let us be wise in time and have the happiness to know and hear the voice that speaks in our great Church, that we may be guided into the treasures of her choicest and best gifts in the confidence that she is destined to ride triumphant over every opposing wave."

CAN A CATHOLIC BE A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES?

ADDRESS BY THE VERY REV. F. X. MCCABE, C.M.

PRESIDENT OF DE PAUL UNIVERSITY

THE immortal bard puts in the mouth of Shylock these words: "For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe." And well might he have put the same words in the mouth of the Christian Antonios. To suffer has been the lot of Christianity from its very beginning. From the moment Christ came into the world the power of the world was arrayed against Him. When He, Eternal Truth, came into the world, they nailed Him to an infamous gibbet. Scarcely had the Pentecostal fires been lighted when the world rose up to crush out the life of Christianity. For four centuries pagan imperial Rome used all her physical power to crush out the possibility of Christianity's influence, and Diocletian, the last of the persecutors, swore by all the gods of Rome that he would drown the name of Christian in Christians' blood. Then Constantine saw the Cross on heaven's brow and immediately made it the standard of the imperial legions of Rome.

After that followed the proclamation of religious liberty to all men, and Christianity, which is Catholicity, for there is no Christianity without Catholicity and no Catholicity without Christianity, came forth from the catacombs to begin its great mission in freedom. Pride of intellect and stubbornness of will took up the work of persecution where physical force had left it off. When the barbarian hordes swarmed down on Europe and threatened to blot out all the civilization of the

past, the persecutors were too busy hiding themselves to bother the Church, which stood alone as the only organized power in the world capable of handling the awful situation. Then it was that she, in her strength, rose up and, going forth, seized the bridle of their leader's horse and bade him and his followers go down on their knees in worship before Christ crucified. She Christianized them and laid deep and broad the foundations of all that is great and glorious in the civilization of our day. These things you will not find in the histories that are put into the hands of the children in the schools of this our day.

Notwithstanding all these things that cannot be blotted out when the truth is told in the so-called histories of the day, persecution has not ceased. I know that some will tell me "that the day of religious bigotry and prejudice is passed; that we are living in a day of broader intelligence and, therefore, toleration." Such, ladies and gentlemen, are the words that are heard only from the lips of the spineless Catholic, the jelly-fish Catholic, the pigeon-livered Catholic, who is too much of a coward to call his soul his own when it is going to touch his pocket.

We are living in an age when individuals make bold to slander and vilify a noble body of women consecrated to the great work of turning out boys and girls that make the noblest and the best in American citizenship; when individuals who have never smelled powder in the defence of this country will tell me that because I am a Catholic priest, and you because you are Catholics, we cannot be citizens of the United States. We are living in an age when our Government permits itself to be used to spread against sixteen millions of her best citizens the vilest slanders, and this without even moving a hand to protect them from being insulted and

wronged in opposition to everything in which the Constitution guarantees to protect them.

I have pondered these things over and over again and again in my thoughts. I have wondered why it was that I, a Catholic, cannot be a citizen of the United States. Then I saw the reason, for I was carried away to far-off sunny Italy, and there I saw a little child born of Catholic parents. I saw him brought to the baptismal font and regenerated in the water of life. I saw him kneeling at his Catholic mother's knee learning to lisp the names of Jesus and Mary, and later on learning even in his childhood the principles that were to make him a man of character. I saw him entering the service of the sea. I saw him standing on the deck of his ship looking out over the trackless sea, unfurrowed by the prow of any ship. I saw his face aglow with a holy light as he conceived the thought of sailing straight across the broad expanse of water to bring the light of faith to those living in lands yet undiscovered.

I saw him start upon his journey in quest of someone to aid him in the carrying out of his plans. I saw him enter one court and leave in discouragement, but still determined as he entered the Spanish court. There he explained his plans before the king and queen, the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and priests, and men of the court, who pointed their fingers to their heads to express their doubt as to his sanity. Spain had fought a constant battle of eight hundred years in defence of the Cross against the Crescent. Her funds were gone. Spain rejected the plans of the dreamer. Weary, footsore, and almost in despair he journeyed on, and as he walked he heard the bell of the monastery ring. He came to the door and knocked for admission, and a Catholic priest, the confessor of the queen, opened it to admit him. I heard him tell his story

and heard the words of the good priest: "Son, be of good heart; I will speak to the queen and she will hear you again." I saw him stand before the Spanish queen and her council, and again I heard them refuse his request because of lack of funds. Then it was I saw Isabella, the Catholic — and I use the title Catholic with a purpose, because the histories of the schools of our land refuse to print that title, in which she gloried more than in the crown of Spain — step from her throne and utter these words: "I will pledge my jewels that means may be furnished for the voyage." Then Columbus, the Catholic, aided by Isabella, the Catholic, under the direction of Father Perez, the Catholic priest, in the Santa Maria, under the Cross of Christ, and accompanied by the Nina and the Pinta, to the singing of the "Salve Regina" evening after evening, sailed the unknown seas in search of the new land. Mutiny arose to make the difficulties all the greater, but the faith of Columbus never wavered. I saw him as he sighted land, and again I saw him, as he landed, cast himself upon his knees at the foot of the Cross he had just raised as the first standard raised in the new world.

Columbus, the Catholic, financed by Isabella, the Catholic, directed by Perez, the Catholic priest, discovered my land, and I, because I am a Catholic, cannot be a citizen of the most glorious Republic of that land. The missionaries that came with Columbus and the explorers that followed him did not believe, as their Puritan successors, "that the only good Indian was a dead Indian," but rather that the Indian had an immortal soul for which Christ died, and therefore he was to be Christianized and civilized. Along the western slope of the Rockies to the Pacific, down the Valley of the Mississippi, all across the Southland, the Cross could be found and Catholic prayer and hymn heard.

Then came the beginning of the colonies. Men to escape persecution, religious and political, left Europe to seek liberty in the new world, and refused to others what they themselves were seeking. Only when Lord Baltimore came to found the colony of Maryland was there a place in which all might be free to worship according to their conscience, through the Catholic Lord Baltimore's decree of religious liberty within the confines of his colony. Yet I, because I am a Catholic, cannot be a citizen of the Republic of which this colony became a State!

When the dark clouds of oppression hung low upon the colonies, and New England's Puritan narrowness in regard to the Quebec Act had angered the well-intentioned Canadians, it was the Catholic priest, Father John Carroll, who accompanied Franklin and Chase to obtain Canadian neutrality, if not Canadian coöperation. When the patriots of 1776 gathered for the signing of the Declaration of Independence, it was the Catholic, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the richest man in the colonies, who was ready to sacrifice his all with his fellow-patriots for his country. Saucy Jack Barry, whom the bigots in the rewriting of so-called history for the schools have tried to rob of the title of Father of the American Navy; Saucy Jack Barry, the Catholic, who never missed the target when it was a British ship; Saucy Jack Barry, the Catholic, it was who, when his ship was icebound in the Chesapeake and watched closely by the British outside, took his men, Catholics like himself, and marched overland until he reached the side of Washington to lend a hand in thrashing the British.

When the Conway cabal was formed to oust Washington and make Gates commander-in-chief, it was the Catholic, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, then on the war board, who foiled them and saved Washington as the Father of our Coun-

try. When Washington was going through his Gethsemane at Valley Forge, your history of to-day tells you Robert Morris sent him funds for his men, but your history does not tell you that Delancy, Shea, and the two Mies brothers, four Irish Catholics, gave Morris the fifty-five thousand dollars to put shoes on his soldiers' feet, food in their stomachs, and clothes on their backs.

It was Kosciusko, Pulaski, and Lafayette, all Catholics, that taught our Continental army all it knew of military tactics, cavalry practice, and fortification of position. It was Father John Carroll, afterwards the first Bishop of Baltimore, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the Catholics, who, by their influence in France, made more easy the entrée of Franklin into the French court to obtain from the Catholic King of France Catholic money, Catholic soldiers, and Catholic ships manned by Catholic sailors, that made it possible for us to win our independence.

Will your history in the schools of to-day tell you these things? Look and see. So I might go on through the period of construction and down through the Civil War and to our own time. The story of the heroic sacrifices of our Sisters in the Civil War and the Spanish-American War would take a whole evening to relate. In the face of all these facts I am told by the Guardians of Liberty, whose founder and model was the unspeakable Benedict Arnold, who tried to sell his country to England, that I, or any other Catholic, cannot be a citizen of the United States.

I have no time for the man or men who, when some crumb of an appointment is handed to one who is a Catholic, throw up their caps and shout hurrah! as if a tremendous favor had been done. We ask no favors. Our forefathers discovered and explored the country. Their minds and their brawn

helped tremendously in its development. There is not an undertaking in any of the various fields of decent activity to-day in which the mental ability, physical power, and material wealth of the Catholic is not to be found united for the greater progress of our beloved country. Our enemies are the enemies of the Republic and its institutions. Self-respecting and intelligent non-Catholics will and do condemn the vile methods in use in our day by these contemptible cowards who have always been missing in the firing line of our country in time of distress.

When Catholic priests and Sisters and soldiers stood shoulder to shoulder during the days of the Civil War fighting and ministering on both sides for the cause they believed to be right, the class to which belong the creeping vipers of to-day beat a hasty retreat from the danger zone and attracted notice only when endeavoring to cut the throats of those noble men and women at the front. At that time the voice of the Know-Nothing was silent. So, in the days of the disreputable A. P. A.'s, when the first gun of the Spanish-American War was heard, they all scurried to shelter whilst Catholic priests and Sisters and soldiers went shoulder to shoulder with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens to stand the brunt of battle and hold aloft the Stars and Stripes. Now cannot I, a Catholic, and you, Catholics, be citizens of this glorious Republic? We represent sixteen millions out of one hundred millions of our population. We ask no favors. We demand our constitutional rights and decent, fair-minded, non-Catholic fellow-citizens are ready to join hands with us to see that we get them.

O beautiful banner, with your brilliant stars in a sky of blue, with your stripes of red, typical of the blood that flows in our American Catholic hearts, and your stripes of white,

typical of the purity and nobility of our Catholic American manhood and womanhood, if ever again there must be the necessity of carrying you before the battle line and dying that you may continue to wave "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave," your Catholic men will grasp the sword or shoulder the rifle or man your ships and stand shoulder to shoulder with their fellow-citizens of every creed, and your Catholic women will follow, as of old, as ministering angels, working with their sisters of every faith; and when the smoke of battle has cleared away, we shall behold you, O flag of the Stars and Stripes, floating in peace side by side with and in the strength of Christianity's emblem, the Cross of Christ.

IRELAND'S UNFAILING FAITH

ADDRESS BY THE REV. JOSEPH A. HEFFERNAN

WE are gathered here to-day to celebrate the feast of our glorious patron, Ireland's patron saint, the feast day of Ireland's children. St. Patrick's Day is different from the patron day of other nations, for Ireland has the distinctive honor of having the festival of a saint as the gala day of her nationality. It is, then, something more than the festival of a saint; it is the festival of a nation, a nation that is the synonym of pure and strong Catholic faith; it is the festival of that nation's faith. The history of Ireland is the record of the glory and struggle of her faith; it is the record of the triumph of her national apostle.

We are not thinking of the great deeds of St. Patrick alone. St. Patrick's Day means that, of course, but much more. We have also before our minds the long, long struggle of Ireland's children for the faith, the glorious services which they have rendered to the faith. They prized it above all earthly possessions; they made it the symbol of their patriotism and nationality; they perpetuated and extended, through successive ages, the name and memory of St. Patrick by their immeasurable love and deathless devotion, because he brought that precious gift of faith to their nation, and they taught the whole world the lesson of fidelity to faith.

Ireland has always maintained uninterrupted communion with the successor of St. Peter, and therefore has shared in his unfailing faith. She has ever clung to the Vicar of Christ with

the tender love of a child to its mother. Rome is the mother, she is the daughter, and it is easy for us to see in her an image and likeness of the Church. For three centuries she was the great missionary of the faith to barbarian peoples; for three hundred years its martyr; ever in tribulation, but never consumed; at one time exalted and then humiliated; dispersed among the nations, but becoming more powerful in her dispersion and oppression and effecting more for the spread of religion than she could have done otherwise. Robbed of her lands, of her treasures of art, learning, and religion by a tyrannical Government; her grand churches despoiled, her noble institutions of learning and sanctity confiscated or destroyed, her work of education thwarted, fettered, and obstructed in every way, and then taunted with being ignorant and poor and persecuted, the daughter bears a striking resemblance to her mother. Ireland's unsullied faith is to-day the proud boast, the glory and joy of the Universal Church.

As Christ prayed for St. Peter, so St. Patrick prayed for Ireland, his joy and his crown, that she might never lose her faith. It is now more than fourteen hundred years since St. Patrick passed from earth to heaven, and Ireland's faith has not failed yet. Fourteen centuries of fidelity to Christ and His Church; fourteen hundred years of robust supernatural life, a life of vigorous faith and love, which neither prosperity nor persecution could interrupt. Oh, it is good for us from time to time to let our minds dwell upon such a record, not to stir up evil passions but to stimulate our faith and virtue and help us to understand better what we already know. It is with this intent and purpose that I shall recall to your minds to-day some of those glorious memories of Ireland's faith.

Nothing is plainer in history than that God at various times has given to individual men and to whole nations a providen-

tial mission. It is not necessary to suppose that such men or nations knew, or could know, that they were the instruments in the great designs of God, or that they understood to the full extent the results of their own efforts. It is glory enough for them to be pointed out as the chosen instruments of Providence, without attributing to them any extraordinary abilities or lofty ambitions.

The student of history has no difficulty in recognizing that the Irish race are a providential people, that they were destined by God to be missionaries of the faith to the barbarian nations of Europe, just as He wondrously preserved and trained them to be the missionary people to the English-speaking nations of our time.

But let us see how from the very beginning events shaped themselves to this end. And we notice first how God selects the instruments of His designs.

Looking back over those fourteen hundred years, we see amidst the hills of the north of Ireland a young shepherd boy tending his master's flock. He is no ordinary boy, as his after life proved. A child of noble birth, he had been taken a captive and sold as a slave in Ireland. There is something very touching in the picture of that young shepherd lad, far from home, among strangers, kneeling in the cold and snow and wind and rain, on the bleak hillsides of Antrim, pouring out his soul to God in prayer and penance. He is no other than the young Patrick, and this is he whom God has chosen as "a vessel of election to carry His name before the Gentiles and kings and children of Israel." We are reminded of another young shepherd boy, David, whom God chose to be king of Israel.

For six long years God prepared him for his future apostolate in this school of adversity and grace and then permitted him to return to his home. But there lingered in his heart a

curious love for the people of Erin, and this sympathy gradually developed into a resolve to return one day and bring to them the knowledge of the true God and His Christ. God's grace was working in his soul. He seemed to hear the voices of the children of Erin imploring him to come back and labor in their midst. There must have been days when the question arose: Was it worth it to leave home and friends and all he held dear and go back to that island that had been to him a prison? Would he not sigh for the blue skies and fertile fields of his native land? Would he not regret his undertaking? Were not all the apostles put to death in testimony of the truth which they preached? Against all such thoughts Patrick steeled his heart, for the love of God was fervent within him, and he would give up all that human nature loves; he would give his life that truth might prevail and that men might come to the knowledge of the truth. The resolve he made as a youth he would carry out as a man.

After some years of preparation, years of study and prayer and travel, of intercourse with learned and saintly men, going wherever the lessons of heroic perfection could be acquired, he returned to Ireland bearing Pope Celestine's commission to preach the Gospel. And the children of Erin that had called to him in his dreams rose up to welcome him. How the heart of this man of God must have throbbed as he preached to his beloved race. We behold him standing on Tara's mount surrounded by the chiefs and men of Erin. He is speaking as one whose heart is aflame with fire from above, portraying the beauty and love of the Saviour, and lo! the hearts of the people are touched — when did the beautiful and true and good ever appeal to the Celtic heart in vain? As a result of his preaching, a wondrous change is wrought all over the island. There is a sudden resurrection of a whole people from darkness to light.

The whole nation give themselves body and soul to the services of Christ. They become not only Christians, but saints. Churches, convents, and monasteries arise. Thousands are enrolled in the sanctity of religious profession. The young man lays down his battleaxe, the fair maiden renounces pomp and pride for a life of peace and prayer in the cloister. And now begins that wonderful holding of the faith which shows forth their providential mission.

There is a judgment day for the sins of nations. The pagan Roman Empire for three hundred years had shed the blood of countless martyrs. Providence called on the barbarians of Northern Europe to avenge that blood, and down they rushed, overthrowing that mighty structure and breaking it in pieces. As a thunderstorm that comes up suddenly and breaks with terrible violence, the winds blowing and the rains falling and the floods coming, sweeping away cities and inhabitants, such was the descent of the barbarians upon the Roman Empire. The judgments of God were upon the earth. Where will learning and piety now find refuge? Shall they disappear utterly? No. While the dark clouds of war and destruction are brooding over Europe, there is light on the Irish coast, there is a secure refuge, a peaceful haven, a welcome asylum for the lovers of learning and piety.

Cardinal Newman states this fact in these words: "While the old world is passing away, with its wealth and its wisdom, Ireland is the storehouse of the past and the birthplace of future civilization." Her children have the custody and cultivation of learning, religious and secular, and a special zeal for its propagation. Convents and monasteries, schools and colleges had covered the land. St. Patrick's first care was to found schools and seminaries for both men and women and thus build up a generation of enlightened Catholics, competent

to hold and spread the truth. Within a century after his death the Irish schools and seminaries had so increased and become so famous that men from the neighboring shores of Britain and from the most distant parts of Europe, men of all races and tongues, went in crowds, as numerous as bees, to Ireland for their education. She was the university of Europe. We can in imagination people the venerable ruins that cover the length and breadth of Ireland to-day, from north to south, from east to west, with the busy throngs of masters and scholars that made them sanctuaries of religion and learning in those days of yore. It was then that Ireland won the peerless title, "The isle of saints and the land of scholars."

And who will go to preach the Gospel to the young barbarian races that had settled in England, France, and Germany? Countless Irish monks rise up and walk forth, the Gospel in their hand and Christ in their heart, despising danger and death, to carry the light of faith and science to these barbarian nations. St. Bernard compares them to the giant waves of the ocean rolling in upon the land, so great was that multitude which the Book of Life alone is large enough to contain. They travelled to England, Germany, France, and Switzerland, down to lower Italy, at the peril of their lives, converting the barbarian, founding churches, schools, and monasteries, the traces of which remain to this day. And from time to time these missionaries went back to Ireland to gather funds for their foundations and returned to the Continent laden with gold from the kings and people at home. They practised art and taught science as well as preached the Gospel. In the great revival of learning Charlemagne put them at the head of his schools, and to them in no small degree some of the great universities of Europe to-day owe their foundation.

Such was Ireland in the full blaze of her glory, and such

her faith had made her, not a powerful military or commercial nation, but an apostolic one. She was the missionary of civilization, of learning and sanctity, lifting men up from the mire of barbarism, opposing the spirit of the world of war, and binding men in peaceful federation by the ties of human brotherhood, learning, and religion. And as her faith had been the inspiration of her life, so also was it the support of the awful burden she was called upon to carry. And this suggests to us another view.

It is a view to human eyes sad and gloomy, but to the eyes of faith no less glorious than the other. Even humanly considered it is as noble as, if not nobler than, the other. Washington was as great and admirable amid the hardships of the Valley Forge winter as when triumphant at Yorktown. And the contemplation of Ireland in her sad days of trial and suffering, as she stands out on the page of history, hated, vilified, persecuted, and pursued to death for Christ's sake by wicked men, excites in our souls not only feelings of regret and compassion, but feelings of admiration, joy, and triumph. For we behold in her one of the noblest examples in history of heroic self-sacrifice and patient resistance in the defence of her faith and nationality, a glorious spectacle paralleled only in the early Christian persecutions.

Whoever reads attentively the New Testament will see plainly stated there that to suffer persecution is no less a mark of Christ's true Church than to be one in her doctrine, apostolic in her origin, or infallible in her teaching office. Nothing is more distinctly set down in the promises or prophecies of Christ and His apostles than this — that the Church is to suffer as long as He is with her, and He is to be with her to the end of time. And what was true of the Church was to be true likewise of her children individually. And this persecution the

Church and her children are not to regard as a misfortune. They may pray to be delivered from it and be thankful for their liberation, but when it comes they are to welcome it as a special favor and privilege, recognize in it an evident token of His love and the real source of their own happiness. "Blessed are they," says our Lord, "who suffer persecution for justice' sake." "Blessed are ye when men revile you and persecute you for my sake. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad." In His own person our Lord suffered the evils which He foretold. "The servant is not above His master," and we cannot expect to be better treated than He was.

Ireland was not to be unlike her Divine Master. During the years she was the intellectual centre of Europe she resembled Christ on Tabor; now she will enjoy a higher privilege — she will drink the bitter chalice of His passion. In the sixteenth century the three great lusts of the human heart — avarice, pride, and sensuality — rose up in rebellion against Christ and His Church and flung their banner to the breeze. Whole nations that had been faithful subjects, for more than a thousand years, of Christ's kingdom on earth renounced their allegiance and joined the ranks of the rebels. But Ireland remained faithful to Patrick, loyal to Christ and His Church.

In these days of war it is easy for us to picture in our imagination troops returning from a fierce battle where they have fought, and fought long and fought hard and fought well. Look at them as they come reeling back from the shock of battle. Their steps are limping and their lines are broken, their uniforms worn and ragged, their looks hungry and lean. You see, however, that they still have their flags, tattered and torn if you will, but gripped tight, showing that they have not known defeat. That is a picture something like what Ireland was after the fierce battle in defence of her faith. She lost so

much of what the world prizes, she was poor and tottering, reeling back from that long and terrible conflict, but with the flag ever held aloft, the flag of faith intrusted to her by God and given to her by St. Patrick.

I shall not harrow your souls on this festive day by detailing the atrocities she suffered. Suffice it to say that St. Patrick's prayer prevailed. Erin defied the evil powers of earth to wrest her faith from her. She held on to it with indescribable strength, with the tenacity with which life is defended. Neither the loss of political rights nor of wealth nor of education could move her in the least. Powerful armies depopulated her dear country by fire and sword, and when physical force failed, recourse was had to moral suasion in the shape of penal laws. The very visitations of heaven, famine, and pestilence were turned into agents of apostasy. But the sword failed, penal laws failed, famine failed, bribes failed, proselytizing institutions failed. Erin cleaved to Christ. She endured the scourge and wore the crown. She suffered millions of her children to die rather than forfeit the faith St. Patrick had preached. Oh heroic nation, blood-stained and dying, yet unconquerable! Here is triumph to stimulate our faith.

Macauley has fittingly remarked:

"We have used the sword for centuries against the Catholic Irish. We have tried famine, we have tried extermination, we have had recourse to all the severity of the law. What have we done? Have we succeeded? We have neither been able to exterminate nor enfeeble them. I confess my incapacity to solve the problem. If I could find myself beneath the dome of St. Peter's and read, with the faith of a Catholic, the inscription around it, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,' then could I solve the problem of Ireland's story."

How utterly they have failed, the state of the Catholic faith in Ireland and in English-speaking lands to-day attests.

Look at Ireland triumphant to-day, triumphant and strong at home in the ancient faith and love, still stronger abroad where her myriad sons are building up the Church of God in English-speaking nations.

For one moment cast your eyes over the face of Ireland to-day and behold the thousand noble churches and institutions of learning and charity which cover the land and proclaim that the faith of St. Patrick still holds sway unchanged in the minds and hearts of her people. It almost passes belief that Ireland, so awfully impoverished, could accomplish within a few generations such great works for religion and education. No victorious revolution, no foreign invasion has brought about this result. It is simply the supernatural power of her divine faith overcoming the efforts of wicked men who conspired for her degradation and destruction. It is a remarkable evidence of the vitality of Catholic faith under persecution and of its marvellous power of recuperation. Ireland has won her religious liberty; may we not hope the day is not distant when she will win her civil liberty? Already the land has come back to the people, back to the Catholic cultivators, back to the old Catholic stock, to whom it always justly belonged. It is an instance of the divine law of reward for suffering nobly borne for the faith.

Look at Ireland's children scattered the wide world over, strong in material strength, but stronger yet in the faith and virtues of their race. Is there a country in the world that has not been ennobled by the piety, talent, industry, and bravery of Erin's sons? In every occupation they are in the first rank.

It is a wonder, indeed, that the Irish people have preserved their faith, their moral purity, their mental brightness, and physical superiority, despite centuries of the most appalling

persecution, and this wonder borders on the miraculous to see the vast increase of the race to-day, upwards of twenty millions. This fact should deepen our sense of responsibility, for it proves that God is still guiding the race for His own wise designs.

The Lord has promised His Son the Gentiles for His inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for His possession. The Irish people are instruments in the hands of God in the fulfilment of that promise. They are still the missionaries of Christ's truth in the world, now as in the past. But how different were the conditions from those of former days under which they left their native land for the work of evangelization.

The appalling famine of 1847 swept over the land and drove myriads of Ireland's children into exile. We now admire and adore the Providence of God, for we see that He was leading them by the hand to the East and the West. It seemed to them to be their darkest hour, but it was only the dark hour before the dawn of their day of triumph. "*Euntes ibant et flebant, mittentes semina sua*" ("Going, they went forth weeping, casting their seed"). It was hard to leave the mother that bore them, hard to leave the old home and its associations, hard to leave the dear ones sleeping in their graves, but with the purity and faith of Erin in their souls and the blood of martyrs in their veins, they went forth on their mission. And in the heart of the cities and in the forest clearing they were ever casting the seed of Catholic faith. That seed has multiplied a hundredfold, but who can tell how great the final harvest will be? The marvellous growth of the Catholic Church in numbers and influence, in vigor and vivifying power in English-speaking countries during the present century is owing, under God, to the Irish people. They formed its most

important element and were especially trained and fitted for this work.

The harvest is like the seed. The Irish people in exile have shown the same strong characteristics of their faith as in their native land — a filial love and devotion to the Holy See which nothing can shake, deep reverence for their bishops and priests, love of learning, doing greater works for Christian education out of their poverty than the rich have done out of their abundance, unfailing generosity to the needs of the Church, irrespective of race or language, a Christlike patience and courage amidst poverty and anti-Catholic bigotry, ridicule, and injustice.

Do not these recollections make our hearts rejoice to-day? We are proud to be the descendants of this race. It makes us look the world fearlessly in the face to think that there runs in our veins the blood of these saints and martyrs. What, then, should be our conduct but a continuation of their example? We possess the heritage of their faith and mission. We are privileged to preach the religion of Christ in this country by the eloquent tongue of good example. It was the virtue of the Irish people that kept their faith strong. And may the memory of their heroic virtues, the memory of their long fidelities, of their honor and of their suffering sustain us in every trial, and may our glorious patron continue to pray for us, that our faith fail not and that we by our pious lives may confirm in the faith our brethren.

ST. PATRICK: HIS MISSION, HIS CHURCH, AND SOCIAL SERVICE

ADDRESS BY THE HON. MICHAEL J. RYAN
CITY SOLICITOR OF PHILADELPHIA

WITH a love that cannot die, the exiles of Erin turn to their motherland. Upon occasions like this, under the witchery the magic of her name evokes, old memories are reawakened, the hands upon Time's dial are turned backward, distance is obliterated, the ocean's wastes are spanned, and again on Irish hillsides and valleys they roam fancy free amid childhood's scenes. For them again fairies dance and angels whisper from sheltering oaks; by holy wells their prayers are said; a mother's voice sounds like music in their ears; a father's kindly smile again sheds benedictions; the smoke of the turf fire rises, and in the shadows the faces of their beloved dead are framed. "Some on the shores of distant lands their weary hearts have laid, and by the stranger's heedless hands their lonely graves were made." "The dust of some is Ireland's earth—among their own they rest, and the same land that gave them birth has caught them to her breast"—and back to the old cradleland there surges that same devoted affection which sees sweet beauty in her wrinkled face of sorrow which centuries ago made the banished saint look longingly towards her emerald hills and sing:

"There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs in the yellow sand,
On the green hills of Holy Ireland."

To-night, at the call of charity's sweet name, we meet to honor the memory of her patron saint. Excepting the birth of his Master, the natal day of no other is hailed with such universal reverence, for not alone in the island which he Christianized, but far beyond its shores to the uttermost confines of the earth men and women meet, as we do here, to pay him reverent homage.

The place of his birth is of little moment — his life's work was centred in our cradleland. By choice it was the seat of his endeavor, and his name is inseparably entwined with its triumphs and its sorrows.

His stainless life, the sweetness of his teachings, his bloodless victory, the enduring triumph of the Cross he planted, the undying attachment of our people to the principles he taught have marked him forth for place unique as conqueror of the minds of men.

The soil of the island blossomed with the type of the Trinity, and nature made faith in that mystery easy; but the story of the sacrifice upon Calvary, of charity for the erring, of patient suffering, of indomitable perseverance was in consonance with the ambitions and feelings of the Irish people, who in after years were to dower the earth with their genius and yield up their noblest and best in defence of humanity and liberty.

The name of the great apostle conjures before us a mighty past. When civilization in Europe was crushed by the irruption of the barbarian hordes, it found in ancient Ireland a sanctuary. She became the refuge of learning and sanctity and the schoolhouse of Europe. From her went out the missionaries to evangelize the world. Green, in his history of the English people, writes:

"The science and Biblical knowledge which fled from the Continent took refuge in the schools. The new Christian life beat too strongly to brook con-

finement within the bounds of Ireland itself. Patrick, the first missionary of the island, had not been half a century dead when Irish Christianity flung itself with a fiery zeal into the battle with the mass of heathenism which was rolling in upon the Christian world. Irish missionaries labored among the Picts of the Highlands and among the Frisians of the Northern Seas. An Irish missionary, Columban, founded monasteries in Burgundy and the Apennines. The Canton of St. Gall still commemorates in its name another Irish missionary before whom the spirits of fell and flood fled wailing over the Lake of Constance. For a time it seemed as if the course of the world's history was to be changed, and as if Celtic and not Latin Christianity was to mould the destinies of the churches of the West."

And the eloquent rector of the Catholic University has written:

"It is a holy name, like a banner inscribed all over with dates and places of victory — only not the battlefields of blood and rapine, but the battlefields of spiritual conflict. Their roll call beings at Iona and Lindisfarne, Ripon and Malmesbury, and goes on to the far southern lands of Europe. To Luxeuil and Annegray and Fontaine, in the Vosges; to Bobbio, splendor of mediæval scholarship in the rugged Apennines; to the fair meadows of Reichenau, in the lovely Rhineland; to St. Gall, that Swiss stronghold of Irish clerics, whence swarmed forth countless missionaries into every part of the wild Alleman land. To them all the names of St. Patrick, Brigid, and Columban were a kind of human trinity of saints whose spirit and precept were the sublimest fruits of the Christian religion."

In those olden days St. Patrick's sons kept full high advanced the banner of their faith, and their zeal, their courage, their tireless devotion, their quenchless fervor carried that faith in triumph and made the Cross, its symbol, shine triumphant.

And surviving the wreck of their country's glory and freedom is the devotion to the memory of their mighty saint. He is the immortal heritage of the scattered Irish race. He symbolizes the threefold attributes of faith, hope, and love that have made them — idealists, if you will — passionate, poetic, sentimental, but ever faithful and ever and always evangelists of liberty.

Achievements and successes are not possible to all, and re-

sults are not always the best tests, but races, like men, should be judged by their hopes, their heroes, and their ideals. After more than a thousand years of the onward sweep of Time's effacing finger the Irish race still finds its highest inspiration in the memory of the gentle monk whose piety and learning thrilled to its inmost core the heart of their fathers. To that memory they have ever been loyal, and though crushed to earth, compelled to drink to the deepest dregs the draughts of sorrow, suffering persecution unparalleled in the annals of men, sinking from the proud place of schoolhouse of Europe to the degradation of a subject island where education was a crime and priest and teacher a felon, the Irish people kept alive the traditions of a better day and, surviving the scaffold, the dungeon, man-made famine, wholesale massacre, and the onslaughts of paid libellers, they have carried the world over their ambition to make their motherland a nation and have woven into the warp and woof of every government of which they form a part those doctrines of liberty, equality, and freedom of conscience, whose triumph have made this Republic of ours the hope of humanity.

In this new land — or in the old — the Irish race will not fail.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet that will never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat ;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet.
Our God is marching on !"

On Tara's Hill, nearly fifteen hundred years ago, St. Patrick proclaimed to wondering king and listening vassal the message of Christ: "And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." That declaration has echoed and reëchoed in the mind and illumined the very soul of Ireland. It has been the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night leading our people onward and upward, making them

forget the sorrows and miseries and trials of the present, in the absolute certainty of their faith that to them should be given the ultimate victory. It is the explanation of that determination which Thierry, the historian of the Norman Conquest, declares stands out as the conspicuous trait when he states: "This indomitable persistency, this faculty of preserving through centuries of misery the remembrance of lost liberty and of never despairing of a cause always defeated, always fatal to those who dared to defend it, is perhaps the strangest and noblest example ever given by any nation."

More than a thousand years ago the Irish monks, looking out across the Atlantic from Irish headlands, pictured to wondering listeners a land far across the ocean's wastes. There were borne to Irish shores, upon that strange river which we now know rises in our own Southland and pushes its way across the Atlantic, wrapping in its warm embrace the motherland and which we call the Gulf Stream, trees and leaves and boughs and clinging birds and strange fruits; and these men reasoned that far beyond human sight, but destined to yield to some adventurous keel, was an unknown isle which in their fantasy was to be "hope's home and heart's desire," and to this land of dreams and fancy they gave the loving title of "the Greater Ireland." The veil was torn away, and in the fulness of time here our race has found asylum and here we have been the instruments for a nation's upbuilding. Bishop Berkeley has called it "God's best gift to man," and here the problems that have vexed humanity through the ages must be solved if man is to prove worthy of his high estate. With prophetic ken the fathers of the Republic blazoned upon our country's seal as the sign and symbol of our making, "From many one," and here in the wondrous alchemy of God the blood strains of myriad races are being harmoniously blended.

The mission of Patrick did not die with the bounds of Ireland. It has spread everywhere, and every continent has echoed to the tread of his teaching sons. Like his Master, his ways are the ways of peace and his appeals are to intellect and right and justice.

Beyond any period in the world's history men to-day are eager for truth. There is everywhere the soul hunger. Even the intensity of this terrible world war is pulling men back to the old moorings and writing upon their hearts and brains that the ways of safety, security, and happiness lie in clinging with heartfelt loyalty to the teachings of that apostle who conquered the intellect and manhood of an island without the shedding of a drop of blood, by instilling into the minds of a listening and eager people the pure teachings of the Gospel of Christ the Lord, who died on the tree for all mankind.

We believe that the heritage of truth that Christ gave unto the fishermen by the Sea of Galilee with the direction to go teach all nations, and that Patrick received in direct line from Peter's successor, is ours to-day, and the mandate was not given to a class, but to all, and each of us is a treasure bearer of that faith, and each of us should be a disseminator of its knowledge.

On a night like this and an occasion like this we are entitled to speak openly. For nearly eight hundred years every weapon in the armory of England's hate has been drawn upon to secure the physical and intellectual extinction of the Irish race. Fire and sword, famines, massacres, exiles run through every page of the history of her dealings with our motherland. Time and again her Spencers, her Mountjoys, her Pelhams, and her Cromwells could make truthful boast, so successful had they been in their ravages, that "naught was left but carcases and ashes." Into slavery our women and children have

been sold, and to justify her iniquities, so that there could not even go up from the stricken the wail of protest, they sought to rob our fathers of even their very minds. Education was made a crime. Their dogs were taught to run alike upon the tracks of wolf and teacher and friar. The land was denuded of industries and our ancestors denied the opportunity of trades and traffic. Fit only for the lowliest employments, when the signals came to expatriate those whom famine or the sword had not slaughtered, our people came to these shores in the olden days with naught excepting the strength of arm, the willingness to labor, and unquenchable devotion to the spirit of freedom. Two of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence from Pennsylvania are types — James Smith and George Taylor, both redemptioners — both agreeing to labor for seven years as the price of their passage from the old land to this new that was to afford to them, as it did to men of another creed like Barry and Moylan, theatre for the display of their talents.

It was inevitable that to justify her course England was compelled to assail us, and she poisoned the wells of public opinion and through every avenue by which public favor could be gained and public antagonism aroused her agents vilified the race that she had wronged.

Thank God that the old conditions are changing, and it is not the least of the marvellous achievements of this wondrous Irish movement that the agitation for Irish freedom has benefited even her enemies and has torn down from the seats of the mighty the descendants of her old persecutors and installed in the places of power the representatives of the aspirations of democracy, like Lloyd George and Birrell and Morley, and in an earlier day Gladstone.

But even as it is written that the sins of the father shall be

visited unto the third and fourth generations, so there linger in the minds of many with whom we live and by whom we are surrounded the old antipathies fostered in the long ago. Newspapers are printed distilling their filthy poison against our religion and its ministers, and great bodies of men honestly believe that to install in place of honor one who worships God at the altars of the Catholic Church is to menace the Republic. Standing upon this platform and facing an audience of non-Catholics, the eloquent Archbishop Ryan said: "If the Catholic Church really was what you believe it to be, I would hate it as vigorously as do you." I repeat and affirm that utterance. The bitterness of religious rancor will die out, and it will die the quicker when each of us in his own person will live up to and put in practice in his daily life the principles of the Church of Patrick. Let us be missionaries even as was he, once the swineherd. Let us hear the voices calling and let our living and our deeds be answer. With the sword of the Spirit make response. Let us free them who assail us, by giving unto them the truth.

This Church of ours is the preserver of civilization. By her the arts, the sciences, the literature of the world were treasured. She abolished slavery; she founded the places of refuge for the widow and the orphan; she established the systems of relief for the poor and the distressed; she built and endowed hospitals for the sick and dying; her monasteries were the seats of learning and around her bishops' houses grew up the great universities, and it was she who democratized education and brought knowledge to the masses. Her whole government has been essentially democratic, for from the day when the King of kings touched with His finger the wondering fishermen toiling at their nets by the Sea of Galilee and illumined their minds with wisdom more than worldly, the highest office

as successor to the first of the Popes, Peter, and linking us unto divinity itself has been within the grasp of the humblest born, and at the altar of that Church, in the presence of Him who is the King of kings and who was an humble toiler, prince and peasant, black, white, red, or yellow kneel as equals.

She abolished serfdom. St. Gregory the Great declared:

"Since our Blessed Redeemer, the Creator of all things, has deigned in His goodness to assume the flesh of man in order to restore to us our pristine liberty by breaking the bonds of servitude which held us captive, it is a salutary deed to restore to men by enfranchisement their native liberty, for in the beginning nature made them all free, and they have only been subjected to servitude by the law of the nations."

And Lecky, in his *History of Rationalism*, writes:

"By infusing into Christendom the conception of a bond of unity that is superior to the divisions of nationhood and of a moral tie that is superior to force by softening slavery into serfdom and preparing the way for the ultimate emancipation of labor, Catholicism laid the very foundation of modern civilization. In the transition from slavery to serfdom and in the transition from serfdom to liberty, she was the most zealous, the most unwearied, and the most efficient."

To-day there is heralded from a thousand platforms and there greets us from myriads of printed pages what is called the Gospel of humanity, as if in antithesis to the Gospel of Christ. "For ye have the poor always with you," He said; and I assert that from the earliest days of the Christian Church, whether its life was lived in the open or buried in the catacombs, in the days of its triumph and in the days of its sorrow, its disciples, its teachers, and in after years its mighty monastic orders and its priests have never faltered in the injunction to feed the hungry and clothe the naked and minister unto the stricken; and whenever they did falter they were false to their calling and the wrath of God has withered them.

One of its great Orders, that of the Benedictines, devoted

itself upon the Continent almost exclusively to the healing of the sick. The great medical school of Salerno had its origin in a hospital attached to a Benedictine monastery, and every monastery throughout the world was an asylum of refuge to which the passports at the ever open, hospitable doors were to be poor, miserable, and hungry. The medical school of Salerno is a type. Founded in the sixth century, in the seventh grown to be a great hospital, in the ninth the whole city was known as a great medical centre, in the eleventh it was world-wide in its fame as a great university, incorporating with the degree of medicine the other faculties of art, divinity, and philosophy; and while I have read within a few months in one of our standard magazines of how a woman was denied the opportunity to become a student in an English medical school and how she had to leave intellectual and advanced England to come to America, and here in a comparatively obscure medical college she was given her degree and after great struggle was admitted to the ranks of doctors of medicine in the State of New York—and all this within the last fifty years—it may come as a surprise that at Salerno, as far back as the tenth century, women attended the lectures, that upon them were conferred degrees, and that one of them, Trotula, occupied a chair of medicine as one of the great teachers; and while we may think that our city may contain all the knowledge of the medical world, it may not be amiss to check the tide of vanity by reminding ourselves that all through Europe the schools of medicine founded by the monks date back a thousand years and still flourish.

There are in Europe about one hundred and fifty universities, nearly half of which are more than four hundred years old. One hundred and eighteen of them were founded by the Catholic Church, and included in these are the great uni-

versities of Paris and Pavia and Salamanca and Oxford and Cambridge.

Of the extent of popular education prevailing prior to the Reformation the American world is in dense ignorance. Canon Farrar, a distinguished English Protestant, has written :

“Consider what the Church did for education. Her ten thousand monasteries kept alive and transmitted the torch of learning, which otherwise would have been extinguished long before. A religious education incomparably superior to the mere asceticism of the nobles’ hall was extended to the meanest serf who wished for it. This fact alone, by proclaiming the dignity of the individual, lifted the entire hopes and destinies of the race. The humanizing machinery of the schools and universities, of civilizing propaganda or missionary zeal, were they not due to her?”

And Hallam, the historian of the Middle Ages, says: “We owe the preservation of the classics mainly to the Benedictines.”

The system of State aid to education as it exists in the United States and the establishment of public schools are of comparatively recent growth. The first statute passed in Pennsylvania was secured only after extraordinary battle by Thaddeus Stevens in 1837. In 1767 James White, the great-grandfather of the present Chief Justice of the United States, Edward White, by his will provided that a part of his estate should be devoted to the establishment of a free school, to be attached to St. Mary’s Church in Philadelphia, of which he was a parishioner. He had the Catholic sentiment for free education. The free schools of our Church date back at least to the time of Pope Alexander III, in 1163, and far beyond that, into the very dawn of history; for from the fifth to the tenth century every bishop’s house was a school, and it was one of the earliest rules of the oldest teaching order in our Church that the children of all parents, without distinction of rank or calling, should find free education in every monastery.

The mandate of St. Ignatius to his followers was: "Freely give, as you have freely received." Men forget the mighty schools of Iona, Lindisfarne, Canterbury, York, Rheims, Seville, or the great Irish schools of Armagh and Bangor and Clonmacnoise, to the latter of which the mighty Charlemagne sent for his professors when the University of Paris was to be founded.

The character and extent of these great institutions may be best attested by figures. At Armagh seven thousand scholars studied, in Bangor there were four thousand. In 1262 the number of students in waiting at the lectures at Bologna amounted to twenty thousand, and at Oxford in the same year the number was fifteen thousand, while in attendance at the University of Paris the students frequently numbered forty thousand. In his introduction to the *Literature of Europe* Hallam, speaking of the great Italian schools, writes:

"The love of equal liberty and just laws in the Italian students rendered the profession of jurisprudence exceedingly honorable. The doctors of Bologna and other universities were frequently called to the office of podesta or judge, and in Bologna itself they were officially members of the smaller or secret council."

Whatever has been preserved of Roman law, whatever has survived of the ancient civil law, whatever has triumphed in the extension and the establishment of courts of equity in our own land, is due mainly to the mighty work of the doctors of the law who in the old Italian city of Bologna taught, preserved, and expanded the principles which we hold dearest to-day. The first professor of civil law at the University of Oxford was Vicarius, a graduate of Bologna, and all historians who value truth bear testimony to the mighty service of Gratian, the Benedictine, and to the great Dominican Order which fostered the study of law as a science.

Prior to the day of Gutenberg and his movable types the books of the world were in manuscript, and these books were alike marvels of industry and wondrous labors of love. Necessarily the mode of communicating learning was, as is becoming now the practice in great schools, by the system of lectures. The printed page having no existence, books were not as now easy of access, but the scholar heard and thought and argued and in turn transmitted. How wondrous must seem to us the collections of the mighty libraries which in those days crowded the world. The great library of the Vatican, which even now claims primacy, was founded in the sixth century. The great library in Geneva was sponsored by the Irish monks in the ninth century, and what are now the great university collections of books in Berlin, Leipsic, Heidelberg, Oxford, and Cambridge were born out of the manuscript collections of Dominican, Benedictine, and Augustinian.

Regularly from antagonistic pulpits and in hostile publications appear the stories of how Sacred Scripture, the Living Word of God, was denied to Catholic eye and Catholic ear, and that the Bible itself was chained so that it could not be read. Men rarely remember that all books were in manuscript and of extraordinary value, and that if once lost the loss might well be styled irreparable. The chained book has appealed to imaginations and has had a wild terror to people who forget that the art of printing is comparatively new. We see the chained book to-day at every public exchange in a telephone booth, we see it in every public directory in corner drug stores, and the telephone directory and the city directory alike are chained to stool or desk for the same reason that the Bible was chained six hundred years ago, so that it could be neither mislaid nor stolen.

The art of printing with movable type, which in its per-

fection we now call the "printing press," was invented in 1460. Within twenty years thereafter the Bible had been printed in Rome, Naples, Florence, eleven separate editions in Venice, and before Luther had nailed his theses on the doors of Wittenberg church in 1517, at least fifteen separate and complete editions of the Bible, not to speak of the New Testament and parts of the Old, had been printed in Germany, in the German language, and circulated among the German people.

The Testaments, Old and New, and all their books — the inspired writings — were preserved by the Church, selected by the Church in its great assemblages, maintained by the Church, copied and scattered the world over by the Church, given to every preaching army as the weapons of offence against the forces of sin, and in the olden days as now to-day, when the Papal Commission headed by the Benedictine, Dom Gasquet, is engaged in special duty, the Bible has been taught to the people and commanded to be studied and read by them under the guidance of the living authority of the Church which had existed before a single word of the New Testament had been written and which to-day, tracing in unbroken line for nineteen hundred years its descent from Peter to Benedict, is still the Rock of Eternal Truth to whom Christ Himself gave the mandate "go forth and teach all nations."

Men in their ignorance sometimes proclaim that the Church is antagonistic to science. Let me recall that in the "study of the stars" one of the most famous names is that of the Bishop of Ratisbon who was teacher of him who is the father of modern astronomy, Copernicus, the Pole. Copernicus, faithful Catholic, was a profound student, for in addition to his great knowledge of mathematics he had studied law at Bologna and medicine at Padua. In our own day the Jesuit Secchi stands among the very foremost of astronomers. Syl-

vester II, before he became Pope, was Archbishop of Ravenna and is regarded as the father of modern arithmeticians. Algebra was introduced into Europe in the fifteenth century by a Venetian monk, Luigi Borgo. Roger Bacon, foremost as a chemist, is hardly known as a Franciscan, and Albertus Magnus, the great philosopher, was a Dominican. The symbols of modern chemistry we owe to Lully, Jussieu, and Cislpinus, and to them every student of botany pays tribute. The theory of the pulmonary circulation of the blood comes to us from Padua, while Salerno and Padua divide the honors of founding the science of modern anatomy. The stethoscope was invented in 1819 by René Laennec, who was born in Brittany and who may well be called the father of physical diagnosis. The powers of pepsin as well as the cell theory on which the whole science of histology, normal and pathological, is built, were the discoveries of Theodor Schwann, professor of anatomy at both Louvain and Liège.

One of the founders of modern physiology is Johannes Müller, professor at the University of Bonn and Berlin, after whom the "Müllerian ducts" are named. And Nicolaus Stensen, professor of anatomy at Copenhagen, after whom is named the "Stensen duct," was not only a great anatomist, but he was the father of modern geology; and yet in the strength of his faith he relinquished professional honors, became an humble priest, and was afterwards consecrated Bishop of Hamburg.

In the new and all-embracing mystery of the physical world, the new power that man is harnessing to his service, how wondrous the connection of faithful sons of the old Church and what refutation of the charges against her. Galvani, who gives his name to the galvanic battery, to galvanized iron, was professor of anatomy at the University of Bologna. The

power of the electric current is determined by the number of the volts, and that name comes from Volta, professor of natural philosophy in Pavia. And Ampère and Coulomb, both inventors of electric measurements, are the names of two French Catholics — the former a native of Lyons and professor in the College of France, and the other a native of Angoulême. In our own day the inventor of the X-rays, with its wondrous uses, is Roentgen; the wizard who has linked remotest parts of the earth without physical connection, and makes faith in the doctrine of the communion of saints easy, is the son of an Irishwoman, the Italian Marconi; and the greatest scientist of the enlightened nineteenth century is that wondrous intellect whose discoveries won back for his native country more than the gigantic war indemnity extracted by its conquerors — the great Frenchman, Louis Pasteur, to the splendor of whose achievements the whole world pays eager and willing tribute.

And in the outward and visible form of expression of allegiance to Deity how splendid has been the work of the Church. In the desperation of effort to swing the tide of American favor towards the Allies the appeal that seemed to ring truest, even when falling from the lips and hurled by the pens of men to whom we know that even the entrance to a church was a stranger, was the destruction of the mighty cathedral at Rheims. In myriad form, in picture, in phrase, and denunciatory verse its impairment was heralded to the world as the crime against the ages. Who built Rheims and kindred expressions of the emancipated genius of Christianity? I answer: The same kind of loyal, faithful, devoted hands that cemented with love the stones that rose to visible glory in the beauties of the cathedrals of Cologne and Amiens and Salisbury and Toledo and Seville and Bruges and Notre

Dame and St. Peter's. The same men who gave expression by sweat of blood and bleeding hands to the physical achievements of eternal life — the Catholic monks and the Catholic toilers who saw in service duty and who saw in duty faith and who saw in faith devotion to Christ crucified and who made the temples of His worship the most glorious specimens of architecture that the world has ever seen. These houses of the Living God they decorated with a glory that the beauty of heaven alone can excel. A life was spent upon a picture, an existence given to a fresco, and the consummation of the achievement was sought not for the glory of the artist — for sometimes, as with that of the architect of Cologne, the very name is unknown — but that he and his work were all part of the one divine plan.

"It is impossible," says Dean Maitland, "to get even a superficial knowledge of the history of Europe without seeing how greatly the world was indebted to the monastic orders. Monasteries were beyond all price in those days of misrule and turbulence, as places where God was worshipped, as a quiet and religious refuge for helpless infancy and old age, a shelter of respectful sympathy for the orphan maiden and the desolate widow, as central points whence agriculture was to spread over bleak hills and barren downs and marshy plains and deal bread to millions perishing with hunger and its pestilential train, as repositories of the learning which then was, and wellsprings for the learning which was to be, as nurseries of art and science giving the stimulus, the means, and the reward to invention and aggregating around them every head that could devise and every hand that could execute — as the nucleus of the city which in after days of pride should crown its palaces and bulwarks with the towering cross of its cathedral."

To-day the cry of the world is for social service, the work which not only relieves, but which aims to prevent poverty, sickness, suffering, and sin.

This old Mother of ours is the Church of the poor and the lowly. Its great charities, like that in whose aid we have rallied to-night — the House of the Good Shepherd; its Little Sisters of the Poor ministering to the aged and infirm; its

Sisters of Charity, in their missions of mercy in hospitals, in the trenches, or on the battlefield; its sainted women, forsaking homes and friends at the call of God to live their lives of virgin innocence in caring for outcasts and for orphans; its great teaching Orders of nuns and brothers and priests; its martyrs going to lepers' deaths, like Damien, or dying like our own Philadelphia priests in the Philippines and in Liberia — are girdling the world with the golden chain of countless benevolences. No true reform advocated to-day for the betterment of the race or the uplift of our fellow-beings but finds its counterpart in earlier times in some form of the Church's activities and receives from it now zealous support. Those functions which are proclaimed as the State's duties — such as hospitals for the sick, asylums for the orphans, corporate aid for the hungry, free schools for the masses, libraries for the students, universities for advanced thinkers, participation in the profits of capital by labor — were all the common practices of that Church which could enforce its truce of God and make of its sanctuaries a place of refuge from tyranny; and need I remind this great audience that the original conservationists — the land reclaimers and the land reformers of Europe — were the monks of the great Order of St. Benedict?

Taunton, in his history of the Black Monks, declares "it was they who founded schools and universities, hospitals and workshops," and he adds, "by them the very foundations of English liberty and law and order were laid."

Social service — why, the words sum up the mission of the Catholic Church. Her command is to the individual — to the man and to the woman. The immortal soul of each for heaven is her prize. The clean life, the truthful, honest, and honorable life, the sanctity of the home, the true nobility of woman, the inviolability of the marriage tie — for these she

stands irrevocably and unchangingly, making them the conditions absolute and precedent for membership within her. Outside the individual and for the masses where flame her banners? Type of many less well known, Von Ketteler, the great German bishop, whose programme of social reforms was written into the laws of that empire—so that before this great war began industrial poverty had been banished; workmen's compensation, indemnity, and insurance acts, with all the marvellous energizing activities which followed in their train, and which were giving to Germany commercial supremacy, had been passed—this bishop enunciated only an old doctrine of the Church in a new form when he declared "the improvement of the condition of labor is the most imperative work of our century. The Church must take the part of the workingman." He did, and he revolutionized the social life of the German Empire. Leo XIII, the mighty Pontiff of our own day, called Von Ketteler his model, and Pope Leo declared: "The condition of the working classes is the pressing condition of the hour, and nothing can be of higher interest to all in the State than that it should be rightly and reasonably adjusted."

What is the spirit of his suggestion? Let me illustrate by one reference, that of the minimum wage:

"Let it be granted," he wrote, "that as a rule workman and employer should make the agreement, and in particular should fully agree as to wages; nevertheless, there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity, or fear of worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or a contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice."

Above wealth the Catholic Church places the man—the man fashioned in the image and likeness of God, with an immortal

soul, and not a combination of atoms generated by evolution and dissolved by death.

In the eye of the Church the humblest is child of the Common Father, and with her there is neither bond nor free, but each to all is brother and each is brother's keeper.

In consonance with her every teaching is the noblest aspiration of the Republic. Here and now are place and time to live the old truths. Ancient prejudices are dying out, education is becoming more widespread, the old agencies of calumny are losing their force; we are of the nation, and our place is in the forefront of the battle line of the Republic. By one of our faith the veil that hid the continent from the ken of men was torn away; by our brethren the pathways of civilization were blazed through trackless forests and unknown wastes; our Champlain and De Soto and Marquette and Duluth opened the way to empire; our Barrys and Moylans and Rochambeaus and Pulaskis and Carrolls perilled life, liberty, and fortune to give unto us freedom; and that the Union might endure resplendently and forever, without one star lost from her azure field of glory, Meagher and Shields and Rosecrans and Sheridan led our marching hosts through the Southland, flaming with the devoted patriotism that saw in martyrdom for freedom obedience to the Lord God of Hosts.

Our charter to America reads clear, and in every movement for purer and better life in city, State, and nation let us prove worthy sons of the Mighty Church, whose Gospel, whether preached by Peter, Paul, or Patrick, by Augustine, by Francis, by Benedict, by Ignatius, in Antioch, in Rome, in Ireland, in Asia, or America, is ever the same to-day, yesterday, and forever, the Gospel of God — Man of Sorrows — who offered Himself in sacrifice for the liberty, equality, and brotherhood of the human race.

ROBERT EMMET, THE IDEAL PATRIOT OF IRELAND'S HEROIC AGE

ADDRESS BY PATRICK F. COOK, ESQ.

ON THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE BIRTH OF ROBERT EMMET, MARCH 4, 1915

ON the twelfth day of last month the American people, without regard to class or creed or race, in every hamlet, town, and city between the two oceans, with solemn rite and impressive ceremonial, commemorated the one hundred and sixth anniversary of one of the greatest and best beloved champions of human liberty that the world has ever known, the glorious and immortal patriot, president, and martyr, Abraham Lincoln. In oratory, song, and story the memory of this man was commemorated throughout the land. He was the greatest champion of self-government that our country has produced since the days of Thomas Jefferson. To that cause he gave his talents, his energies, and, at the last, his life.

To-night, my friends, in every nook and corner of the known world where the English language is spoken and men of Irish birth or extraction have a dwelling place, there is being celebrated and commemorated the birthday of another patriot and statesman, the fearless advocate of popular rights, the undaunted spokesman of his country's liberties, the spotless martyr and peerless champion of Irish nationhood, Robert Emmet.

To some within the sound of my voice it may seem strange that I should link the names of Abraham Lincoln and Robert

Emmet in this celebration. It is but just and fitting that I should. Both were the illustrious champions of a common cause. Standing beside the fresh-made graves of Gettysburg, the far-seeing and prophetic Lincoln gave expression to the thought that "this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Sixty years before Lincoln had thus spoken the man whose memory we honor to-night had declared that in pursuing the course for which he was being tried he was simply trying to secure for Ireland what Washington had secured for America — the constitutional right of self-government; echoing as it were the splendid discontent of Henry Grattan when he said that he would never rest as long as one link of the British chain was clanking at the legs of the meanest beggar in Ireland. Upon the altar of liberty Robert Emmet laid down his life that Ireland might be a nation once again; that there should be for his beloved country, as for our own, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people of a happy and reunited Ireland.

In every age of the world's history there have been men raised up by Divine Providence to champion the cause of the downtrodden, to curb the insolent fury of the tyrant, to break the iron will of the oppressor, to loose the shackles of the slave, and to lead their imprisoned brothers out of the house of bondage; but in all the long history of our race there has been no man who has captivated the affection of the friends of freedom the wide world over as has the noble and impassioned champion of an independent Ireland, the heartbroken but dauntless leader of the insurrection of 1803, Robert Emmet.

Lord Clare, in 1797, had said that "no nation had advanced in cultivation, in agriculture, in manufactures, with the same

rapidity, in the same period, as Ireland from 1782 to 1798. Why, then, my friends, did her progress stop? Why did her prosperity cease?"

Her own truth-loving historians have told the story many a time and oft. England was jealous or fearful of Ireland's rapid advancement, and she deliberately resolved that it should stop. There was no way to stop it while the country was free. So she set upon the wicked work of buying up the Irish Parliament, which represented only one-sixth of the nation, to vote away the independence of Ireland by a union with England. Against this unholy alliance freemen of Ireland protested, but in vain.

More than a century ago Burke said: "Justice is only to be had from England at the point of the sword." Mr. Gladstone, when campaigning through the Midlothian, said: "England never concedes anything to Ireland except when compelled to do so by fear."

It was the knowledge of these burning wrongs that stirred the blood of Wolfe Tone, that stirred the blood of Robert Emmet, and it was in the hope of righting these ancient wrongs that he became a party to the insurrection, which, as has been truthfully said, withered in an hour.

Let me briefly relate some of the details of the plan. It was comprised under three heads: points of attack, points of check, and lines of defence. The points of attack were three: the Castle, the Pigeon House Fort, and the Artillery Barracks at Island Bridge.

The Pigeon House was to be the first attacked by a body of two hundred men. A rocket sent up, after the fort was surprised, was to be the signal for the attack on the Castle, which was also to be attacked by two hundred men. The matter was to begin by Emmet and some of his trusted adherents entering

the Castle Yard in hackney coaches, as though the whole party was to alight, turning back to the guard-house and seizing the guard. At the same time they would be reinforced by men swarming in by the windows of houses overlooking the Castle Yard. The Lord Lieutenant and principal Government officials were to be seized, and in case the attacking force was repulsed they were to be carried quickly into the mountains, where Michael Dwyer would answer for their safe-keeping. The third attack was to be on the Island Bridge Barracks. The fourth attack was to be on the Cork Street Barracks. The signal for the attack in each case was to be three rockets followed by a shower of rockets in case of victory or a single bomb rocket in case of repulse. Various buildings were to be seized and occupied by armed men. The streets were to be defended by lines of chains, barricades consisting of drays, beams, and the coaches of the hackney men and the butchers' blocks from Ormond Market; the houses over the chains to be occupied by men armed with pistols, hand grenades, and stones. The bridges were to be laid with planks of wood, spiked and nailed, to prevent the passage of cavalry.

Everything for the fight and for the retreat, if necessary, had been planned and carefully thought out. Robert Emmet had a passion for the study of military strategy, but his plan was finally reduced to the taking of the Castle and the lines of defence.

In his own story he says :

"I expected 300 Wexford men, 400 Kildare, and 200 Wicklow men, all of whom had fought before. The county of Dublin was also to act; the number of Dublin men was to be fully 3,000 to 4,000. I expected at least 2,000 to assemble at Costigan's mills. The evening before the Wicklow men failed through their officers. The Kildare men, who were to act particularly with me, came in at five o'clock, but went off again from the Canal Harbor on a false report that Dublin would not act. In Dublin itself it was given out by some treacherous and cowardly person that it was postponed till Wednesday. The time of the

assembly was from six to nine o'clock; and at nine o'clock, instead of 2,000 men, there were just eight men assembled."

Think of that, my friends. Eight men kept their word with Robert Emmet. The carelessness was incredible; it was worse — it was criminal. No wonder he died broken-hearted.

"The man who was to turn the fuses and the rammers for the beams forgot them," says Emmet, "and went off to Kildare to bring men, and did not return till it was time for the attack to begin. From the explosion in Patrick Street, I lost the jointed pikes that were deposited there."

And so the tragic story goes. Failure to keep appointments, blunders and follies of every sort imaginable were happening on all sides, and acts of personal folly and indiscretion only served to plunge the conspiracy into hopeless failure.

"The person who had the management of the depot mixed by accident the slow matches that were prepared with those that were not, and all our labor," says Emmet, "went for nothing. The fuses for the grenades he also laid where he forgot them, the cramp irons could not be gotten from the smiths, and the scaling ladders were not finished when they were needed to scale the walls. Had I another week," he says, "had I one thousand pounds, had I one thousand men, I would have feared nothing."

On the fourteenth day of July, nine days before the uprising, bonfires were lit in the streets and seditious talk was indulged in right before the houses of some of the chief conspirators. At half-past six on the evening of the insurrection the Castle Yard stood open to the public, with no guards, no gates, as though inviting Emmet's entry. The Privy Council, which Emmet and his men were to capture, met within the walls, held their council, finished their business, and separated in safety, without a hair of their heads being touched by the conspirators.

And so the plans failed and the conspiracy crumbled like a house of cards. To dwell further upon this dismal fiasco would be to inflict pain upon my hearers.

The fine gentlemen who had lured him to France in the sacred name of motherland were found missing when he led his forlorn hope and when his holy, yes holy, blood was lapped by the dogs in Thomas Street.

Hear how he, the broad-minded and charitable, referred to them in his immortal speech from the dock:

"I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as it has been expressed, the life and blood of this conspiracy. You do me honor overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men concerned in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception of yourself, my Lord; men before the splendor of whose genius and whose virtues I should bow with respectful deference."

This though he was on the road to the scaffold, while they enjoyed their titles and estates; this though they had left him alone to carry out his tremendous enterprise. What strange, what resplendent virtues those must have been that moved all manner of men and women to tears. Norbury, the Irish Judge Jeffreys, with almost uncontrollable emotion sentenced him who had just arraigned himself in invective that scorched and burned. When Emmet was returned to Kilmainham jail heavily ironed, the English jailer, seeing that the manacles had cut through his silk stockings and wounded his feet and ankles so that the blood flowed from them, burst into tears. No wonder he had said in the dock: "What a farce is your justice!"

What need is there for me to repeat, with its harrowing details and bloody and lugubrious minuteness, the story of his trial and execution? It is a story that has found its way into countless millions of hearts.

Even the place of his concealment was betrayed, the spot where he strove to meet his sweetheart, Sarah Curran. One of the betrayers was an attorney of the United Irishmen, Leon-

ard McNally by name. He has well been called Judas McNally.

Leonard McNally was the confidential adviser of the United Irishmen and was invariably employed in their defence. It is clearly shown in the *Cornwallis Correspondence* and in other authorities that this man McNally was at the very hour in the pay of the British Government and that he regularly betrayed to the prosecution, from day to day, the secrets intrusted to him by his clients.

When the sentence of death was passed upon Robert Emmet, this Judas McNally threw his arms about Emmet's neck and kissed his cheek with apparent sympathy, and yet it is now known from the annals of the Secret Service Money expenditures, which have been published, that on the very day of the Emmet execution McNally was secretly paid one thousand pounds by the British Government and that he was in the receipt of a secret pension from that day until the day of his death in 1820.

Robert Emmet was hung at an early hour on the morning of Sept. 20, 1803, and after the execution the head was severed from the body.

As Emmet went forth to his death the warden who had charge of him in prison, and who had conceived the tenderest love and loyalty towards him, burst into tears, and stood in the prison door sobbing as if his heart would break. Think of that, my friends. Think of the Government that has put such men to death time and time again through all the years that she has misgoverned Ireland and wonder, if you can, that the faces of her children should glow with indignation at the mention of her perfidious government. The English jailer was a type of all who knew this Godlike man. As he went out the door Emmet leaned forward, ironed as he

was, even his hands, and kissed the sobbing jailer on the cheek. It is told that the poor jailer swooned and fell to the ground.

There are few, indeed, who are not familiar with the romantic story of Sarah Curran, Emmet's sweetheart, who pined away in a foreign land, the victim of a broken heart. How touching the lines of Thomas Moore, the distinguished Irish poet:

"He had lived for his love — for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him —
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him !

"O ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own loved island of sorrow."

If there had not been incredible carelessness, folly, and wickedness among those whom Emmet had trusted, the English in Ireland would have had to fly from its green shores on July 23, 1803. The plans of Emmet failed, but the cause for which he died still lives and Erin's flag flourishes, thank God.

In the gallery of Irish patriots, saints, and martyrs Robert Emmet stands unique and alone. The story of his unhappy love, his brilliant strategy, his genius for military organization, the white fire of his consuming passion for national freedom from British rule and Ireland's enfranchisement among the self-ruled nations of the world, conspire to make him a figure of commanding eminence, an ideal worthy the widespread imitation of all who love liberty and the rights of man.

"Flushed with the pride of genius — filled with the strength of life —
Thrilled with delicious passion for her who would be his wife ;
This was the heart he offered — the upright life he gave —
This is the silent sermon of the patriot's nameless grave.

"Shrine of a nation's honor — stone left blank for a name,
Light on the dark horizon to guide us clear from shame —
Chord struck deep with the keynote, telling us what can save —
'A nation among the nations,' or forever a nameless grave.

"Such is the will of the martyr — the burden we still must bear;
But even from death he reaches the legacy to share.
He teaches the secret of manhood — the watchword of those who aspire —
That men must follow freedom, though it lead through blood and fire —
That sacrifice is the bitter draught which freemen still must quaff —
That every patriotic life is the patriot's epitaph."

History tells no grander story than that of the life and death of Robert Emmet. If the noblest place where man can die is where he dies for man, then there never was a nobler death than that of Robert Emmet. The weird, pathetic account of his execution is one of the darkest pages and the foulest blots on the history of the English Government.

The dogs in the street licked his blood as it trickled down from the scaffold upon which he died, and the cold-blooded and heartless executioner lifted the severed head with the words: "This is the head of a traitor, Robert Emmet." The dogs lapped the crimson fluid that flowed along the consecrated pavement, and the heart-stricken admirers of the dead patriot, standing on that hallowed ground, dipped their handkerchiefs in its reddened stream and with cries of anguish hid them in their bosoms and hurried away.

"The dogs of calumny and hate," says one who loved him well, "have been driven from the grave of Robert Emmet, and the traitor of yesterday, who begged in vain for the charity of silence and left his epitaph for other times and other men, has become the hero of popular liberty; his name above the need of eulogy, his motives beyond the reach of malice."

The name of Abraham Lincoln is lovingly enshrined in every human heart throughout the world, and memorial stones and

lofty monuments have arisen to perpetuate his name throughout our land. The name of Robert Emmet is yet unwritten on tombstone or monument, in accordance with his own expressed wishes in that respect. The speech of Lincoln at Gettysburg has become a classic of governmental philosophy the world over, and Robert Emmet's speech from the dock—one of the greatest masterpieces of eloquence that ever fell from human lips—is to-day accepted everywhere as the classic expression of protest against governmental oppression of every kind wherever it exists among men.

It might be said of Lincoln as was touchingly said of Garfield, that above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God; and we who are assembled here to-night, my friends, may well believe that, beyond the shadow of the scaffold upon which he yielded up his immortal spirit, the dying eyes of Robert Emmet beheld, in gleams of golden glory, the sun-wrapped figure of his beloved Erin in full enjoyment of constitutional self-government.

THE CHURCH AND THE WOMAN

AN ADDRESS ON THE SUBJECT OF EQUAL SUFFRAGE

BY THE RIGHT REV. AUSTIN DOWLING, D.D.

BISHOP OF DES MOINES, IOWA

THE question of equal suffrage is scarcely any longer a matter of dispute in the State of Iowa. It has been settled by the favor of two legislatures, as required by the constitution, and now is ready to be proposed to the general electorate. Unless all signs fail there is no doubt that the verdict of the people will at last give the vote to women and the struggle that all but succeeded in 1884 in the twentieth legislature will come to a happy close thirty-one years later through the very hearty support of the thirty-sixth.

It is only plain truth to say that Catholics have had very little to do with the discussion one way or another. In fact it is unfortunately true that so far the Church in this country has been too largely absorbed in material things, occupied with the building up of the outward shell—the churches, the schools, the institutions—so necessary indeed for its work and yet of themselves so little significant. Moreover, to be quite frank, we have paid too much attention to the ever-recurring attacks of our enemies and have felt that we must devote much of our energy to warding off the stupid assaults of very dull and excitable people who every now and then jump up to declare that we are conspiring against the institutions of our country and that they can prove it. Thus our

minds are distracted from more important things and thus the influence of Catholic thought on the community is so slight as to seem to many to be negligible.

But if the Church is to hold her own in this country, we must adopt different tactics. Foreigners have often remarked with amazement that Americans are fundamentally conservative. They are quite ready to dispense with the form of old traditions and customs while retaining the substance. They have, therefore, disappointed many of their transatlantic admirers, who, thinking perhaps that the Declaration of Independence was inspired by the climate of the country or its broad, open prairies, rather than by a French philosopher of the eighteenth century, have expected that Americans as a people would make some typical, original contribution to the old world's jaded thoughts and policies. But if Americans as a whole are conservative, what shall we say of the conservatism of American Catholics — of their characteristic timidity, of the genuine alarm which they show at even the distant approach of novelty, of the whole-hearted satisfaction with which they fall back on the thirteenth century, which in its day was, nevertheless, one of the most disconcertingly innovating epochs in all the Christian era? The architecture, the literature, the thought of American Catholics even to this day betray the half-obliterated memories of some European original which has unfortunately suffered in the effort to reproduce it.

Perhaps it is still too early to expect us to have outgrown completely the fears, the hesitations, the sensitiveness of our immigrant fathers, but we have been transformed in so many other ways, have so successfully, as they say, caught the spirit of the times and our environment in business and in social relations that it does not seem premature to expect that we should soon begin to apply our good old Catholic principles to

the circumstances in which we live in our own way as loyal children of the Church and as keen, wide-awake American citizens.

I shall, therefore, to-night, without more ado, examine with you the question of Woman Suffrage in the light of Catholic principles, and consider the well-known arguments for and against this proposed extension of the franchise. I may preface my remarks by saying that so far as papal utterances are concerned, we are quite free to hold or reject equal suffrage. For the question is a modern one, never, therefore, considered by the Fathers or Doctors of the Church. In its modern form, however, it is only fair to say that the weight of Catholic moralists is inclined to be against rather than for it. On the other hand many notable names of prominent and influential members of the hierarchy, like the late Cardinals Vaughan and Moran and, I believe, all the bishops of Australia and some of our own country, are to be found among the outspoken and confirmed upholders of the suffrage for women.

The hesitation or opposition of Catholic thinkers is largely derived from their clean-cut conception of the rôle of woman in the world. As a member of the Church — “a soul,” as we say — she is without question man’s equal. St. Paul says: “For as many of you as have been baptized in Christ have put on Christ. There is neither Jew nor Gentile, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus” (Gal. iii, 27–28).

Catholics, however, while the first to admit the force and the extension of this doctrine, point out that the corner stone of society — the unit on which civil government rests — is the family and that the Scriptures are quite clear as to the position of woman in the family. “Thou shalt be under thy husband’s power and he shall have dominion over thee” (Gen.

iii, 16) was, if not a sentence, at least a judgment passed of old on Eve and all her daughters. It reappears several times in the writings of the same St. Paul, who tells us that in Christ there is neither male nor female. When he speaks of the family, he is quick to affirm: "I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ and the head of the woman is the man. The man indeed ought not to cover his head, for he is the image of the glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man. For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man, for the man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man. But yet neither is the man without the woman nor the woman without the man in the Lord" (Cor. xi).

These significant words of the apostle, so long dutifully accepted by the Christian world, give great offence to one type of the modern woman, which angrily endeavors to see in them the belittling and the degradation of womankind. Yet who has ever read the same apostle's description of the mutual relations of husband and wife in the fifth chapter of his letter to the Ephesians without a thrill of admiration for the heavenly doctrine so loftily expressed by the inspired writer, so poorly realized by even the best of Christians: "Let women be subject to their husbands as to the Lord, because the husband is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the Church. Therefore as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let wives be to their husbands in all things. Husbands, love your wives as Christ loved the Church and delivered Himself up for it that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church not having a spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish. So also ought men to love their wives as their own bodies."

The Christian ages have deduced from these and other words of Scripture that the head of the family is the father, the man, and that the mother is his helpmate, not an inferior creature—as who that has read the history of the Church could think of the Christian mother as an inferior or degraded creature?—but as in the providence of God subject to her husband—in the Lord.

The words of the Bible but confirm the observation of the student of sociology. Man and woman represent mankind, not as rivals or opponents, but as complementary the one of the other. In Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female, but in the world of sense there is nobody who is not either male or female, so universal, so fundamental, so important is sex in the physical world. And sex has its characteristics as well as its distinctive functions. None may ignore it with impunity. The Church which encourages celibacy does not thereby challenge the existence or the necessity of the sexual life, but for the highest motives and as a voluntary sacrifice, recognized and safeguarded, leads the elect among her children to follow Him who bade only those who could take the command to take it.

Now nature, as I have said, does not exhibit woman as less than man, but as man's complement. It is not Christian thought which sanctioned the expression "the weaker sex" as applied to her any more than it originated that other worn-out phrase of gallantry "the fair sex." Woman as such is neither weak nor fair so that only she is woman. She is the mother and possesses the qualities of motherhood when she is most womanly, whether she is a mother or not. To say that this is so simply because of the conventions and the tradition of the woman of history is to deny the obvious and universal experience of mankind. The sex of woman, as indeed that

of man, is shown perhaps less by physical signs than it is by qualities of the mind and the heart.

Rousseau's doctrine that all men are equal should logically have found immediate application in the political enfranchisement of woman. For, ignoring the great fact of sex disparity and the wide-reaching consequences of the existence of the family in the world, it laid stress only on the individuals, as if society were to be built up on unrelated units. The Revolution, however, which embodied Rousseau's ideas, refused illogically the vote to woman, though it often made her pay the penalties of a vicarious use of the suffrage. "Political life," it has been finely said by one of the most accomplished of her sex, "might be denied her, but that seems a trifle when you consider how generously she was permitted political death."

Perhaps the most general argument for extending the suffrage to woman is still the belated application of Rousseau's doctrine of the equality of all men. Strange as it may seem, this mouth-filling phrase, repeated so many times since it became a vogue on the publication of that historic document which heralded our country's entrance into the family of the nations, still tickles the ears of the groundlings and passes for wisdom even in circles reputed to be cultured. Was it not in our own city that a woman of some celebrity as a lecturer told us within a week that the time was coming when it would be considered as great a breach of the moral code to violate or question the principles of the Declaration of Independence as it was now to break the Decalogue? A statement which, in view of the general disposition to regard the philosophy of Rousseau as exploded, is to say the least, amazing. While rightly discounting the theory of the equality of man as applied to either men or women, and therefore as not pertinent to the

discussion of Woman Suffrage, the Christian may well pause to inquire if the Scriptural inferiority of woman in the family, accepted as it should be by every Catholic, is of itself sufficient to settle this question against votes for women. And doubts thus injected into the validity of the comparison between the Christian family, whose hegemony is attributed to the husband, but only "in the Lord," and the government of the secular State which knows not Christ, increase when we begin to analyze the rôle of the ordinary voter in any democratic State.

Theorists may take comfort, as politicians find amusement, in extolling the rights and privileges and powers of the people — the source of all authority in government — the sovereign people, whose throne is the ballot box. Yet a little more than a century of experimentation has shown that if the people is truly king, it is not only uncrowned, but habitually dethroned. Common sense and the urgency of administration have brought it about that the reins of effective government are in the hands of one or two or at best a small group of men quite as much under a democracy as under a tyranny. The main difference between an absolute and a representative form of government consists precisely in this — that the former is irresponsible and is only overthrown by a revolution, while the latter lives and moves in the fear of the next election. Elections inspire administrations with fear, not because of the highly developed intelligence of the electors, nor of the universal capacity of the voters to judge themselves of the merits or demerits of some economic or political platform by which parties challenge votes and command adherents. Not so; but in a rough way, by dint of vigorous campaigns, by adverse criticism of opponents, by skilful and captious advertising, by methods as catching, and as little reasonable, as those of public entertainers, the various candidates make ready for an election

as for a day of judgment. On that direful day the proudest statesmen sit before this grinning giant called the people in ceremonial sackcloth and ashes. One never can tell what the verdict will be, and as skilful lawyers neglect not the slightest detail which may influence a jury, so do our politicians watch and wait upon the whim of the people until the votes are counted and the election is over.

The best democracies are those wherein parties are strongest and wherein the prevalent parties are usually two—the party in power and the party in opposition. Therein lies the great corrective of the shortcomings of majority rule, for a strong opposition watches the defects of its opponents with the eyes of a lynx, and lets no occasion pass to score against its rival in the hope of gaining power itself.

The voter, then, is the ultimate determining factor in our government, though usually unconscious of his power and indifferent to the mode of its exercise. Election day is thus also the most wholesome institution we possess, in spite of the blunders of individual voters and the extravagances of campaigns. For the politician of no matter what stripe, from the organizer of a party in the wards of our large cities, up to the most popular statesman of the hour, votes and voters are the all-important thing. Eloquence, principle, learning are of less account than the ability to get votes and to keep them. Legislation, being, therefore, in the hands of human beings, is usually more influenced by the votes of the petitioners and their political organization than it is by the principles of justice and fair dealing.

Unorganized labor once received little attention from the framers of laws and the elected officers of our various commonwealths. But no sooner did necessity bring laborers together, to discuss their grievances and to formulate a pro-

gramme of reform, and the new and threatening figure of the labor vote appeared as a spectre on election day among the judges of the people, than immediately all parties were at attention, platforms were modified, candidates replaced, and the desired legislation secured. Is it justice merely, we may ask, or, if it be justice, is there not fear also in the surprising interest which legislators of to-day show to the petitions and remonstrances of their constituents? No vote no influence, is almost an axiom of present politics. Who cares what becomes of the Greek or Italian or Mexican laborers who live in box cars in squalor on the sidings of all our railroads? Who bothers about the numbers of them that are killed perhaps through criminal carelessness? Could we imagine anything more futile than, for instance, the altruistic attempt of some young legislator who became their self-appointed advocate? Nobody would pay any attention to him, not because the conditions he described are not true, not because the remedy he suggested is not based on justice, but really because he was without influence, which is another way of saying that in this particular instance he had no voting strength behind him. The legislator might vote against this bill or neglect to vote and it would make no difference at the next election. Can anybody deny that this is a true description and typical of the motives and methods of lawmaking in democracies? You get nothing unless you have influence; you have no influence unless you can control votes.

Now modern conditions have brought women into economic competition with men. It is all very well to say that woman's place is in the home, but how many women have no home! How many years have not been added to the average age of the women who by marriage acquire homes of their own! The mother of St. Francis de Sales was but fifteen years of

age when he was born, "the child of prayer" as he was called, and the daughter of St. Jane Frances de Chantal was married when she was eleven, and they were typical of the nobility of France and Savoy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Marriage was universally earlier then than now, as was death. Now, however, in modern life, women usually obtain their homes at much maturer age. Meanwhile the most of them must engage in some form of employment, for many a life employment, for most of them an occupation ranging over several years. A grave danger attaches nowadays to the employment of married women in the factories and shops and offices. A still graver danger attends the employment of young children in exhausting and hazardous occupations. The well-being of the race is imperilled thereby, yet two great cupidities resist the persistent attempts of the lovers of their kind to remove these avoidable evils—the first the cupidity of the employer, who till to-day gloried in the prospect of the profits derived from cheap labor; the second, far less blameworthy, the cupidity of the shortsighted operative who counts present earnings gain, without regard to the lamentable waste of the poor man's capital—his ability to earn his living for a lifetime.

Who will pretend that the interests of these large classes of workers are adequately represented or sufficiently protected in our halls of legislation? If, as I have said, it is universally true that the ordinary lawmaker is usually actuated by the influence rather than the principle behind the proposition of a law, he has little to fear from the resentment of the children or the women on election day and may cast his vote as he pleases without let or hindrance. I shall be told I know that many excellent laws bettering the conditions of female operatives and increasing the years of enforced school attendance

have been added, without the influence of women's votes, to the codes of our most progressive States, that men of themselves have enacted these laws and have been their most eloquent advocates, and I readily grant the merit of the contention, though I fail to recall any far-reaching legislation of this kind in recent years — and nearly all of it that brought material benefit has come in recent years — that has not been regarded as primarily the work of women. Practically all the laws that concern the decencies of life — some of them wise, some of them unwise — have won their way to the statute book through the determined campaigns of women. In a country like ours, which professes neutrality in religion and therefore foregoes the force of the most august and only valid sanction of morality, it is much to have a public opinion that dares to speak out in the interests of Christian morals, that beats down the cynicism and the paganism of much of our cultured public opinion, and that by the sheer force of enthusiasm heartens the wavering ranks of our Christian representatives — otherwise only too ready to shun the discussion of themes that deal with personal morality.

I know that back of the movement for extending the vote to women there are many women who stand for that extreme and most objectionable type called the Feminist. The word is new, perhaps too new for the most of our dictionaries; so also is the type, unless the fabled race of Amazons can prove their title to a place in history. I should find it hard to describe them except as militant suffragettes — a small group of well-educated women, mostly English, belonging usually to the well-to-do class, who have persuaded themselves that the interpretation of history is to be found in the thralldom of woman to man. In the primitive days when to live meant to fight — to fight men and beasts — men for spoils, beasts

for food — man naturally asserted his superiority over woman. Boys he welcomed, when they came, for the aid they one day would give him when he confronted the enemy in the gates. Girls he ignored or set aside as of little importance in the main business of life. Thus men taught their sons, and thus man advanced in education, while woman remained the domestic, the racial slave of mankind until to-day, when, enfranchised from the trammels of centuries and given an education, she discovers her historic antagonist and oppressor, who naturally, when brought to bay, fights back to keep her in slavery. Thus militancy is justified or was justified until a few months ago. Thus woman is enflamed against the tyrant, man, as if a being of another race, a strange, weird, unchristian, unnatural theory, piecing together things that are true enough at times in the setting of their historical relations, but neglecting the obvious and universal fact that man and woman are not separate and apart, but complementary the one of the other, and that all men are born of women and have been cradled in the arms of a mother.

It is scarcely fair to throw at the heads of women who are seeking the votes for the economic equality it would give them with men, the odious epithet of Feminist, who is usually an extreme type having little relation, except the most factitious, with the working women of her environment. One might as well brand our ordinary voter with the excesses of the *sans-culottes*.

The movement for the extension of votes to women is steadily progressing in the United States. When it first made its appearance more than a half century ago, it was treated with universal ridicule. It was long associated with the most bizarre and comical figures of women who affected even the dress of men, who founded that group so long the object of

the now antiquated scorn of the satirist, who knew nothing more ridiculous than "the long-haired men and the short-haired women." Times have greatly changed the alignment. Level-headed women, by no means extremists, have been attracted to the cause by the consideration of the advantages to be derived from the possession of the vote. They have worked steadily and methodically and successfully until now State after State is giving woman the full suffrage, and if no profound change has as yet been wrought in the status of political parties in these suffrage States, certainly none of the evils prophesied as a consequence of the change are as yet in evidence. I am told that the late Archbishop Reardon of San Francisco issued a pastoral to encourage Catholic women to vote. I have seen it stated that Cardinal Moran of Sydney wished that even the nuns of that city should cast a vote. I have read an eloquent letter of Archbishop Delany of Hobart, in Tasmania, flouting the criticism of granting the franchise to women on the ground of Scriptural objections to it as "somewhat labored and unreal." He writes in a letter to the *London Tablet* (Jan. 18, 1913):

"I can speak for our Tasmanian women, and I affirm that no Tasmanian woman, Catholic or Protestant, to my knowledge — and I am fairly acquainted to know — has forgotten the dignity of her sex or her self-respect or has done any of the things that befall men on such occasions and that seriously weaken their claims to exclusive fitness for the discharge of these important national services. No candidate has any chance of purchasing a woman's vote at the drink shop."

And he adds:

"Of this one thing I am quite sure — that a candidate would feel he had forfeited the vast majority of women's votes if he flaunted a disregard for any of the time-honored principles we owe to Christianity. And this, in my opinion, is no superfluous safeguard when social stability is so gravely menaced by men in almost every walk of life."

I, therefore, for one, contemplate the prospect of equal suffrage in Iowa with satisfaction. My only hesitation about the matter concerns its practical application. Do most women want to vote? Will they after the first enthusiasm, have any more interest in voting than men have? It is notoriously true of our present conditions that a large part of the expenses attending elections is due to the effort "to get out" the vote and to keep the electorate informed of issues. Again the isolated voter is usually as indifferent and as helpless as the isolated worker. Have women more genius for organization than men? Only experience can tell.

The Catholic Church has ever shown the value she set upon woman's coöperation in her work. The second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel has not been merely a book of meditation for her. Our Church has elevated the position of women in society. By her acceptance of the Scriptural doctrine of virginity she raised womankind far above the conceptions of ancient paganism or modern naturalism. She established the Christian mother as queen of the home. She gave free play to the talent and the capacity of women like St. Catherine of Siena and Blessed Joan of Arc. Their names are well known to us, but they were only types of exalted sanctity and of supreme service. Who can read the life of St. Catherine of Siena without amazement at the liberty this mortified religious enjoyed to interfere in the councils and take part in the discussions not of her native city alone, but of all Europe? In Florence, in Genoa, in Avignon, in Rome, her voice was heard in the cause of justice against war and oppression and cruelty and double dealing. Pope Urban VI caused her to address his timorous cardinals that they might be inspired by her eloquence and her aggressive convictions. Yet even stranger than Catherine's is the figure of the Maid of Orleans, the peasant girl of Dom-

remy, leading the armies of France to victory and taking her place among the first soldiers of her day. These typical women achieved distinction and celebrity in the secular affairs of their time and country because women then shared the thoughts and the activities of their time, into which they had been initiated before God's altar.

One must look elsewhere than to the Catholic Church for arguments to repress or deny the rights of women. However consistent the Catholic moralist may be, however traditional the Catholic scripturist, however sensible the Catholic sociologist, they all are the first and the loudest to uphold the honorable position of woman in society. Whatever their reservations, they set no limits to the full development of woman's nature. It is only political rights that some of them would curtail for women, for men have been so long accustomed to think of the nation as a fatherland that they forget that under another personification it is very properly described as a mother country, the government of which calls for the motherly qualities of women quite as much as it does for the administrative and deliberative powers of men.



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